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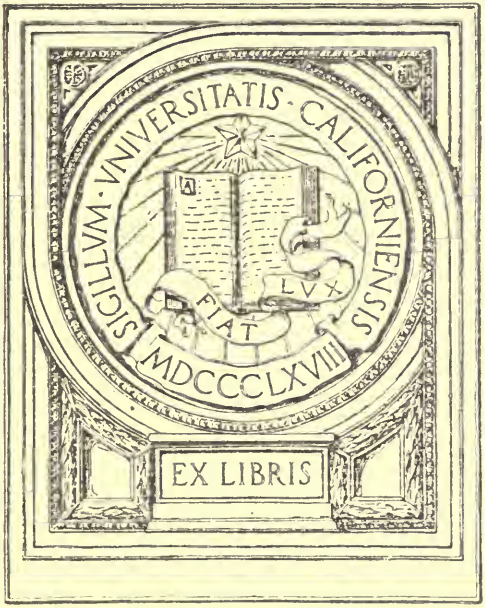

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THE

# WORKS

OF THE

# REV. JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

*ARRANGED BY THOMAS SHERIDAN, A.M.*

WITH

**Notes, Historical and Critical.**

A NEW EDITION, IN NINETEEN VOLUMES;

CORRECTED AND REVISED BY

*JOHN NICHOLS, F.S.A. EDINBURGH AND PERTH.*

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EPISTOLARY

# *EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.*

## FROM LORD CARTERET.

SIR, ARLINGTON STREET, MARCH 24, 1736-7.

I THIS day attended the cause * you recommended to me in your letter of the 3d of January: the decree was affirmed most unanimously, the appeal adjudged frivolous, and 100l. costs given to the respondent. Lord Bathurst attended likewise. The other lords you mention, I am very little acquainted with; so I cannot deliver your messages, though I pity them in being out of your favour. Since you mention Greek, I must tell you, that my son, at sixteen, understands it better than I did at twenty, and I tell him, "Study Greek," καὶ ἐδὲν ἀδέποτε ταπεινὸν ἐνθυμηθήσῃ ἅτε ἄγαν ἐπιθυμήσεις τινός. He knows how to construe this, and I have the satisfaction to believe he will fall into the sentiment; and then, if he makes no figure, he will yet be a happy man.

Your late lord lieutenant † told me, some time

* An appeal of Dennis Delane, gentleman, complaining of an order of decree of dismission of the court of chancery in Ireland, the 28th of February, 1731, made in a cause wherein the appellant was plaintiff, and another Dennis Delane, son of George Delane, and several others, were defendants. N.

† The duke of Dorset. H.

ago, he thought he was not in your favour. I told him I was of that opinion, and showed him the article of your letter relating to himself; I believe I did wrong: not that you care a farthing for princes or ministers; but because it was vanity in me, to produce your acknowledgments to me for providing for people of learning, some of which I had the honour to promote at your desire, for which I still think myself obliged to you. And I have not heard that since they have disturbed the peace of the kingdom, or been jacobites, in disgrace to you and me.

I desire you will make my sincere respects acceptable to Mr. Delany. He sent me potted woodcocks in perfection, which lady Granville, my wife, and children, have eat, though I have not yet answered his letter. My lady Granville reading your postscript, bids me tell you, that she will send you a present; and if she knew what you liked, she would do it forthwith. Let me know, and it shall be done, that the first of the family may no longer be postponed by you to the third place. My wife and lady Worseley desire their respects should be mentioned to you rhetorically; but as I am a plain peer, I shall say nothing, but that I am, for ever, sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

CARTERET.

When people ask me, how I governed Ireland? I say, that I pleased Dr. Swift.

*Quæsitam meritis sume superbiam.*

## TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

DUBLIN,

DEAR MR. ALDERMAN, MARCH 30, 1737.

YOU will read the character of the bearer, Mr. Lloyd, which he is to deliver to you, signed by the magistrates and chief inhabitants of Colrane. It seems your society has raised the rents of that town, and your lands adjoining, about three years ago, to four times the value of what they formerly paid; which is beyond all I have ever heard even among the most screwing landlords of this impoverished kingdom; and the consequence has already been, that many of your tenants in the said town and lands are preparing for their removal to the plantations in America; for the same reasons that are driving some thousands of families in the adjoining northern parts to the same plantations; I mean the oppression by landlords. My dear friend, you are to consider that no society can, or ought in prudence or justice, let their lands at so high a rate as a squire who lives upon his own estate, and is able to distrain in an hour's warning. All bodies corporate must give easy bargains, that they may depend upon receiving their rents, and thereby be ready to pay all the incident charges to which they are subject. Thus, bishops, deans and chapters, as well as other corporations, seldom or never let their lands even so high as at half the value; and when they raise those rents which are scandalously low, it is ever by degrees. I have many instances of this conduct in my own practice, as well as in that of my chapter. Although my own lands,

as dean, be let for four-fifths under their value, I have not raised them a sixth part in twenty-three years, and took very moderate fines. On the other side, I confess there is no reason why an honourable society should rent their estate for a trifle; and therefore I told Mr. Lloyd my opinion, that if you could be prevailed on just to double the old rent, and no more, I hoped the tenants might be able to live in a tolerable manner; for I am as much convinced as I can be of any thing human, that this wretched oppressed country must of necessity decline every year. If, by a miracle, things should mend, you may, in a future renewal, make a moderate increase of rent, but not by such leaps as you are now taking; for you ought to remember the fable of the hen, who laid every second day a golden egg; upon which her mistress killed her, to get the whole lump at once. I am told that one condition in your charter obliges you to plant a colony of English in those parts: if that be so, you are too wise to make it a colony of Irish beggars. Some ill consequences have already happened by your prodigious increase of the rent. Many of your old tenants have quitted their houses in Colrane; others are not able to repair their habitations, which are daily going to ruin, and many of those who live on your lands in the country, owe great arrears, which they will never be in a condition to pay. I would not have said thus much in an affair, and about persons to whom I am an utter stranger, if I had not been assured, by some whom I can trust, of the poor condition those people in and about Colrane have lain under, since that enormous increase of their rents.

The bearer, Mr. Lloyd, whom I never saw till yesterday.

yesterday, seems to be a gentleman of great truth and good sense; he has no interest in the case, for, although he lives at Colrane, his preferment is some miles farther; he is now going to visit his father, who lives near Wrexham, not far from Chester, and from thence, at the desire of your tenants in and near Colrane, he is content to go to London, and wait on you there with his credentials. If he has misrepresented this matter to me in any one particular, I shall never be his advocate again.

And now, my dear friend, I am forced to tell you, that my health is very much decayed, my deafness and giddiness are more frequent; spirits I have none left; my memory is almost gone. The publick corruptions in both kingdoms allow me no peace or quiet of mind. I sink every day, and am older by twenty years than many others of the same age. I hope, and am told, that it is better with you. May you live as long as you desire, for I have lost so many old friends, without getting any new, that I must keep you as a handsel of the former. I am, my long dear friend, with great esteem and love,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

When I would write to you, I cannot remember the street you live in.

---

## FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

DEAR SIR, CORK, APRIL 3, 1737.

I AM very glad there are twelve thousand pounds worth of halfpence arrived: they are twelve thousand arguments

arguments for your quitting Ireland. I look upon you in the same state of the unfortunate Achæmenides amidst tyrants and monsters —— Do you not remember the description of Polypheme and his den?

*—— Domus sanie dapibusque cruentis*
*Intus opaca, ingens, ipse arduus, altaque pulsat*
*Sidera, (Dii talem terris avertite pestem!)*
*Nec visu facilis, nec dictu affabilis ulli:*
*Viscеribus miserorum et sanguine vescitur atro**,

Remember also, that

*Centum alii curva hæc habitant ad littora vulgo*
*Infandi Cyclopes, et altis montibus errant* †.

Translate these lines and come away with me to Marston; there you shall enjoy *otium cum dignitate*; there you shall see the famous *Sacsockishkash*, and his two pupils, who shall attend your altars with daily incense; there no archbishops can intrude; there you shall be the sole lord and master; while we your subjects shall learn obedience from our happiness.——If you ever can think seriously, think so

* "The cave, though large, was dark; the dismal floor
Was pav'd with mangled limbs and putrid gore.
One monstrous host, of more than human size,
Erects his head, and stares within the skies.
Bellowing his voice, and horrid is his hue,
Ye Gods, remove this plague from mortal view!
The joints of slaughtered wretches are his food,
And for his wine, he quaffs the streaming blood."

DRYDEN.

† "Such and so vast as Polypheme appears,
A hundred more this hated island bears:
Like him in caves they shut their woolly sheep,
Like him, their herds on tops of mountains keep;
Like him, with mighty strides they stalk from steep to steep."

DRYDEN.

now;

now; and let me say with the curate of my parish, Consider what has been said unto you, ponder it well, lay it up in your heart, and God of his infinite mercy direct you!—Mrs. Whiteway shall be truly welcome to Marston's homely shade. Hector shall fawn upon the doctor; and I myself will be under the direction and government of sir Robert Walpole.

You tell me, I am to carry a load for you to England; the most acceptable load will be yourself, and that I would carry with as true piety as Æneas bore the ancient Anchises on his shoulders, when he fled from fire, from blood, from Greeks, and from ruined Troy!

Can you expect that lords move regularly? Is it not below our station to think where or when we are to go? But if my coach and six is in order, perhaps I may have the honour to start a hare in Steven's-Green about the first of next month. In the month of June I will hope to set sail with you to England. Mr. Pope will come out beyond the shore to meet you: you will exchange Cyclops for men; and if one must fall, surely the choice is right:

*Si perco, manibus hominum periisse juvabit* *.

My next shall be longer. I am now forced to bid you farewell; but hereafter expect my whole life and conversation; you shall certainly have the cheeses. If you will come to Somersetshire, I will eat one for joy †. The best in England are made in my manor.

* "I die content, to die by human hands." DRYDEN.

† The earl of Orrery hated cheese to such a degree, that he could scarcely bear the sight of it. D. S.

I am

I am so well, that I had almost forgot to answer that kind part of your letter. It is only you that can add health and happiness to your very affectionate obliged and faithful servant,

ORRERY.

## FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

DOVER STREET,

GOOD MR. DEAN, APRIL 7, 1737.

I AM extremely obliged to you for several letters which I, with great shame and concern, acknowledge that I have not answered, as also several remembrances of me and my family in your letters, to Mr. Pope: I stand very strongly obliged to you upon these accounts; I dare say you will do me that justice, that you will not attribute my not writing to proceed from any neglect of you, or from any forgetfulness: I am certain of this, that I do retain the warmest esteem and sincerest regard for you of any one, be he who he will; and therefore I hope you will pardon what is passed, and I promise to amend, if my letters would in the least be agreeable to you.

One reason of my writing to you now is (next to my asking your forgiveness) this; I am told that you have given leave and liberty to some one or more of your friends to print a history of the last four years of queen Anne's reign, wrote by you.

As I am most truly sensible of your constant regard and sincere friendship for my father, even to partiality (if I may say so) I am very sensible of the share

share and part he must bear in such a history; and as I remember, when I read over that history of yours, I can recollect that there seemed to me a want of some papers to make it more complete, which was not in our power to obtain; besides there were some severe things said, which might have been then very currently talked of, but now will want a proper evidence to support; for these reasons it is that I do entreat the favour of you, and make it my earnest request, that you will give your positive directions, that this history be not printed and published, until I have had an opportunity of seeing it; with a liberty of showing it to some family friends, whom I would consult upon this occasion. I beg pardon for this; I hope you will be so good as to grant my request: I do it with great deference to you. If I had the pleasure of seeing you, I could soon say something to you that would convince you I am not wrong: they are not proper for a letter, as you will easily guess.

My wife desires your acceptance of her most humble service; my daughter is extremely pleased with the notice you are pleased to take of her, she is very well: she brought me another grandaughter last month: she desires your acceptance of her most humble service, and would be glad of the pleasure of seeing you here in England.

The duke of Portland so far answers our expectations, that indeed he exceeds them; for he makes the best husband, the best father, and the best son; these qualities are, I assure you, very rare in this age.

I wish you would make my compliments to my lord Orrery; do you design to keep him with you? I do not blame you, if you can. I am, with true esteem

esteem and regard, sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

OXFORD.

I wish master Faulkner, when he sends any thing to me, would say how you do *.

## TO DR. SHERIDAN.

APRIL 9, 1737.

ABOUT a month ago I received your last letter, wherein you complain of my long silence; what will you do when I am so long in answering? I have one excuse which will serve all my friends, I am quite worn out with disorders of mind and body; a long fit of deafness, which still continues, hath unqualified me for conversing, or thinking, or reading, or hearing; to all this is added an apprehension of giddiness, whereof I have frequently some frightful touches. Besides, I can hardly write ten lines without twenty blunders, as you will see by the number of scratchings and blots before this letter is done: into the bargain, I have not one rag of memory left; and my

* Mr. Faulkner was with Dr. Swift when he received this letter; which he instantly answered, and made Faulkner read it to him: the purport of which was, "that although he loved his lordship's father more than he ever did any man; yet, as a human creature, he had his faults, and therefore, as an impartial writer, he could not conceal them." The Dean made Faulkner write on the same sheet of paper to his lordship to answer for himself, and to put it into the post office, as he would not trust a servant with it, that he might vouch the truth, if ever he should hear his character called in question upon this occasion. F.

friends

friends have all forsaken me, except Mrs. Whiteway, who preserves some pity for my condition, and a few others who love wine that costs them nothing. As to my taking a journey to Cavan, I am just as capable as of a voyage to China, or of running races at Newmarket. But, to speak in the *Latinitas Grattaniana*; *Tu clamas meretrix primus*; for we have all expected you here at Easter, as you were used to do. Your musterroll of meat is good, but of drink in sup port able. Yew wann twine. My stress Albavia has eaten here all your hung beef, and said it was very good. The affair of high importance in their family is, that Miss Molly hath issued out orders, with great penalties, to be called Mrs. Harrison: which caused many speck you'll ash owns. ——I am now come to the noli me tan jerry, which begg ins wyth mad dam.—So I will go on by the strength of my own wit upon points of the high est imp or taunts. I have been very curious in considering that fruitful word *ling*; which explains many fine qualities in ladies, such as *grow ling*, *ray ling*, *tip ling*, (seldom) *toy ling*, *mumb ling*, *grumb ling*, *curr ling*, *puss ling*, *buss ling*. *strow ling*, *ramb ling*, *quarry ling*, *tat ling*, *whiff ling*, *dabb ling*, *doub ling*. These are but as ample o fan hunn dread mower: they have all got cold this winter, big owing tooth in lick lad ink old wet her, an dare ink you rabble.—— Well, I triumph over you, Is corn urine cap a city. Pray, tell me, does the land of Quilca pay any rent? or is any paid by the tenant? or is there not any part of 50l. to be got? But before you make complaints of ill payments from your school, I will declare I was never so ill paid as now, even by my richer debtors. I have finished my will for the last time,

wherein I left some little legacy, which you are not to receive till you shall be entirely out of my debt, and paid all you owe to my executors. And I have made very honourable mention of you in the will, as the consideration of my leaving these legacies to you.

Explain this proverb, *Salt dry fish, and the wedding gold, is the vice of women both young and old.* Yes, you have it i nam o mento time.

The old hunks Shepherd has buried his only son, who was a young hunks come to age.

## POSTSCRIPT.

Here is a rhime; it is a satire on an inconstant lover.

You are as faithless as a Carthaginian,
To love at once, Kate, Nell, Doll, Martha, Jenny, Anne.

A specimen of *Latinitas Grattaniana.*

Ego ludam diabolum super duos baculos cum te.
Voca super me cras.
Profecto ego dabo tibi tuum ventrem plenum legis.
Sine me solum cum illo. Ego capiam tempus.
Quid pestis velles tu esse apud?
Ego faciam te fumare.
Duc uxorem veni super.
Ego dabo tibi pyxidem in aure.
Ego faciam te secare saltum.
Veni, veni, solve tuum scotum, et fac non plura verba.
Id est plus expensi quam veneratio.

Si

Si tu es pro lege, dabo tibi legem, tuum ventrem plenum.
Ut diabolus voluit habere id.
Quid est materia tecum?
Tu habes vetus proverbium super tuum latus: Nihil est nunquam in periculo.
Cape me apud illud, et suspende me.
Ego capio te apud tuum verbum.
Tu venis in farti tempore.
Est formosus corporatus homo in facie.
Esne tu super pro omni die?
Morsus: Esne tu ibi cum tuis ursis?
Ille est ex super suam servationem.
Tu es carcer avis.
Ego amo mendacem in meo corde, et tu aptas me ad crinem.
Ego dicam tibi quid: hic est magnus clamor, et parva lana.
Quid! tu es super tuum altum equum.
Tu nunquam servasti tuum verbum.
Hic est diabolus et omne agere.
Visne tu esse tam bonus, quam tuum verbum?
Ego faciam porcum vel canem de id.
Ego servo hoc pro pluvioso die.
Ego possum facere id cum digito madido.
Profecto ego habui nullum manum in id.
Esne tu in aure nido?
Tu es homo extranei renis.
Precor, ambula super.
Ego feci amorem virgini honoris.
Quomodo venit id circum, quod tu ludis stultum ita?
Vos ibi, fac viam pro meo domino.

Omnes

Omnes socii apud pedem pilam.
Faeminae et linteum aspiciunt optimè per candelae lucem.

## TO MR. RICHARDSON *.

SIR, APRIL 9, 1737.

I HAVE wondered, since I have had the favour to know you, what could possibly put you upon your civility to me. You have invited me to your house, and proposed every thing according to my own scheme that would make me easy. You have loaded me with presents, although it never lay in my power to do you any sort of favour or advantage. I have had a salmon from you of 26lb. weight, another of 18lb. and the last of 14lb.: upon which my ill natured friends descant, that I am declining in your good-will by the declining of weight in your salmon. They would have had your salmon double the weight: the second should have been of 52lb. the third of 104, and the last of 208lb. It seems this is the way of Dublin computors, who think you country gentlemen have nothing to do but to oblige us citizens, who are not bound to make you the least return, farther than, when you come hither, to meet you by chance in a coffee-house; and ask you what tavern you dine in, and there pay

* See letter to Mr. Richardson, dated Oct. 23, 1736, in vol. XIII. N.

your

your club. I intend to deal with you in the same manner; and if you come to town for three months, I will invite you once to dinner, for which I shall expect to stay a whole year with you; and you will be bound to thank me for honouring your house. You saw me ill enough when I had the honour to see you at the deanery. Mrs. Whiteway, my cousin, and the only cousin I own, remembers she was here in your company, and desires to present her humble service to you; and, no wonder, for you sent so much salmon, that I was forced to give her a part. Some ten days ago there came to see me one Mr. Lloyd a clergyman, who lives, as I remember, near Colrane. He had a commission from the people in and about that town which belongs to the London society. It seems that, three years ago, the society increased their rents from 300l. to 1200l. a year; since which time the town is declined, the tenants neglect their houses, and the country tenants are not able to live. I writ a letter by him to alderman Barber, because their demands seem very extravagant: but I had no other reason for doing so than the ample commission he had from the town of Colrane. I wish I knew your sentiments in this affair. I never saw the gentleman before; but the commission he had encouraged me so far, that I could not refuse him the letter. Although I was ill enough when I saw you, I am forty times worse at present, and am no more able to be your guest this summer than to travel to America. I have been this month so ill with a giddy head, and so very deaf, that I am not fit for human conversation: besides, my spirits are so low that I do not think any thing worth minding; and most of my friends, with

with very great justice, have forsaken me. I find you deal with Faulkner. I have read his Rollin's history. The translator did not want knowledge enough, but is a coxcomb by running into those cant words and phrases which have spoiled our language, and will spoil it more every day. Your presents are so numerous that I had almost forgot to thank you for the cheese; against which there can be no objection but that of too much rennet, for which I so often wish ill to the housewife. I am, sir, with true esteem,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

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## FROM MR. RICHARDSON.

REVEREND SIR, APRIL 17, 1737.

I RETURNED last night from Derry, where I have been for some time past, and where you will be received with great respect. I pleased myself with the hopes of finding at home an account of the time you design being here.——My disappointment occasions you this trouble; and I hope you will suffer that which can do it best to plead my excuse for being so importunate.

Sir, I take the country to be as pleasant the latter end of this, and all the next month, as any in the year; the fields are putting on their gayest liveries to receive you; the birds will warble their sweetest notes to entertain you; and the waters in the river Bann, when they come in view of your apartment,

will tumble in great hurry to wait on you, and leave you with reluctance.

I must brag of my situation, and will pawn my credit with you in those matters, that you will pronounce it the most delightful you have seen in Dublin at least.

Sir, I will not conceal from you any longer a self-interest, I have in honouring this place with your presence. All the inclosures I intend in my demesne are now finished, and I am ready to begin what I intend by way of ornament; but until I am fixed in the scheme of the whole, which I would have adapted in the best manner to the place, I would do nothing. I have delayed coming to a final resolution, till I shall have the opportunity of entreating your opinion and assistance after viewing the whole. It will perhaps afford yourself no disagreeable amusement, and occasion something elegant and correct in miniature, where nature has almost done every thing. When you let me know that you have fitted your stages, I will contrive to meet you as far as Armagh or Stewartstown. I will only add, that it is one that loves you, as well as admires you, that is thus troublesome to you; and that I am, with the greatest truth, as well as esteem, sir,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

## TO MR. RICHARDSON.

SIR, DUBLIN, APRIL 30, 1737.

IF it had pleased God to restore me to any degree of health, I should have been setting out on Monday next to your house; but I find such a weekly decay, that has made it impossible for me to ride above five or six miles at farthest, and I always return the same day heartily tired. I have not an ounce of flesh or a dram of spirits left me; yet my greatest load is not my years but my infirmities. In England, before I was twenty, I got a cold which gave me a deafness that I could never clear myself of. Although it came but seldom, and lasted but a few days, yet my left ear has never been well since: but when the deafness comes on, I can hear with neither ear, except it be a woman with a treble, and a man with a counter tenor. This unqualifies me for any mixed conversation: and the fits of deafness increase; for I have now been troubled with it near seven weeks, and it is not yet lessened, which extremely adds to my mortification. I should not have been so particular in troubling you with my ailments, if they had not been too good an excuse for my inability to venture any where beyond the prospect of this town.

I am the more obliged to your great civilities, because I declare, without affectation, that it never lay in my power to deserve any one of them. I find by the conversation I have had with you, that you understand a court very well for your time, and are well known to the minister on the other side. The

consequence

consequence of which is, that it lies in my power to undo you, only by letting it be known at St. James's that you are perpetually sending me presents, and holding a constant correspondence with me by letters. Another unwary step of yours is inviting me to your house, which will render your election desperate, by making all your neighbour squires represent you as a person disaffected to the government. Thus I have you at my mercy on two accounts, unless you have some new court refinements to turn the guilt upon me. I wrote a long letter some weeks ago; but I could not find by the measenger of your last salmon that he knew any thing of that letter; for you take, in every circumstance, a special care that I may know nothing more than of a salmon being left at the deanery. Thus there is a secret commerce between your servant and my butler. The first writes a letter to the other—says the carriage is paid, that the salmon weighs so much, and was sent by his master to me. If some of our patriots should happen to discover the management of this intrigue, they would inform the privy council, from which an order would be brought by a messenger to seize on the salmon, have it opened, and search all its entrails to find some letter of dangerous consequence to the state. I believe I told you in my former letter, that Mr. Lloyd, a clergyman, minister of Colrane, but who lives four miles from it, came to me upon his going to England, to see his old father in Chester, and from thence goes to London to wait upon the society. He showed me very ample credentials from the magistrates of Colrane to deliver to the society, upon some hard things that colony lies under. It

seems, about three years ago, their lease was out; the rent was 300l. a year; but upon the renewal it was raised to 1200l. which was beyond what I have known in leases from corporations. I had never seen or heard of Mr. Lloyd. He is middle aged, and walks with a stick as if he were infirm. I wrote by him to alderman Barber, putting the case as Mr. Lloyd gave it me, who says that the townfolks and tenants of the estate round Colrane would be content to double the rent; but that the present prodigious addition had made the townsfolks let their buildings decay, and the country tenants were in despair. I then wondered you came to mention nothing of this to me, since you are concerned for the society. If Mr. Lloyd has not fairly represented the matter, he has not behaved himself suitable to his function: However, pray let me know the truth of the matter, and how he came to be employed: only I find that he is not known to any of my acquaintance that I have seen since.

Pray God preserve you, sir, and give you all the good success that I am convinced you deserve.

I am, with true esteem and gratitude, your most obedient and obliged servant,

JON. SWIFT.

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## TO DR. SHERIDAN.

MAY 22, 1737.

I WILL on Monday (this is Saturday, May 22, as you will read above in the date) send to talk to Mr.

Mr. Smith: but I distrust your sanguinity so much (by my own desponding temper) that I know not whether that affair of your justiceship be fixed, but I shall know next week, and write or act accordingly. I battled in vain with the duke and his clan against the lowering of gold *, which is just a kind settlement upon England of 25,000l. a year for ever: yet some of my friends differ from me, though all agree that the absentees will be just so much gainers. I am excessively glad that your difficulty of breathing is over; for what is life but breath? I mean not that of our nostrils, but our lungs. You must in summer ride every half holiday, and go to church every Sunday some miles off. The people of England are copying from us to plague the clergy, but they intend far to outdo the original. I wish I were to be born next century, when we shall be utterly rid of parsons, of which, God be thanked, you are none at present; and until your bishop give you a living, I will leave off (except this letter) giving you the title of reverend. I did write him lately a letter with a witness, relating to his printer of Quadrille (did you ever see it) with which he half ruined Faulkner. He promises (against his nature) to consider him, but interposed an exception, which I believe will destroy the whole. Mrs. Whiteway gives herself airs of loving you; but do not trust her too much for she grows disobedient, and says she is going for to get another favourite. In short, she calls you names, and has neither Mr. nor Dr. on

* The proclamation for lowering the English and foreign gold coin to the standard of English siver was published Aug. 9, 1737. N.

her

her tongue, but calls you plain Sheridan, and pox take you. She is not with me now, else she would read this in spite of me; and, between ourselves, she sets up to be my governor. I wish you had sent me the christian name of Knatchbull *, and I would have writ to him; but I will see him on Monday, if he will be visible. The poem on Legion Club is so altered and enlarged, as I hear (for I only saw the original) and so damnably murdered, that they have added many of the club to the true number. I hear it is charged to me, with great personal threatenings from the puppies offended. Some say they will wait for revenge to their next meeting. Others say the privy council will summon the suspected author. If I could get the true copy I would send it you. Your bishop † writes me word, that the real author is manifest by the work.——Your loss of flesh is nothing, if it be made up with spirit. God help him who hath neither, I mean myself. I believe I shall say with Horace, *Non omnis moriar*; for half my body is already spent.

## FROM THE HON. MISS DAVYS ‡.

SIR, MAY 27, 1737.

I KNOW you are always pleased to do acts of charity, which encourages me to take the liberty of

* Mr. Edward Knatchbull, was secretary to his relation, lord chancellor Wyndham. N.

† Dr. Hort. H.

‡ Afterward countess of Barrymore. N.

recommending

recommending a boy about ten years old, the bearer of this, to your goodness, to beg you would employ it in getting him put into the Bluecoat hospital. I received the enclosed letter from him this morning. Your compliance with this request, and pardon for this trouble, will oblige, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

M. DAVYS.

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## TO MR. POPE.

DUBLIN, MAY 31, 1737

IT is true, I owe you some letters, but it has pleased God, that I have not been in a condition to pay you. When you shall be at my age, perhaps you may lie under the same disability to your present or future friends. But my age is not my disability, for I can walk six or seven miles, and ride a dozen. But I am deaf for two months together, this deafness unqualifies me for all company, except a few friends with countertenor voices, whom I can call names, if they do not speak loud enough for my ears. It is this evil that has hindered me from venturing to the Bath, and to Twitenham; for deafness being not a frequent disorder, has no allowance given it; and the scurvy figure a man affected that way makes in company, is utterly insupportable.

It was I began with the petition to you of *Ornamе*, and now you come like an unfair merchant, to charge me with being in your debt; which by your way

way of reckoning I must always be, for yours are always guineas, and mine farthings; and yet I have a pretence to quarrel with you, because I am not at the head of any one of your epistles. I am often wondering how you come to excel all mortals on the subject of morality, even in the poetical way; and should have wondered more, if nature and education had not made you a professor of it from your infancy.

All the letters I can find of yours, I have fastened in a folio cover, and the rest in bundles endorsed; but, by reading their dates, I find a chasm of six years, of which I can find no copies; and yet I keep them with all possible care: but, I have been forced, on three or four occasions, to send all my papers to some friends, yet those papers were all sent sealed in bundles, to some faithful friends; however, what I have, are not much above sixty. I found nothing in any one of them to be left out: none of them have any thing to do with party, of which you are the clearest of all men, by your religion, and the whole tenour of your life; while I am raging every moment against the corruption of both kingdoms, especially of this, such is my weakness.

I have read your Epistle of Horace to Augustus: it was sent me in the English edition, as soon as it could come. They are printing it in a small octavo. The curious are looking out, some for flattery, some for ironies in it; the sour folks think they have found out some: but your admirers here, I mean every man of taste, affect to be certain, that the profession of friendship to me in the same poem, will not suffer you to be thought a flatterer. My happiness is that you are too far engaged, and in spite of you

the ages to come will celebrate me, and know you are a friend who loved and esteemed me, although I died the object of court and party hatred.

Pray who is that Mr. Glover *, who writ the epick poem called Leonidas, which is reprinting here, and has great vogue? We have frequently good poems of late from London †. I have just read

* Few poems, on their first appearance, have been received with greater applause than Leonidas. Lord Lyttelton, in the paper called Common Sense, gave it a very high encomium. Dr. Pemberton wrote a long and critical examination of its merits, equalling it to Homer and Milton. Nothing else was read or talked of at Leicester House; and by all the members that were in opposition to sir R. Walpole; and particularly by lord Cobham and his friends, to whom the poem was dedicated. If at first it was too much admired, it certainly of late has been too much neglected. Many parts of it are commendable; such as, the parting of Leonidas with his wife and family; the story of Ariana and Terpazus; the hymn of the Magi; the dream of Leonidas; the description of his shield; the exact description of the vast army of Xerxes, taken from Herodotus; the burning the camp of Xerxes; and the last conflict and death of the hero. Many of the characters are drawn with discrimination and truth. The style, which sometimes wants elevation, is remarkably pure and perspicuous; but the numbers want variety, and he has not enough availed himself of the great privilege of blank verse, to run his verses into one another, with different pauses. And I have often (as I had the pleasure of knowing him well) disputed with him on his favourite opinion, that only iambic feet should be used in our heroick verses, without admitting any trochaick. His Media is still acted with applause. He was one of the best and most accurate Greek scholars of his time; and a man of great probity, integrity, and sweetness of manners. He died, Nov. 25, 1785, aged 74; and has left behind him some curious memoirs, which, it is hoped, will be one day published. Dr. Warton.

† Glover, Thomson, &c. indeed, wrote in such a superior style of poetry, that he might say with great truth, "We have frequently good poems from London." Bowles.

one

one upon Conversation *, and two or three others. But the crowd do not encumber you, who, like the orator or preacher, stand aloft, and are seen above the rest, more than the whole assembly below.

I am able to write no more; and this is my third endeavour, which is too weak to finish the paper: I am, my dearest friend, yours sincerely, as long as I can write, or speak, or think.

JON. SWIFT.

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## TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

MY LORD, JUNE 14, 1737.

I HAD the honour of a letter from your lordship, dated April the 7th, which I was not prepared to answer until this time. Your lordship must needs have known, that the history you mention, of the four last years of the queen's reign, was written at Windsor, just upon finishing the peace; at which time, your father and my lord Bolingbroke had a misunderstanding with each other, that was attended with very bad consequences. When I came to Ireland to take this deanery (after the peace was made) I could not stay here above a fortnight, being recalled by a hundred letters to hasten back, and to use my endeavours in reconciling those ministers. I left them the history you mention, which I had finished

* By Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, published afterwards in Dodsley's Miscellanies. He was a learned, modest, and ingenious man; a great and skilful botanist. He died in 1771.

Dr. WARTON.

nished at Windsor, to the time of the peace. When I returned to England, I found their quarrels and coldness increased. I laboured to reconcile them as much as I was able: I contrived to bring them to my lord Masham's, at St. James's. My lord and lady Masham left us together. I expostulated with them both, but could not find any good consequences. I was to go to Windsor next day with my lord treasurer: I pretended business that prevented me; expecting they would come to some ***** †. But I followed them to Windsor; where my lord Bolingbroke told me, that my scheme had come to nothing. Things went on at the same rate; they grew more estranged every day. My lord treasurer found his credit daily declining. In May before the queen died, I had my last meeting with them at my lord Masham's. He left us together; and therefore I spoke very freely to them both; and told them, "I would retire, for I found all was gone." Lord Bolingbroke whispered me, "I was in the right." Your father said, "All would do well." I told him, "That I would go to Oxford on Monday, since I found it was impossible to be of any use." I took coach to Oxford on Monday; went to a friend in Berkshire; there staid until the queen's death; and then to my station here; where I staid twelve years, and never saw my lord your father afterward. They could not agree about printing the History of the Four last Years: and therefore I have kept it to this time, when I determine to publish it in London, to the confusion of all those rascals who have accused

† Here is a blank left for some word or other; such as *agreement, reconciliation,* or the like.

the

the queen and that ministry of making a bad peace; to which that party entirely owes the protestant succession. I was then in the greatest trust and confidence with your father the lord treasurer, as well as with my lord Bolingbroke, and all others who had part in the administration. I had all the letters from the secretary's office, during the treaty of peace: out of those, and what I learned from the ministry, I formed that history, which I am now going to publish for the information of posterity, and to control the most impudent falsehoods which have been published since. I wanted no kind of materials. I knew your father better than you could at that time: and I do impartially think him the most virtuous minister, and the most able, that ever I remember to have read of. If your lordship has any particular circumstances that may fortify what I have said in the History, such as letters or materials, I am content they should be printed at the end, by way of appendix. I loved my lord your father better than any other man in the world, although I had no obligation to him on the score of preferment; having been driven to this wretched kingdom, to which I was almost a stranger, by his want of power to keep me in what I ought to call my own country, although I happened to be dropped here, and was a year old before I left it; and to my sorrow, did not die before I came back to it again. I am extremely glad of the felicity you have in your alliances; and desire to present my most humble respects to my lady Oxford, and your daughter the duchess. As to the History, it is only of affairs which I know very well; and had all the advantages possible to know, when you were in

some

some sort but a lad. One great design of it is, to do justice to the ministry at that time, and to refute all the objections against them, as if they had a design of bringing in popery and the pretender: and farther to demonstrate, that the present settlement of the crown was chiefly owing to my lord your father. I can never expect to see England: I am now too old and too sickly, added to almost a perpetual deafness and giddiness. I live a most domestick life: I want nothing that is necessary; but I am in a cursed, factious, oppressed, miserable country; not made so by nature, but by the slavish, hellish principles of an execrable prevailing faction in it.

Farewell, my lord. I have tired you and myself. I desire again to present my most humble respects to my lady Oxford, and the duchess your daughter. Pray God preserve you long and happy! I shall diligently enquire into your conduct from those who will tell me. You have hitherto continued right: let me hear that you pereserve so. Your task will not be long; for I am not in a condition of health or time to trouble this world, and I am heartily weary of it already; and so should be in England, which I hear is full as corrupt as this poor enslaved country. I am, with the truest love and respect, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most obliged, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

FROM

## FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

CERVE DECANE, JUNE 22, 1737.

EGO longus audire a te, nunc Francisci sunt venti intus. Dominus M'Carty erat apud Sanctas Catherinas *, qui olim minabatur me cum scripto, & sue ego ibam ad Dunboyn. Non reddebam ad Dublinum apis causa debebam nummum, & ego habebam id non ad cicerem.

Meus filius Thomas sedebat nuper pro scholasticâ nave, et perdidit id per malitiam unius domini Hughs, qui gignebat super apud asserem †, et dixit, quod puer erat nimium juvenis pro juramento. Diabolus cape ingratum Socium; nam olim dedi illum doctrinam pro nihil; et sic servit me nunc. Quomodo unquam ego non volo capere ad cor, sed ego faciam optimum de malo mercatu. O qualis mundus est hic! Sed ego dicam non plus. Scio quod scio; et tenebo mentem ad meipsum, et ego solvam id de cum cogitando.

Ego habeo tres libros sapientum dictorum ‡ transcriptos pro te in pulchrâ et magnâ manu, quos mittam ad te per primam opportunitatem, ante ut meus dominus Orrery vadit pro Angliâ; nam promisit capere illos cum se, et facere pactum pro me cum prælatore.

Corrigo illos libros valde puteus, et jubebas me,

* *St. Catherine's*, lady *Mountcashel's* villa about six miles from *Dublin*. D. S.

† When the provost and fellows of the university of *Dublin* meet in council, they call it a Board. D. S.

‡ The Doctor's collection of Bons Mots. D. S.

sic

sic id ego spero non habebis multum agere; nam est non rationabile dare tibi multam molestiam circum sarciendo stylum. Amica Donelson est cito ire ad Dublinum, mittam illos cum illâ.

Ego habeo non ullos nuncios, sed quod nostra tempestas est valde calida, in sic tantum, ut omne nostrum gramem est ustum super, et pecora habent nihil edere. Caremus pluvia valde multum, si Deus placeret mittere—Mitte me verbum quid genus tempestatis est in Dublino, & si placet te mitte ad me rationem tuæ sanitatis. Da meum humile servitium omnibus, qui rogant pro me, Ad Dominum Orrery, ad Doctorem Helsham & cæteris amicorum. Precare cape curam de teipso, & sic obligabis tuum humillimum famulum,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Junii die 22°, unum mille septem centum & triginta septem.

Servitium et amor dominæ albæ viæ.

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## FROM MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

LONDON,

MOST HONOURED FRIEND, JUNE 23, 1737.

I WAS favoured with a letter some time since by the hands of the bearer Mr. Lloyd, and by him take the opportunity of answering it.

I do assure you, sir, that as the society have always had the greatest regard for your recommendation, so, in this affair, they have given a fresh instance of their

respect; for they have resolved to relieve their tenants in Colrain from their hard bargains; and, to that end, have put it in a way that is to the entire satisfaction of the bearer.

I hope this will find you in good health, and that the hot weather will contribute thereto; which will be a great satisfaction to all honest men who wish well to their country.

Our friend Mr. Pope is very hearty and well, and has obliged the town lately with several things in his way; among the rest, a translation of Horace's Odes; in one of which you are mentioned "as saving your nation:" which gave great offence; and, I am assured, was under debate in the council, whether he should not be taken up for it: but it happening to be done in the late king's time, they passed it by.

I hope you see the paper called Common Sense, which has wit and humour.

I had thoughts of kissing your hand this summer; but we are all in confusion at Derry about power, which will prevent my coming at present; but I am in hopes of having that happiness before I die. I thank God I hold out to a miracle almost; for I am better in my health now than I was many years ago.

Lord Bolingbroke is in France, writing, I am told, the History of his own Time: he is well. You will please to make my compliments to lord Orrery and Dr. Delany.

I have many things to say, which in prudence I must defer.

I shall conclude with my hearty prayers to Almighty God, to preserve your most valuable life for many years, as you are a publick blessing to your country,

country, and a friend to all mankind; and to assure you that I am, with sincerity, dear sir,

Your most affectionate
and most faithful humble servant,
JOHN BARBER.

## FROM DR. KING *.

ST. MARY HALL, OXFORD,
SIR, JUNE 24, 1737.

I DO not know for what reason the worthy gentlemen of the postoffice intercepted a letter, which I did myself the honour to write to you about two months ago. I cannot remember I said any thing that could give them the least offence. I did not mention the new halfpence; I did not praise the royal family; I did not blame the prime minister; I only returned you my thanks for a very kind letter I had just then received from you. It is true I enclosed in that letter a printed paper called Common Sense, in which the author proposes a new scheme of government to the people of Corsica, advising to make their king of the same stuff of which the Indians make their gods †. I thought to afford you some diversion: but perhaps it was this made the whole packet criminal.

* Dr. King was a considerable writer in "Common Sense;" and lord Chesterfield still more so; but the ostensible author was Mr. Charles Molloy. Dr. King had large offers made him, to write in favour of sir Robert Walpole, which he declined. He died, at a very advanced age, July 16, 1767. N.

† This paper was written by Dr. King himself. D. S.

I have this day received a letter from Mrs. Whiteway, in which she tells me that I am to expect the manuscript by lord Orrery, I will have the pleasure to wait on him as soon as I can do it without crossing the Irish channel: as soon as I receive the papers, you shall hear from me again. I shall have an opportunity of writing fully to you by Mr. Deane Swift, who proposes to set out for Ireland the next vacation. In making mention of this gentleman, I cannot help recommending him to your favour. I have very narrowly observed his conduct ever since I have been here; and I can, with great truth, give him the character of a modest, sober, ingenious young man. He is a hard student, and will do an honour to the society of which he is now a member.

Mrs. Whiteway says, that notwithstanding all your complaints, you are in good health and in good spirits. What think you of making a trip to England this fine season, and visiting our Alma Mater? I can offer you an airy cool room during the summer, and a warm bedchamber in the winter; and I will take care that your mutton commons shall be kept long enough to be tender. If you will accept of this invitation, I promise to meet you at Chester, and to conduct you to king Edward's lodgings: and then St. Mary Hall may boast of a triumvirate, that is not to be matched in any part of the learned world, sir Thomas More, Erasmus, and the Drapier. Believe me to be with the greatest esteem, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

## FROM DR. KING TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

ST. MARY HALL, OXON,

MADAM, JUNE 24, 1737.

I HAVE this day the favour of your letter of the 14th, which hath given me great pleasure: however, I could not help bestowing some maledictions on those gentlemen at the postoffice, who have been so impertinent as to intercept our correspondence; for you ought to have received another letter from me with one enclosed for our friend in some few days after you had the packet from Hartley. This was in answer to the letter you mention, which I got the very next day (as well as I remember) after Hartley went from London.

As soon as I hear of my lord Orrery's arrival on this side the water, I will wait on him to receive the papers. The moment they are put into my hands I will write to you again.

I do not know why the Dean's friends should think it derogatory, either to his station or character, to print the history by subscription, considering how the money arising by the sale of it is to be applied. I am not for selling the copy to a bookseller: for, unless a sufficient caution be taken, the bookseller, when he is master of the copy, will certainly print it by subscription, and so have all the benefit which the Dean refuses. But I shall be better able to send you my thoughts of this matter, when I have talked with some of my friends, who have had more dealings in this way than I have.

And have you at last got store of copper halfpence, and are content to give us gold and silver in exchange for this new coin? This serves to verify an observation I have frequently made, that the grossest imposition on the publick will go down, if the managers have but patience to try it twice, and art enough to give it a new name. The excise scheme, which made such a noise here a few years ago, passed here last winter with little opposition, under a new shape and title. How would the ghost of Wood triumph over the Drapier, and rattle his copper chains, if the spectre were permitted to meet him in his walks? But I am unawares running into politicks, without considering that these reflections may occasion the loss of my letter. I have therefore done with your copper*.

* With great respect to Dr. King, he is somewhat mistaken in his politicks; for the great force of Dr. Swift's reasoning, in the character of an Irish Drapier, was not so much levelled against a moderate quantity of halfpence in general (which, it is certain, were much wanted in Ireland in the year 1724) as against Wood's adulterate copper in particular, which was not worth three pence in a shilling, and which might have been poured in upon the nation from Wood's mint to eternity; as he had neither given security for his honesty, nor obliged himself, like other patentees, to give either gold or silver in exchange for his copper, when it began to grow troublesome: whereas the halfpence, sent over to Ireland in the year 1737, were coined in the Tower, by the express order of the crown, for the conveniency of the kingdom, and were not calculated to do any mischief; or, in fact, could they have done any, as all people were at that time sufficiently and thoroughly apprised, that halfpence were not sterling money, or could legally be tendered in any payment whatsoever; the only use of them being a sort of change in the small crafts and traffick of the world. However, it is certain that an advertisement of three lines, by order of Dr. Swift, had there been occasion for it, as there was not, would instantly have stopped their currency. D. S.

You

You cannot imagine how greatly I am vexed and disappointed, that I have been so long obliged to keep back my conversation piece*. I have in this respect, wholly complied with the reasoning, or rather with the humours, of some of my friends. They were willing to try their skill in accommodating my Irish affairs †; in which, after all, I believe they will be disappointed as much as I have been: for the adversaries I have to deal with, proceed on a principle that will hear no reason, and do no good, not even to themselves, if others are at the same time to receive any benefit by the bargain. However, since you seem so earnestly to desire a second view of this work, I will send you a book by Mr. Swift, who intends to go from hence about ten days or a fortnight hence. You will be so kind as to keep it in your own hands until the publication.

As I think it proper to write a postscript in your letter to a certain person, that must be nameless, and finding I have but room for my address to him, I will say no more to you now than that I am, and always must be, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

P. S. To the gentleman of the postoffice who intercepted my last letter addressed to Mrs. Whiteway, at her house in Abbey street, together with a letter enclosed and addressed to the Dean of St. Patrick's.

* Meaning The Toast. D. S.

† Dr. King had a chancery suit in Ireland with the countess of Newburgh; the particulars of which are developed in the observations which accompany his celebrated satire. N.

SIR,

SIR, when you have sufficiently perused this letter, I beg the favour of you to send it to the lady to whom it is directed. I shall not take it ill though you should not give yourself the trouble to seal it again. If any thing I have said about the copper halfpence and excise should offend you, blot it out. I shall think myself much obliged to you, if, at the same time, you will be pleased to send Mrs. Whiteway those letters which are now in your hands, with such alterations and amendments as you think proper. I cannot believe that your orders will justify you in detaining letters of business: for as you are a civil officer, I conceive you have not a license to rob on the highway. If I happen to be mistaken, of which I shall be convinced if this letter should be likewise intercepted, I will hereafter change my address, and enrol you and your superiours in my catalogue of heroes.

## FROM MR. LEWIS.

LONDON, JUNE 30, 1737

OUR friend Pope tells me, you could wish to revive a correspondence with some of your old acquaintances, that you might not remain entirely ignorant of what passes in this country: on this occasion I would offer myself with pleasure, if I thought the little trifles that come to my knowledge could in the least contribute to your amusement; but as you yourself judge very rightly, I am too much out of the world, and see things at too great a distance; and, beside

beside this, my age, and the use I have formerly made of my eyes in writing by candlelight, have now reduced me almost to blindness, and I see nothing less than the pips of the cards, from which I have some relief in a long winter evening. However, to show my dear Dean how much I love him, I have taken my pen in my hand to scratch him out a letter, though it be little more than to tell him most of those he and I used to converse with are dead; but I am still alive, and lead a poor animal life. Lord Masham is much in the same way: he has married his son, and boards with him: the lady is the daughter of Salway Winnington, and they all live lovingly together: the old gentleman walks afoot, which makes me fear that he has made settlements above his strength. I regret the loss of Dr. Arbuthnot every hour of the day: he was the best conditioned creature that ever breathed, and the most cheerful; yet his poor son George is under the utmost dejection of spirits, almost to a degree of delirium; his two sisters give affectionate attendance, and I hope he will grow better. Sir William Wyndham makes the first figure in parliament, and is one of the most amiable men in the world: he is very happy in his wife lady Blandford: but I fear his eldest son will not come into his measures: this may create him some uneasiness.

Lord Bathurst is in Gloucestershire, where he plants, transplants, and unplants: thus he erects an employment for himself independent of a court.

I have the happiness to live near lord Oxford, who continues that kindness and protection to me that I had from his father. God Almighty has given him both

both the power and the will to support the numerous family of his sister, which has been brought to ruin by that unworthy man lord K——.

Now I name him, I mean lord Oxford, let me ask you if it be true, that you are going to print a History of the four last years of the queen? if it is, will not you let me see it before you send it to the press? Is it not possible that I may suggest some things that you may have omitted, and give you reasons for leaving out others? The scene is changed since that period of time: the conditions of the peace of Utrecht have been applauded by most part of mankind, even in the two houses of parliament: Should not matters rest here, at least for some time? I presume your great end is to do justice to truth; the second point may perhaps be to make a compliment to the Oxford family: permit me to say as to the first, that though you know perhaps more than any one man, I may possibly contribute a mite; and, with the alteration of one word, *viz.* by inserting *parva* instead of *magna*, apply to myself that passage of Virgil, *et quorum pars parva fui.* As to the second point, I do not conceive your compliment to lord Oxford to be so perfect as it might be, unless you lay the manuscript before him, that it may be considered here.

Our little captain blusters, reviews, and thinks he governs the world, when in reality he does nothing: for the first minister stands possessed of all the regal power: the latter prates well in the house, and, by corruption, is absolute master of it: as to other matters, his foreign treaties are absurd, and his management of the funds betray a want of skill: he has a low

low way of thinking. My dear Dean, adieu; believe me to be, what I really am,

Most affectionately yours.

ERASMUS LEWIS.

## FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

DOVER STREET,

GOOD MR. DEAN, JULY 4, 1737.

YOUR letter of June 14th, in answer to mine of the 7th of April, is come to my hands; and it is with no small concern that I have read it, and to find that you seem to have formed a resolution to put the History of the four last years of the Queen to the press; a resolution taken without giving your friends, and those that are greatly concerned, some notice, or suffering them to have time and opportunity to read the papers over, and to consider them. I hope it is not too late yet, and that you will be so good as to let some friends see them, before they are put to the press; and, as you propose to have the work printed here, it will be easy to give directions to whom you will please to give the liberty of seeing them; I beg I may be one: this request I again repeat to you, and I hope you will grant it. I do not doubt but there are many who will persuade you to publish it; but they are not proper judges: their reasons may be of different kinds, and their motives to press on this work may be quite different, and perhaps concealed from you.

I am

I am extremely sensible of the firm love and regard you had for my father, and have for his memory; and upon that account it is, that I now renew my request, that you would at least defer this printing until you have had the advice of friends. You have forgot that you lent me the history to read when you were in England since my father died; I do remember it well. I would ask your pardon for giving you this trouble; but upon this affair I am so nearly concerned, that if I did not my utmost to prevent it, I should never forgive myself.

I am extremely obliged to you for your good and kind concern for me and my family. My wife desires your acceptance of her most humble service: my daughter desires the same: they both are sensible of your good wishes for them. I am, with true esteem and respect, dear sir,

Your obliged and most affectionate
humble servant,
OXFORD.

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## MR. POPE TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

MY LORD, JULY 12, 1737.

THE pleasure you gave me, in acquainting me of the Dean's better health, is one so truly great, as might content even your own humanity; and whatever my sincere opinion and respect of your lordship prompts me to wish from your hands for myself, your love for him makes me happy. Would to God my weight

weight added to yours, could turn his inclinations to this side, that I might live to enjoy him here through your means, and flatter myself it was partly through my own! But this, I fear, will never be the case; and I think it more probable his attraction will draw me on the other side, which, I protest, nothing less than a probability of dying at sea, considering the weak frame of my breast, would have hindered me from, two years past. In short, whenever I think of him, it is with the vexation of all impotent passions, that carry us out of ourselves only to spoil our quiet, and make us return to a resignation, which is the most melancholy of all virtues.

## FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

DEAR SIR, JULY 23, 1737.

IF I were to tell you who inquire for you, and what they say of you, it would take up more paper than I have in my lodgings, and more time than I stay in town. Yet London is empty: not dusty, for we have had rain: not dull, for Mr. Pope is in it: not noisy, for we have no cars *: not troublesome, for a man may walk quietly about the streets: in short, it is just as I would have it till Monday, and then I quit St. Paul's, for my little church at Marston.

Your commands are obeyed long ago, Dr. King has his cargo†, Mrs. Barber her conversation‡, and

* Alluding to the Irish cars. D. S.

† The MS. of "The History of the four last Years." N.

‡ The treatise on "Polite conversation," which the Dean sent to Mrs. Barber as a present, and which she sold for a good sum. N.

Mr.

Mr. Pope his letters. To morrow I pass with him at Twickenham: the *olim meminisse* will be our feast. Leave Dublin, and come to us. Methinks there are many stronger reasons for it than heretofore; at least I feel them: and I will say with Macbeth, Would thou could'st!

My health is greatly mended; so, I hope, is yours; write to me when you can, in your best health, and utmost leisure; never break through that rule. Can friendship increase by absence? Sure it does: at least mine rises some degrees, or seems to rise: try if it will fall by coming nearer: no, certainly it cannot be higher.

Yours most affectionately,

ORRERY.

## TO MR. LEWIS.

DEAR FRIEND, JULY 23, 1737.

WHILE any of those who used to write to me were alive, I always inquired after you. But since your secretaryship in the queen's time, I believed you were so glutted with the office, that you had not patience to venture on a letter to an absent useless acquaintance: and I find I owe yours to my lord Oxford. The history you mention was written above a year before the queen's death. I left it with the treasurer and lord Bolingbroke, when I first came over to take this deanery. I returned in less than a month; but the ministry could not agree about printing it. It was to conclude with the peace. I staid

in

in London above nine months; but not being able to reconcile the quarrels between those two, I went to a friend in Berkshire, and on the queen's death, came hither for good and all. I am confident you read that history; as this lord Oxford did, as he owns in his two letters, the last of which reached me not above ten days ago. You know, on the queen's death, how the peace and all proceedings were universally condemned. This I knew would be done; and the chief cause of my writing was, not to let such a queen and ministry lie under such a load of infamy, or posterity be so ill informed, &c. Lord Oxford is in the wrong, to be in pain about his father's character, or his proceedings in his ministry; which is so drawn, that his greatest admirers will rather censure me for partiality: neither can he tell me any thing material out of his papers, which I was not then informed of: nor do I know any body but yourself who could give me more light than what I then received; for I remember I often consulted with you, and took memorials of many important particulars which you told me, as I did of others, for four years together. I can find no way to have the orginal delivered to lord Oxford, or to you; for the person who has it will not trust it out of his hands; but, I believe, would be contented to let it be read to either of you, if it could be done without letting it out of his hands *, although perhaps that may be too late. If

* A little before this period, the great abilities of Dr. Swift had begun to fail; he had, in order to gratify some of his acquaintance, called for the History of the four last Years of the Queen's Reign once or twice out of his friend's hands, and lent it abroad; by which means part of the contents were whispered about the town, and several had pretended to have read it, who perhaps had not seen one line of it. D. S.

my

my health would have permitted me, for some years past, to have ventured as far as London, I would have satisfied both my lord and you. I believe you know that lord Bolingbroke is now busy in France, writing the History of his own Time: and how much he grew to hate the treasurer you know too well; and I know how much lord Bolingbroke hates his very memory. This is what the present lord Oxford should be in most pain at, not about me. I have had my share of affliction sufficient, in the loss of Dr. Arbuthnot, and poor Gay and others; and I heartily pity poor lord Masham. I would fain know whether his son be a valuable young man; because I much dislike his education. When I was last among you, sir William Wyndham was in a bad state of health: I always loved him, and I rejoice to hear from you the figure he makes. But I know so little of what passes, that I never heard of lady Blandford his present wife.

Lord Bathurst used to write to me, but has dropped it some years. Pray, is Charles Ford yet alive? for he has dropped me too: or perhaps my illness has hindered me from provoking his remembrance: for I have been long in a very bad condition. My deafness, which used to be occasional and for a short time, has stuck by me now several months without remission; so that I am unfit for any conversation, except one or two Stentors of either sex; and my old giddiness is likewise become chronical, although not in equal violence with my former short fits.

I was never so much deceived in any Scot, as by that execrable lord K * * * *; whom I loved extremely, and now detest beyond expression.

You

You say so little of yourself, that I know not whether you are in health or sickness, only that you lead a mere animal life; which, with nine parts in ten, is a sign of health. I find you have not, like me, lost your memory; nor I hope your sense of hearing, which is the greatest loss of any, and more comfortless than even being blind; I mean, in the article of company. Writing no longer amuses me, for I cannot think. I dine constantly at home, in my chamber, with a grave housekeeper, whom I call sir Robert; and sometimes receive one or two friends, and a female cousin, with strong high tenour voices.

I am, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

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## TO MR. POPE.

DUBLIN, JULY 23, 1737.

I SENT sent a letter to you some weeks ago, which my lord Orrery enclosed in one of his, to which I received as yet no answer; but it will be time enough when his lordship goes over, which will be as he hopes in about ten days, and then he will take with him all the letters I preserved of yours, which are not above twenty-five. I find there is a great chasm of some years, but the dates are more early than my two last journeys to England, which makes me imagine, that in one of those journeys I carried over another cargo. But I cannot trust my memory half an hour; and my disorder of deafness and giddiness increase

increase daily *. So that I am declining as fast as it is easily possible for me, if I were a dozen years older.

We have had your volume of letters, which I am told are to be printed here. Some of those who highly esteem you, and a few who know you personally, are grieved to find you make no distinction between the English gentry of this kingdom, and the savage old Irish, (who are only the vulgar, and some gentlemen who live in the Irish parts of the kindom) but the English colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilized than many counties in England, and speak better English, and are much better bred. And they think it very hard, that an American who is of the fifth generation from England, should be allowed to preserve that title, only because we have been told by some of them that their names are entered in some parish in London. I have three or four cousins here who were born in Portugal, whose parents took the same care, and they are all of them Londoners. Dr. Delany, who, as I take it, is of an Irish family, came to visit me three days ago, on purpose to complain of those passages in your letters; he will not allow such a difference between the two climates, but will assert that North Wales, Northumberland, Yorkshire, and the other northern shires have a more cloudy ungenial air than any part of Ireland. In short, I am afraid your friends and admirers here will force you to make a palinody.

* Who can read the slow progress of a disorder, that gradually undermined his faculties, and sunk him at last in helpless decay, without a sigh, whatever might have been his faults?

BOWLES.

As

As for the other parts of your volume of letters, my opinion is, that there might be collected from them the best system that ever was writ for the conduct of human life, at least to shame all reasonable men out of their follies and vices. It is some recommendation of this kingdom, and of the taste of the people, that you are at least as highly celebrated here as you are at home. If you will blame us for slavery, corruption, atheism, and such trifles, do it freely, but include England, only with an addition of every other vice.—I wish you would give orders against the corruption of English by those scribblers who send us over their trash in prose and verse, with abominable curtailings and quaint modernisms.—I now am daily expecting an end of life: I have lost all spirit, and every scrap of health; I sometimes recover a little of my hearing, but my head is ever out of order. While I have any ability to hold a commerce with you, I will never be silent, and this chancing to be a day that I can hold a pen, I will drag it as long as I am able. Pray let my lord Orrery see you often; next to yourself I love no man so well; and tell him what I say, if he visits you. I have now done, for it is evening, and my head grows worse. May God always protect you, and preserve you long, for a pattern of piety and virtue.

Farewell, my dearest and almost only constant friend. I am ever, at least in my esteem, honour, and affection to you, what I hope you expect me to be,

Yours, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

## TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR, ALDERMEN, SHERIFFS, AND COMMON COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CORK.

DEANERY HOUSE, DUBLIN,

GENTLEMEN, AUG. 15, 1737.

I RECEIVED from you, some weeks ago, the honour of my freedom in a silver box, by the hands of Mr. Stannard *; but it was not delivered to me in as many weeks more; because, I suppose, he was too full of more important business. Since that time I have been wholly confined by sickness, so that I was not able to return you my acknowledgment; and, it is with much difficulty I do it now, my head continuing in great disorder. Mr. Faulkner will be the bearer of my letter, who sets out this morning for Cork.

I could have wished, as I am a private man, that, in the instrument of my freedom, you had pleased to assign your reasons for making choice of me. I know it is a usual compliment to bestow the freedom of the city on an archbishop, or lord chancellor, and other persons of great titles, merely upon account of their stations or power: but a private man, and a perfect stranger, without power or grandeur, may justly expect to find the motives assigned

* Eaton Stannard, esq. then recorder of Dublin, and afterward made his majesty's prime serjeant at law in the room of Anthony Malone, esq. who was promoted to the chancellorship of the exchequer. D. S.

in

in the instrument of his freedom, on what account he is thus distinguished. And yet I cannot discover in the whole parchment scrip any one reason offered. Next, as to the silver box *, there is not so much as my name upon it, nor any one syllable to show it was a present from your city. Therefore I have, by the advice of friends, agreeable with my opinion, sent back the box and instrument of freedom by Mr. Faulkner, to be returned to you: leaving to your choice, whether to insert the reasons for which you were pleased to give me my freedom, or bestow the box upon some more worthy person whom you may have an intention to honour, because it will equally fit every body. I am, with true esteem and gratitude, gentlemen,

Your most obedient, and obliged servant,
JON. SWIFT.

## FROM MR. FARREN.

REVEREND SIR, CORK, SEPT. 14, 1737.

I AM favoured with yours by Mr. Faulkner, and am sorry the health of a man, the whole kingdom has at heart, should be so much in danger.

When the box with your freedom was given the recorder, to be presented to you, I hoped he would, in the name of the city, have expressed their grateful

* In consequence of this letter, there was an inscription, and the city arms of Cork, engraved on the box, and reasons on the parchment instrument for presenting him with the freedom of that city. D. S.

acknowledgments for the many services the publick have received from you, which are the motives that induced us to make you one of our citizens; and as they will ever remain monuments to your glory, we imagined it needless to make any inscription on the box, and especially as we have no precedents on our books for any such. But, as so great and deserving a patriot merits all distinction that can be made, I have, by the consent and approbation of the council, directed the box to you, and hope, what is inscribed upon it, although greatly inferiour to what your merit is entitled to, will however demonstrate the great regard and respect we have for you, on account of the many singular services your pen and your counsel have done this poor country; and am, reverend sir, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS FARREN, MAYOR.

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## FROM LORD BATHURST.

DEAR MR. DEAN, CIRENCESTER, OCT. 5, 1737.

THAT I often think of you is most certain, but if I should write to you as often, you would think me extremely troublesome. I was alarmed some time ago with hearing that you were much indisposed; but if later accounts are to be depended upon, you are now in perfect health. I should be heartily glad to have that news confirmed to me by two lines under your hand: however, I write to you under that supposition, for which reason I have cut out a little business for you.

That

That very pretty epistle which you writ many years ago to lord Oxford, is printed very incorrectly. I have a copy (of which I send you a transcript) which has some very good lines in it, that are not in the printed copy; and besides, if you will compare it with the original, you will find that you left off without going through with the epistle. The fable of the country and city mouse is as prettily told as any thing of that kind ever was: possibly, if you look over your papers, you may find that you finished the whole; if not, I enjoin you as a task, to go through with it; and I beg of you, do not suffer an imperfect copy to stand, while it is in your power to rectify it *. Adieu! do me the justice to believe me, most faithfully, and unalterably yours.

## TO MR. COPE.

SIR, DEANERY HOUSE, NOV. 11, 1737.

I WAS just going to write to you, when your clerk brought me your note for thirty-six pounds, which was more by a third part than I desired, and for which I heartily thank you. I have been used since my illness to hear so many thousand lies told of myself and others, and so circumstantially, that my head was almost turned; and if I gave them any

* On the back of the original letter, Dr. Swift has observed, that upon receiving it, he added twenty lines to the poem. It is in imitation of the sixth satire of the second book of Horace, and it is printed with the additional lines, in the Works of Mr. Pope. H.

credit,

credit, it was because one thing I knew perfectly, that we differed entirely in our opinions of publick management. I did and do detest the lowering of the gold, because I saw a resolution seven years old of your house of commons of a very different nature, and have since seen tracts against it, which to me were demonstrations; and am assured, as well as know by experience, that I have not received a penny except from you. However, although I know you to be somewhat of what we call a giber: yet I am convinced by your assertions that I was ill informed; and yet, we differ so much in the present politicks, that I doubt it will much affect the good will you formerly seemed to bear me. I grant, that the bishops, the people in employments of all kinds who receive salaries, and some others, will not lose a penny, by lowering the money, because they must still have their pay; and, if your estate be set much under value, you will be no sufferer; though I, and thousands of others, will soundly feel the smart, and particularly the lower clergy, who I find are out of every body's good graces; but for what reasons I know not. I hear your house is forming a bill * against all legacies to the church, or any publick charity, which puts me under a great difficulty; because, by my will, I have bequeathed my whole fortune to build and endow an hospital for lunaticks and idiots †. I wish I had any certainty in that matter.

* This bill did not pass. F.

† The Dean drew up a petition to the house of lords in Ireland, to be excepted in the heads of the bill for a mortmain act, then in agitation; that, he might be at liberty to fulfil his benevolent intention: but the bill did not pass. The hospital (endowed by Dr. Swift's legacy of above 10,000 pounds) was incorporated

matter. You mistook me in one expression; what I said was, that I wished all who were for lowering the gold, were lowered to the dust; and I might explain it, so that it would bear the sense of causing them to repent in dust and ashes. I am, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

## FROM LORD MOUNTJOY *.

SIR, NOV. 17, 1737.

I SHALL, with great pleasure, bring in your petition to-morrow, the house of lords not sitting until then; but I find there is a small mistake in point of form, which will be proper to be set right before the petition shall be presented.

You mention the bill as if it would certainly pass, and be transmitted into England; instead of which, I must beg the favour of you to say, that "there are heads of a bill depending now before your lordships' committee, in order to prevent," &c. &c., for

porated by charter, in August 1746. By a printed state, in 1770, it appears, that, by the addition of other legacies, the trustees were enabled at that time to admit thirty-four patients on the establishment; and had also sixteen boarders under cure, at the rate of thirty guineas a year for each. F.

* William Stewart, viscount Mountjoy, and governor of the county of Tyrone. He was created earl of Blessinton, Dec. 7, 1745. His lordship's mother was Anne, the daughter and at length heir of Murrough Boyle the last viscount Blessinton of that family. N.

until

until such time as it shall have gone through that, no one can declare the fate of it.

I should not be so impertinent as to pretend to direct you in this, but that I apprehend you did not know the progress the bill has taken; if you will get it writ over again, my servant shall wait to bring it to me, and I shall take care, as soon as the petition is received, to have a clause ready, in pursuance of it, to except your charity. I am, with great respect, sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,
MOUNTJOY.

## FROM MR. FORD.

NOVEMBER 22, 1737.

I CANNOT help putting you in mind of me sometimes, though I am sure of having no return. I often read your name in the newspapers, but hardly have any other account of you, except when I happen to see lord Orrery. He told me the last time, that you had been ill, but were perfectly recovered.

I hear they are going to publish two volumes more of your works. I see no reason why all the pamphlets published at the end of the queen's reign might not be inserted. Your objection of their being momentary things, will not hold. Killing no Murder, and many other old tracts, are still read with pleasure, not to mention Tully's Letters, which have not died with the times. My comfort is, they will

will some time or other be found among my books with the author's name, and posterity obliged with them. I have been driven out of a great house, where I had lodged between four and five years, by new lodgers, with an insupportable noise, and have taken a little one to myself in a little court, merely for the sake of sleeping in quiet. It is in St. James's Place, and called Little Cleveland Court. I believe you never observed it; for I never did, though I lodged very near it, till I was carried there to see the house I have taken. Though coaches come in, it consists of but six houses in all. Mine is but two stories high, contrived exactly as I would wish, as I seldom eat at home. The ground floor is of small use to me; for the fore parlour is flung into the entry, and makes a magnificent London hall. The back one, by their ridiculous custom of tacking a closet almost of the same bigness to it, is so dark, that I can hardly see to read there in the middle of the day. Up one pair of stairs I have a very good dining-room, which on the second floor is divided into two, and makes room for my whole family, a man and a maid, both at board wages. Over my bedchamber is my study, the pleasantest part of the house, from whence you have a full view of Buckingham House, and all that part of the park. My furniture is clean and new, but of the cheapest things I could find out. The most valuable goods I have are two different prints of you. I am still in great hopes I shall one day have the happiness of seeing you in it.

Every body agrees the queen's death was wholly owing to her own fault. She had a rupture, which she would not discover: and the surgeon who opened

opened her navel, declared if he had known it two days sooner, she should have been walking about the next day. By her concealing her distemper, they gave her strong cordials for the gout in her stomach, which did her great mischief. The king is said to have given her the first account of her condition: she bore it with great resolution, and immediately sent for the rest of her children, to take formal leave of them, but absolutely refused to see the prince of Wales; nor could the archbishop of Canterbury, when he gave her the sacrament, prevail on her, though she said, she heartily forgave the prince. It is thought her death will be a loss, at least in point of ease, to some of the ministers.

Since Lewis has lost his old wife, he has had an old maiden niece to liv with him, continues the same life, takes the air in his coach, dines moderately at home, and sees nobody.

It was reported, and is still believed by many, that sir Robert Walpole upon the loss of his, made miss Skirret an honest woman; but if it be so, the marriage is not yet owned.

That you may, in health and happiness, see many 30th of Novembers, is the most sincere and hearty wish of yours, &c.

C. FORD.

If you will be so kind as to let me hear from you once again, you may either direct to me at the Cocoa Tree, or to Little Cleveland Court, in St. James's Place.

## FROM THE CHEVALIER RAMSAY.

REVEREND SIR, AT PARIS, NOV. 29, 1737.

I RECEIVED only some weeks ago the works you were pleased to send me, and have perused them with new pleasure. I still find in them all the marks of that original genius and universal beneficence which compose your character. I cannot send you in return, any such valuable compositions of mine; but you will receive, by the first ships that go for Ireland, my History of the Mareschal de Turenne, the greatest French hero that ever was. I shall be glad to know your opinion of the performance.

I am, with the greatest respect, veneration, and friendship, dear sir, your most humble, and most obedient servant,

THE CHEVALIER RAMSAY.

Pray allow me to assure Mr. Sican of my most humble respects.

If you have any commands for me in this country, or for any of your friends, pray direct for me, under a cover. *A son Altesse Monseigneur le compte d'Evreux, général de la cavallerie à Paris.*

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## FROM LORD BATHURST.

DEAR SIR, SCARCLIFFE FARM, DEC. 6, 1737.

I RECEIVED a letter from you at Cirencester, full of life and spirits, which gave me singular satisfaction;

faction; but those complaints you make of the deplorable state of Ireland, made me reflect upon the condition of England, and I am inclined to think it is not much better; possibly the only difference is, that we shall be the last devoured *. I have attended parliament many years, and never found that I could do any good; I have therefore entered upon a new scheme of life, and am determined to look after my own affairs a little. I am now in a small farm house in Derbyshire, and my chief business is to take care that my agents do not impose upon my tenants. I am for letting them all good bargains, that my rents may be paid as long as any rents can be paid; and when the time comes that there is no money, they are honest fellows, and will bring me in what corn and cattle I shall want. I want no foreign commodities; my neighbour the duke of Kingston has imported one †; but I do not think it worth the carriage.

I passed through London in my way here, and every body wondered I could leave them, they were so full of speculations upon the great event which lately happened ‡; but I am of opinion some time will be necessary to produce any consequences. Some consequences will certainly follow; but time must ripen matters for them. I could send you many speculations of my own and others upon this subject; but it is too nice a subject for me to handle in a post-letter. It is not every body who ought to have liberty to abuse their superiours: if a man has so

* The promise of Polypheme to Ulysses. H.

† Madame la Touche, a French lady. B.

‡ The death of queen Caroline, on Sunday evening, November 20, 1727. B.

much

much wit as to get the majority of mankind on his side, he is often safe; or if he is known to have talents that can make an abuse stick close, he is still safer. You may say, where is the occasion of abusing any body? I never did in my life; but you have often told truth of persons, who would rather you had abused them in the grossest manner.

I may say in parliament, that we are impoverished at home, and rendered contemptible abroad, because nobody will care to call upon me to prove it; but I do not know whether I may venture to put that in a letter, at least in a letter to a disaffected person; such you will be reputed as long as you live; after your death, perhaps, you may stand *rectus in curia*.

I met our friend Pope in town; he is as sure to be there in a bustle, as a porpus in a storm. He told me that he would retire to Twickenham for a fortnight; but I doubt it much. Since I found by your last, that your hand and your head are both in so good a condition, let me hear from you sometimes. And do not be discouraged that I send you nothing worth reading now: I have talked with nobody for some time past, but farmers and ploughmen; when I come into good company again, I may possibly be less insipid; but in whatever condition I am, I shall always be most ambitious of your friendship, and most desirous of your esteem, being most faithfully and sincerely, dear sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

BATHURST.

TO

## TO MR. FAULKNER.

DEANERY HOUSE,

MR. FAULKNER, DECEMBER 15, 1737.

THE short treatise * that I here send you enclosed was put into my hands by a very worthy person †, of much ancient learning, as well as knowledge in the laws of both kingdoms. He is likewise a most loyal subject to king George, and wholly attached to the Hanover family, and is a gentleman of as many virtues as I have any where met. However, it seems, he cannot be blind or unconcerned at the mistaken conduct of his country in a point of the highest importance to its welfare. He has learnedly shown, from the practice of all wise nations in past and late ages, that tillage was the great principle and foundation of their wealth; and recommends the practice of it to this kingdom with the most weighty reasons. He mentions the prodigious sums sent out yearly for importing all sorts of corn, in the miserable moneyless condition we are now in. To which I cannot but add, that in reading the resolutions of the last sessions, I have observed in several papers that the honourable house of commons seem to be of the same sentiment, although the increase of tillage may be of advantage to the clergy, whom I conceive to be as loyal a body of men to the present king and family as any in the

* Published by Mr. Faulkner, under the title of "A Treatise on Tillage." N.

† Alexander Macaulay, esq. See p. 85. N.

nation: and, by the great providence of God, it is so ordered, that if the clergy be fairly dealt with, whatever increases their maintenance will more largely increase the estates of the landed men, and the profits of their farmers.

I desire you, Mr. Faulkner, to print the treatise in a fair letter and a good paper.

I am, your faithful friend and servant,

JON. SWIFT.

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## TO DR. CLANCY.

DEANERY HOUSE,

SIR, CHRISTMAS DAY, 1737.

SOME friend of mine lent me a comedy *, which I am told was written by you: I read it carefully, with much pleasure, on account both of the characters and the moral. I have no interest with the people of the playhouse, else I should gladly recommend it to them. I send you a small present †. in such gold as will not give you trouble to change; for I much pity your loss of sight ‡, which if it pleased

* "The Sharper," the principal character of which performance was designed to represent colonel Chartres. D. S.

† This packet contained five pounds in small pieces of gold of different kinds; of which the largest did not exceed the value of five shillings. A little time after (says Dr. Clancy) I sent him a parcel of tickets: he kept but one, which he said he had paid for, and afterwards sent me two four pound pieces for more. See Clancy's Memoirs, vol. II, page 56. D. S.

‡ Dr. Clancy had pursued the study of physick, and was patronised by Dr. Helsham; but having lost his sight by a cold in 1737.

pleased God to let you enjoy, your other talents might have been your honest support, and have eased you of your present confinement. I am, sir,

Your well wishing friend and humble servant,

JON SWIFT.

I know not who lent me the play; if it came from you, I will send it back to-morrow.

This letter and the packet were sealed with the head of Socrates.

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## FROM LADY HOWTH.

DEAR SIR, DEC. 26, 1737.

KNOWING you to be very poor, I have sent you a couple of wild ducks, a couple of partridges, a side of venison, and some plover, which will help to keep your house this Christmas. You may make a miser's feast, and drink your blue-eyed nymph * in a bumper, as we do the drapier: and when these are out, let me know, and you shall have a fresh supply. I have sent them by a blackguard, knowing you to be of a very generous temper, though very poor. My lord and husband joins with me in wishing you a merry Christmas, and many of

1737, before he could regularly engage in the business of his profession, he kept a Latin school for his support. D. S.

* Lady Howth having very sparkling blue-grey eyes, Dr. Swift used to distinguish her by the name of "the blue-eyed Nymph." N.

them

them; and am sincerely your affectionate friend and sea nymph.

If I signed my name, and the letter should be found, you and I might be suspected.

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## FROM DR. CLANCY.

REVERENDSIR, DEC. 27, 1737.

WHEN I strive to express the thorough sense I have of your humanity and goodness, my attempt ceases in admiration of them. You have favoured my performance with some degree of approbation, and you have considered my unfortunate condition by a mark of your known benevolence: from my very soul I sincerely thank you. That approbation, which in some more happy periods of my life would have made me proud even to vanity, has now in my distress comforted and soothed my misery.

If I did not fear being troublesome, I should do myself the honour of waiting upon you, if you will be pleased to permit me to do so. At any time I am ready to obey your command; and am, with the utmost respect and gratitude, sir, your most obliged humble servant,

MIC. CLANCY.

## TO MR. FAULKNER.

DEANERY HOUSE,
SIR, DUBLIN, JAN. 6, 1737-8.

I HAVE often mentioned to you an earnest desire I had, and still have, to record the merit and services of the lord mayor, Humphrey French; whom I often desired, after his mayorality, to give me an account of many passages that happened in his mayorality, and which he has often put off, on the pretence of his forgetfulness, but in reality of his modesty: I take him to be a hero in his kind, and that he ought to be imitated by all his successors, as far as their genius can reach. I desire you therefore to enquire among all his friends whom you are acquainted with, to press them to give you the particulars of what they can remember, not only during the general conduct of his life, whereever he had any power or authority in the city; but particularly from Mr. Maple, who was his intimate friend, who knew him best, and could give the most just character of himself and his actions.

When I shall have got a sufficient information of all these particulars, I will, although I am oppressed with age and infirmities, stir up all the little spirit I can raise, to give the publick an account of that great patriot; and propose him as an example to all future magistrates, in order to recommend his virtues to this miserable kingdom. I am, sir,

Your very humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

TO

## TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

DUBLIN,

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, JAN. 17, 1737-8.

I HAVE for almost three years past being only the shadow of my former self, with years and sickness, and rage against all publick proceedings, especially in this miserable oppressed country. I have entirely lost my memory, except when it is roused by perpetual subjects of vexation. Mr. Richardson, who is your manager in your society of Londonderry, tells me, he hears you are in tolerable health and good spirits. I lately saw him, and he said he intended soon to wait on you in London. He is a gentleman of very good abilities, and a member of parliament here. He comes often to town, and then I never fail of seeing him at the deanery, where we constantly drink your health. I have not been out of doors, farther than my garden, for several months, and, unless the summer will assist me, I believe there will be the end of my travels. Our friend Lewis has writ to me once or twice, and makes the same complaint that I do, so that you are the heartiest person of the three. I luckily call to mind an affair that many of my friends have pressed me to. There is a church living in your gift, and upon your society lands, which is now possessed by one doctor Squire, who is so decayed that he cannot possibly live a month. This living, I am told, is about 120l. or something more, a year: I remember I got it for him by the assist-

ance of sir William Withers and you; and since it is now likely to be so soon vacant, I insist upon it, that if doctor Squire dies, you will bestow it to Mr. William Dunkin, a clergyman, upon whose character I have lately taken him into my favour. He is a gentleman of much wit, and the best English, as well as Latin, poet in this kingdom: he has 100l. a year from our university, to be continued till he is provided for. He is a pious, regular man, highly esteemed; but our bishops, like yours, have little regard for such accomplishments, while they have any dunces of nephews or cousins. I therefore charge you to use your influence and authority that Mr. Dunkin may have this church living upon the decease of doctor Squire; because you know that my talent was a little (or rather too much) turned to poetry; but he is wiser than I, because he writes no satires, whereby you know well enough how many great people I disobliged, and suffered by angering great people in favour. Farewell, my dear friend of near thirty years standing. How many friends have we lost since our acquaintance began? I desire you will present my most humble service and respect to my lord and lady Oxford. I am ever, with great affection and esteem, dear sir,

Your most obedient humble servant.

JON. SWIFT.

My kind love and service to Mr. Pope when you see him, and to my old true friend, and yours, Mr. Lewis.

To show my memory gone, I wrote this letter a week ago, and thought it was sent, till I found it this morning, which is Jan. 28, 1737-8.

## TO MISS RICHARDSON.

MADAM, JAN. 28, 1737-8.

I MUST begin my correspondence by letting you know that your uncle is the most unreasonable person I was ever acquainted with; and next to him, you are the second, although I think impartially that you are worse than he. I never had the honour and happiness of seeing you; nor can ever expect it, unless you make the first advance by coming up to town, where I am confined by want of health; and my travelling days are over. I find you follow your uncle's steps, by maliciously bribing a useless man, who can never have it in his power to serve or divert you. I have indeed continued a very long friendship with alderman Barber, who is governor of the London society about your parts: whereon Mr. Richardson * came to the deanery, although it was not in my power to do him the least good office, farther than writing to the alderman. However, your uncle came to me several times: and, I believe after several invitations, dined with me once or twice. This was all the provocation I ever gave him; but he had revenge in his breast, and you shall hear how he gratified it. First, he was told, "That my ill stomach, and a giddiness I was subject to, forced me, in some of those fits, to take a spoonful of usquebaugh:" he discovered where I bought it, and sent me a dozen bottles, which cost him three pounds. He next was told, "That as I never drank malt liquors, so I was

* Of Kilmacdaar. F.

not

not able to drink Dublin caret without mixing it with a little sweet Spanish wine:" he found out the merchant with whom I deal, by the treachery of my butler, and sent me twelve dozen pints of that wine, for which he paid six pounds. But what can I say of a man, who, some years before I ever saw him, was loading me every season with salmons, that surfeited myself and all my visitors; whereby it is plain that his malice reached to all my friends as well as myself? At last, to complete his ill designs, he must needs force his niece into the plot; because it can be proved that you are his prime minister, and so ready to encourage him in his bad proceedings, that you have been his partaker and second in mischief, by sending me half a dozen of shirts, although I never once gave you the least cause of displeasure. And what is worse, the few ladies that come to the deanery assure me, they never saw so fine linen, or better worked up, or more exactly fitted. It is a happiness they were not stockings, for then you would have known the length of my foot. Upon the whole, madam, I must deal so plainly as to repeat, that you are more cruel even than your uncle; to such a degree, that if my health and a good summer can put it in my power to travel to Summer-Seat, I must take that journey on purpose to expostulate with you for all the unprovoked injuries you have done me. I have seen some persons who live in your neighbourhood, from whom I have inquired into your character; but I found you had bribed them all, by never sending them any such dangerous presents; for they swore to me, "That you were a lady adorned with all perfections, such as virtue, prudence, wit, humour, excellent conversation, and even good housewifery;" which

which last is seldom the talent of ladies in this kingdom. But I take so ill your manner of treating me, that I shall not believe one syllable of what they said, until I have it by letter under your own hand. Our common run of ladies here dare not read before a man, and much less dare to write, for fear (as their expression is) of being exposed. So that when I see any of your sex, if they be worth mending, I beat them all, call them names, until they leave off their follies, and ask pardon. And therefore, because princes are said to have long hands, I wish I were a prince with hands long enough to beat you at this distance, for all your faults, particularly your ill treatment of me. However, I will conclude with charity. May you never give me cause to change, in any single article, the opinion and idea I have of your person and qualities! may you ever long continue the delight of your uncle, and your neighbours round, who deserve your good will, and of all who have merit enough to distinguish you! I am, with great respect and the highest esteem, Madam,

Your most obedient and
most obliged humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

FROM

## FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DUKE STREET, WESTMINSTER,

MADAM, FEB. 14, 1737-8.

I MUST answer a letter I never received. The Dean tells me you wrote to me; but the seas, or the postmasters, are in possession of the manuscript. Should it fall into Curll's hands, it may come into print, and then I must answer it in print, which will give me a happy opportunity of letting the world know how much I am your admirer and servant.

I agree entirely with the person who writes three or four paragraphs in the Dean's letter. Humour and wit are, like gold and silver, in great plenty in Ireland; nor is there any body that wants either but that abominable Dean, the bane of all learning, sense, and virtue. I wish we had him here to punish him for his various offences, particularly for his abhorrence of the dear dear fashions of this polite age. Pray, madam, send him, and you will hear what a simple figure he will make among the great men of our island, who are every day improving themselves in all valuable qualities and noble principles.

I rejoice to hear your fair daughter is in health. I am, to her and you, a most obedient humble servant,

ORRERY.

FROM

## FROM CHEVALIER RAMSAY.

AT PARIS, FEB. 20, 1737-8.

I SEND you here enclosed the bill of loading for the small box of books I wrote of to you some time ago. I shall be glad to hear you received them, much more to know if the perusal pleased you. No man having a higher idea of your talents, genius, and capacity, than he, who is, with great respect, reverend sir,

Your most humble and
most obedient servant,
A. RAMSAY.

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## FROM MISS RICHARDSON *.

SUMMER-SEAT,

SIR, FEBRUARY 23, 1737-8.

I WAS favoured some time ago with your most obliging letter, wherein you are pleased to say so many civil things to me, that I have been altogether at a loss how to make proper acknowledgments for the honour you have done me. The commendations you are so good as to bestow upon me, would make my vanity insufferable to my neighbours, if I were not conscious that I do not deserve them; and although I shall always account it a great unhappiness

* Afterward Mrs. Pratt. N.

to

to me that I never have been in your company, yet this advantage I have from it, that my faults are unknown to you. If I have any thing commendable about me, I sincerely own myself indebted to you for it, having endeavoured as much as I could to model myself by the useful instructions that are to be gathered from your works; for which my sex in general (although I believe some of them do not think so) is highly obliged to you. The opinion you are pleased to entertain of me, I fancy is owing to my uncle's partiality, who has frequently been so kind as to take pains to make persons unacquainted with me think better of me than afterward they found I deserved. I have great reason to complain of his treatment in this particular; but in all others I have met with so much kindness from him, that I must think it my duty to lay hold of every opportunity that falls in my way to oblige him. Sir, you have it in your power to give me one, by making him a visit at Summer-Seat, where all the skill I have in housekeeping should be employed to have every thing in that manner that would be most pleasing to you, which I know is the most agreeable service I could do for him. You are pleased to wish in your letter that you had hands long enough to beat me. What an honour and happiness would I esteem it, to be thought worthy of your correction? But I fear you would find my faults so numerous, that you would think me one of those ladies that do not deserve to be mended.

Your letter would have given me the greatest pleasure of any thing I have ever met with, had it not been for the complaints you make of your health, which give me a most sensible concern, as they ought

ought to do every body that has any regard for this kingdom. I hope the good weather will set you right, and that the summer will induce you to visit this northern part of the world. I fear I have by this time tired out your patience with female impertinence, and given you too great reason to change the favourable thoughts you did me the honour to entertain of me; I will forbear to be longer troublesome to you, only I beg leave to add my best wishes for your good health, that you may live many years to be a blessing to mankind in general, and this country in particular. I am, with the highest esteem, and greatest respect, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

KATH. RICHARDSON.

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## TO MR. FAULKNER.

SIR, MARCH 8, 1737-8.

SOME of my friends wonder very much at your delaying to publish that treatise of Polite Conversation, &c. when you so often desired that I should hasten to correct the several coppies you sent me; which, as ill as I have been, and am still, I dispatched as fast as I got them. I expect you would finish it immediately, and send it to me; I hope you have observed all the corrections. I hear you have not above four or five pages remaining. I find people think you are too negligent; and, if you delay longer, what you fear may come to pass, that the

the English edition may come over before you have your own ready.

I am your humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

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## TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

DUBLIN, MARCH 9, 1737-8.

MY DEAR AND CONSTANT FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yours of February 11th, and find, with great pleasure, that we preserve the same mutual affection we ever professed, as well as the same principles in church and state. As to what you hint, as if I were not cautious enough in making recommendations, you know I have conversed too long with ministers to offend upon that article, which I never did but once, and that when I was a beginner. You may remember that, on Mr. Addison's desire, I applied to my lord treasurer Oxford in favour of Mr. Steele, and his lordship gave me a gentle rebuke, which cured me for ever; although I got many employments for my friends, where no objection could be made, yet I confess, that doctor Delany, the most eminent preacher we have, is a very unlucky recommender; for he forced me to countenance Pilkington; introduced him to me, and praised the wit, virtue, and humour of him and his wife: whereas he proved the falsest rogue, and she the most profligate whore in either kingdom. She was taken in the fact by her own husband: he is now suing for a divorce, and will not compass it; she

she is suing for a maintenance, and he has none to give her. As to Mr. Richardson, his father was a gentleman, and his eldest brother is a dean. Their father had but a small fortune; your manager was the younger son; he has an excellent understanding in business, with some share of learning; his prudence obliges him to keep fair with all parties, which, in this kingdom, is necessary for one who has to deal with numbers, as the business of your society requires. It is his interest to deal justly with your corporation, because people, who envy his employment, would be ready enough to complain; and yet although he has a good estate, I have not heard him taxed with any unjust means in procuring it. He is a bachelor, like you and me, and lives with a maiden niece, who is a young woman of very good sense and discretion. He is a member of the house of commons, and acts as smoothly there as he does in the country. I am so long upon this, because I believe it will give you a true notion of the man; and if you find, by his management, that he gives you, who are the governor, any cause of complaint, let me know the particulars, which I will further inquire into. I must next say something of Mr. Dunkin. I told you he was a man of genius, and the best poet we have, and, you know, that is a trade wherein I have meddled too much for my quiet, as well as my fortune; but I find it generally agreed that he is a thorough churchman in all regards. His aunt, to whom he was legal heir, bequeathed her whole estate to his university, only leaving him an allowance of 70l. per annum, to support him till he was better provided for; but I prevailed on the provost

vost and fellows to make it 100l. a year. Yesterday I sent for Mr. Dunkin, and catechised him strictly on his principles, and was fully satisfied in them by himself, as I was before by many of his friends; therefore I insist that you shall think of nobody else, much less of Mr. Lloyd, who is not to be compared in any one view. Doctor Squire may linger out for some time, as consumptive people happen to do, but is past hopes of recovery. My dear friend, I cannot struggle with disorders so well as you; for, as I am older, my deafness is very vexatious, and my memory almost entirely gone, except what I retain of former times and friends; beside frequent returns of that cruel giddiness which you have seen me under, although not as yet with so much violence. You, God be praised, keep your memory and hearing, and your health is much better than mine, beside the assistance of much abler physicians. If you know doctor Mead, pray present him with my most humble service and grateful acknowledgments of his favours. Dear Mr. Alderman, why do you make excuses for writing long letters? I know nobody who writes better, or with more spirit, with your memory as entire as a young man of wit and humour. I repeat that you present my most humble service to my lord and lady Oxford, and my old friend Mr. Lewis. What is become of Mr. Ford? Is he alive? I never hear from him. We thank your good city for the present it sent us of a brace of monsters, called blasters, or blasphemers, or bacchanalians (as they are here called in print), whereof Worsdail the painter, and one Lints (a painter too, as I hear), are the leaders. Pray God bless you my dear

dear friend, and let us have a correspondence as long as I live. I am ever,

Most dear sir,

Your constant esteemer, and
most obedient humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

I have five old small silver medals of Cæsar's, very plain, with the inscription: they were found in an old churchyard. Would my lord Oxford think them worth taking *.

## FROM MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

LONDON, MARCH 13, 1737-8.

MOST DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,

IT was with great pleasure I received yours of the 9th of March, with the state of your health, which was the more agreeable, as it contradicted the various reports we had of you; for you remember that our newspapers take the privilege of killing all persons they do not like as often as they please. I have had the honour to be decently interred about six times in

* Alluding to some medals and other curiosities which had been purchased at Rome by captain Bernage, and sent to the Dean as a present. This gentleman, who had been educated in the university of Dublin, obtained, at Dr. Swift's recommendation, an ensign's commission from the earl of Pembroke when lord lieutenant. He was afterward made a captain; but was disbanded at the peace of Utrecht. See also the Journal to Stella, February 10, 1710-11; and April 19, 1711. N.

their weekly memoirs, which I have always read with great satisfaction.

I am very well satisfied with your character of Mr. Dunkin, and desire that he would immediately draw up a petition in form, directed to the governor, &c. which petition I desire that you only would underwrite, with your recommendation, and a character of him, which you will please to send to me, to be made use of at my discretion. He need not come over, but inform me, as soon as possible, of Dr. Squire's death.

I have made your compliments to lord and lady Oxford, who are both well, and rejoiced to hear of your health. They give you their thanks for your remembrance, and are your faithful friends.

His lordship is very well pleased with your present of the medals, and desires you would send them by the first safe hand that comes over. Is it not shocking that that noble lord, who has no vices (except buying manuscripts and curiosities may be called so) has not a guinea in his pocket, and is selling a great part of his estate to pay his debts? and that estate of his produces near 20000l. a year. I say is it not shocking! But indeed most of our nobility with great estates are in the same way. My lord Burlington is now selling in one article, 9000l. a year in Ireland, for 200000l. which wont pay his debts.

Dr. Mead is proud of your compliments *, and returns his thanks and service.

Mr. Lewis I have not seen, but hear he is pretty well.

Mr. Ford, I am told, is the most regular man

* The Dean had made Dr. Mead a present of his Works. N.

living;

living; for from his lodgings to the Mall—to the Cocoa—to the tavern—to bed, is his constant course.

These cold winds of late have affected me; but as the warm weather is coming on, I hope to be better than I am, though, I thank God, I am now in better health than I have been in for many years. Among the other blessings I enjoy, I am of a cheerful disposition, and I laugh, and am laughed at in my turn, which helps off the tedious hours.

I hope the spring will have a good effect upon you, and will help your hearing and other infirmities, and that I shall have the pleasure to hear so from your own hand.

You will please to observe that I am proud of every occasion of showing my gratitude to you, sir, to whom I must ever own the greatest obligations.

Pray God bless you and preserve you, and believe me always, dear sir, your most faithful and most obedient humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

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## FROM DR. KING TO MR. DEANE SWIFT *.

ST. MARY HALL, OXEN,

SIR, MARCH 15, 1737.

I DID did not receive your letter of the 4th till yesterday. It was sent after me to London, and from thence returned to Oxford.

I am much concerned that I cannot see you before

* Then at Monmouth. D. S.

you go to Ireland, because I intended to have sent by you a packet for the Dean. It has been no fault of mine that he has not heard from me. I have written two letters for him (both enclosed to Mrs. Whiteway) since I received the manuscript from lord Orrery. I wrote again to Mrs. Whiteway, when I was last week in London, to acquaint her, that I would write to the Dean by a friend of mine, who is going for Ireland in a few days. I do not wonder my letters by the post have been intercepted, since they wholly related to the publication of —— *, which, I am assured, is a matter by no means agreeable to some of our great men, nor indeed to some of the Dean's particular friends in London. In short, I have been obliged to defer this publication till I can have the Dean's answer to satisfy the objections which have been made by some of his friends. I had likewise a particular reason of my own for deferring this work a few months, which I have acquainted the Dean with.

I must beg the favour of you to leave behind you the copy of the Toast, at least to show it to nobody in Ireland: for as I am upon the point of accommodating my suit, the publication of the book would greatly prejudice my affairs at this juncture. But this is a caution I believe I needed not have given you.

Your friends in the Hall are all well. We are now very full.

Believe me to be, sir, your most affectionate and most humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

Notwithstanding your letter, I am still in some hopes of seeing you before you go for Ireland.

* Swift's "History of the four last years of the Queen." D. S.

TO

## TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

DUBLIN, MARCH 31, 1738.

MY DEAR GOOD OLD FRIEND IN THE BEST AND WORST TIMES;

MR. Richardson is come to town, and stays only for a wind to take shipping for Chester, from whence he will hasten to attend you as his governor in London. I have told you that he is a very discreet, prudent gentleman, and I believe your society can never have a better for the station he is in. I shall see him some time to-day or to morrow morning, and shall desire, with all his modesty, that he press you to write me a long letter, if your health will permit; which I believe is better than mine, for I have a constant giddiness in my head, and what is more vexatious, as constant a deafness. I forget every thing but old friendship and old opinions. I did desire you, that you would at your leisure visit the few friends I have left, I mean those of them with whom you have any acquaintance, as my lord and lady Oxford, my lord Bathurst, the countess of Granville, my lord and lady Carteret, my lord Worsley, my dear friend Mr. Pope, and Mr. Lewis, who always loved both you and me. My lord Masham, and some others, have quite dropped and forgot me. Is lord Marsham's son good for any thing? I did never like his disposition or education. Have you quite forgot your frequent promises of coming over hither, and pass a summer in attending your government in Derry and Colrane, as well as your visitation at the deanery? the last must be for half the months of

your stay. Let me know what is become of my lord Bolingbroke—how and where he lives, and whether you ever expect he will come home. Here has run about a report, that the duke of Ormond has an intention, and some countenance, to come from his banishment, which I would be extremely glad to find confirmed. That glorious exile has suffered more for his virtues, than ever the greatest villain did from the cruellest tyrant. I desire and insist that Mr. Dunkin may have the church living upon doctor Squire's decease, who I am still assured cannot long hold out, and I take it for granted, that Mr. Richardson will have no objection against him. God preserve and bless you, my dear friend. I am ever, with true esteem and friendship,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

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## FROM MR. POPE TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

APRIL 2, 1731.

I WRITE by the same post that I received your very obliging letter. The consideration you show toward me, in the just apprehension that any news of the Dean's condition might alarm me, is most kind and generous. The very last post I writ to him a long letter, little suspecting him in that dangerous circumstance. I was so far from fearing his health, that I was proposing schemes, and hoping possibilities for our meeting once more in this world. I

am

am weary of it; and shall have one reason more, and one of the strongest that nature can give me (even when she is shaking my weak frame to pieces) to be willing to leave this world, when our dear friend is on the edge of the other. Yet I hope, I would fain hope, he may yet hover a while on the brink of it, to preserve to this wretched age a relick and example of the last.

## FROM MR. MACAULAY *.

REV. SIR, APRIL 13, 1738.

I HAVE received your letter of this date, and will wait upon you to-morrow morning. I am extremely sorry to find you meet with any thing that affects or perplexes you. I hope I shall never be guilty of such black ingratitude as to admit any opportunity of doing you every good office in my power.

I am, with the greatest esteem and gratitude, rev. sir, your most obliged and most obedient servant,

ALEXANDER M'AULAY.

* Author of "a Treatise on Tillage," and of a pamphlet in favour of the tithes of the clergy, called, "Property inviolable." To this pamphlet the Dean alludes in the clause of his will, where he leaves Mr. M'Aulay "the gold box in which the freedom of Dublin was presented to me, as a testimony of the esteem and love I have for him, on account of his great learning, fine natural parts, unaffected piety and benevolence, and his truly honourable zeal in defence of the legal rights of the clergy in opposition to all their unprovoked oppressions." N.

DR.

## DR. KING TO MR. DEANE SWIFT.

ST. MARY HILL, OXON,

DEAR SIR, APRIL 25, 1738.

I HAVE just received your letter by Mr. Birt, for which I thank you. It is now more than a month since I wrote to Mrs. Whiteway, to acquaint the Dean with the difficulties I met with in regard to the publication of his history, and to desire his advice and directions in what manner I should proceed. I have not yet had any answer; and till I receive one, I can do nothing more. I may probably hear from Ireland before you leave Monmouth; in which case I may trouble you with a packet.

I am pretty much of your opinion about the old poets, and perhaps may confirm you in your whimsies (as you call them) when I have the pleasure of seeing you here again. I heartily wish you a good journey and voyage: but methinks I can hardly excuse you for having been so long absent from us. I wish you had returned to this place, though for one week; because I might have talked over with you all the affair of the history, about which I have been much condemned: and no wonder, since the Dean has continually expressed his dissatisfaction that I have so long delayed the publication of it. However, I have been in no fault: on the contrary, I have consulted the Dean's honour, and the safety of his person. In a word, the publication of this work, as excellent as it is, would involve the printer, publisher, author, and every one concerned, in the greatest difficulties,

difficulties, if not in a certain ruin; and therefore it will be absolutely necessary to omit some of the characters.

I thank you for the promise you make me concerning The Toast.

Your friends here are all well. Believe me, dear sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

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## FROM MISS RICHARDSON TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, BELTURBET, MAY 6, 1738.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter last post. I was deprived of having that pleasure sooner by removing from Summer-seat to this place the beginning of last month, where I was sent for by my father, to attend him in a fit of the gout, of which he has been very ill these three months past. My sister, who takes care of him and his family, being near the time of her lying-in, I trouble you with this account, that you may know how I am engaged at present, which I fear will prevent me having an opportunity of waiting upon you before my uncle returns.

I most humbly thank you for your kind invitation, and do heartily wish it were any way in my power to let you know the grateful sense I have of my obligations to you. I hope the Dean of St. Patrick's is very well: it would have given me infinite pleasure

to

to have had the honour of being in his company with you.

When I parted with my uncle, he proposed to make but a short stay in England at this time; and at his return, he intended to leave nothing undone that he could think of, to prevail with the Dean and you to spend some time at his house this summer. I hope you will be so good as to give him all the assistance you can, to persuade the Dean to take that jaunt: I really believe it would do him great service as to his health: I please myself greatly with the thoughts of having you there, and your daughter, whom I believe to be a very accomplished young lady, having had the happiness to be educated under your direction. I beg you will make my compliments to her; and be assured that I am, with great respect, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

KATH. RICHARDSON.

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## TO MISS HAMILTON*, OF CALEDON.

DEANERY HOUSE, DUBLIN,

MADAM, JUNE 8, 1738.

SOME days ago, my lord Orrery had the assurance to show me a letter of yours to him, where you did me the honour to say many things in my favour; I read the letter with great delight; but at

* Miss Hamilton of Caledon in the county of Tyrone, a great heiress in her own right, with every virtue and accomplishment to adorn her sex. F.

the

the same time I reproached his lordship for his presumption, in pretending to take a lady from me, who had made so many advances, and confessed herself to be nobody's goddess but mine. However, he had the boldness to assure me, that he had your consent to take him for a husband. I therefore command you never to accept him, without my leave, under my own hand and seal. And as I do not know any lady in this kingdom of so good sense, or so many accomplishments, I have at last, with a heavy heart, permitted him to make himself the happiest man in the world; for I know no fault in him, except his treacherous dealing with me.

Pray God make you happy in yourselves, and each other; and believe me to be, with the truest esteem and respect,

MADAM,

Your most obedient and obliged servant,

JON. SWIFT.

I have neither mourning paper nor gilt, at this time; and if I had, I could not tell which I ought to choose.

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## FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

DEAR SIR, JUNE, 13, 1738.

I AM engaged to-morrow at dinner; but I will try to put it off, and send you word in the morning whether I can meet Mrs. Whiteway or not. To show you what a generous rival I am (now I am sure of

of the lady) I should be glad to carry down a letter from you to my mistress on Friday. She never drinks any wine: but she told me the other day, to do you good, she would drink a bottle. I wish you would insist on it, that I might see whether wine would alter the sweetness of her temper, for I am sure nothing else can.

I rejoice to find there is some little amendment in your health, and I pray God to increase it.

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## FROM THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, JUNE 29, 1738.

I HAVE but this paper left, and how can I employ it better than in triumphing over my rival. *Mea est Lavinia conjux.* To-morrow miss Hamilton gives me her heart and hand for ever. Do I live to see the day when toupets, coxcomical lords, powdered squires, and awkward beaux, join with the dean of St. Patrick's in loss of one and the same object? My happiness is too great, and in pity to you I will add no more than that I hope to see grief for this loss strongly wrote in your face even twenty years hence. Adieu, your generous rival,

ORRERY.

## FROM MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

LONDON, JULY 2, 1738.

MOST HONOURED AND WORTHY SIR,

I HAVE deferred answering the favours of yours of the 9th and 31st of March, in hopes to have something to entertain you with, and I have succeeded in my wishes; for I am sure I give you great pleasure when I tell you the enclosed I received from the hands of my lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope, your dearest friends. My lord has been here a few days, and is come to sell Dawley, to pay his debts; and he will return to France, where, I am told, he is writing the History of his own Times; which I heartily rejoice at (though I am not likely to live to see it published) because so able a hand can do nothing but what must be instructive and entertaining to the next generation. His lordship is fat and fair, in high spirits; but joins with you, and all good men, to lament our present unhappy situation. Mr. Pope has a cold, and complains, but he is very well; so well, that he throws out a twelvepenny touch in a week or ten days, with as much ease as a friend of ours formerly used to toast the enemies of their country.

The report of the duke of Ormond's return is without foundation. His grace is very well in health and lives in a very handsome manner, and has Mr. Kelly with him as his chaplain, the gentleman who escaped out of the Tower. A worthy friend of yours and mine passed through Avignon about a month since,

since, and dined with his grace, from whom I have what I tell you.

I hear nothing of Dr. Squire's departure: I believe I may say that matter is secured for Mr. Dunkin.

I have seen lord and lady Oxford, who make you their compliments. He thanks you for your medals*. I believe I told you he is selling Wimple, to pay off a debt of 100000l. That a man without any vice, should run out such a sum, is monstrous. It must be owing to the roguery of his stewards, and his indolency, which is vice enough.

Lord Bathurst is heartily yours; so is Mr. Lewis, who wears apace, and the more (would you believe it?) since the loss of his wife.

I do not see lord —— in an age; his son is married, and proves bad enough; ill natured and proud, and very little in him. Our friend Ford lives in the same way, as constant as the sun, from the Cocoa tree to the park, to the tavern, to bed, &c.

So far in the historical way, to obey your several commands. You will now give me leave to hope this will find you free from all your complaints, and that I shall have the great pleasure of seeing it very quickly under your own hand. I thank God, I am better than I have been many years, but yet have many complaints; for my asthma sticks close by me, but less gout than formerly, so that though I cannot walk far I ride daily, and eat and drink heartily at noon; and impute my being so much better to my drinking constantly the asses milk, which is the best specific we have. I wish

* See p. 79.

to

to God you would try it, I am sure it would do you much good. I take it betimes in the morning, which certainly gives me a little sleep, and often a small breathing or sweat.

If Mr. Richardson has not made you his acknowledgments for your great favour and friendship to him, he is much to blame; for to you he owes the continuance of his employment. An alderman of Derry came from thence on purpose to attach him, and he had many articles of impeachment; and I believe he had twenty out of twenty-four of our society against him: and the cry has been against him for two or three years past, and I had no way to save him many times, but only by saying, that while I had the honour to preside in that chair, I would preserve the great privilege every Englishman had, of being heard before he was condemned; and I never put any question against him while he was in Ireland. Well, he came, and after a long and tedious hearing of both sides, the society were of opinion, that he had acted justly and honourably in his office.

I do not deal in politicks; I have left them off a long while, only we talk much of war, which I do not believe a word on. A fair lady in Germany * has put the king in a good humour they say.

I shall trouble you no more at present, but to assure you I never think of you but with the utmost pleasure, and drink your health daily, and heartily pray for your long, long life, as you are an honour to your country, and will be the glory of the present and succeeding ages.

* Amelia Sophia von Wallmoden, countess of Yarmouth. H.

I am,

I am, dear sir, your most affectionate humble servant,

J. BARBER.

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## TO MR. FAULKNER.

SIR, THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1738.

I Desire you will print the following paper, inwh at manner you think most proper. You see my design in it: I believe no man had ever more difficulty, or less encouragement, to bestow his whole fortune for a charitable use.

I am your humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

IT is known enough, that the abovenamed doctor has, by his last will and testament, bequeathed his whole fortune (except some legacies) to build and endow an hospital, in or near this city, for the support of lunaticks, ideots, and those they call incurables: But the difficulty he lies under is, that his whole fortune consists in mortgages on lands, and other the like securities; for, as to purchasing a real estate in lands, for want of active friends, he finds it impossible; so that, much against his will, if he should call in all his money lent, he knows not where to find a convenient estate in a tolerable part of the kingdom, which can be bought; and in the mean time, his whole fortune must lie dead in the hands of bankers. The great misfortune is, that there seems not so much publick virtue left among us, as

to have any regard for a charitable design; because none but the aforesaid unfortunate objects of charity will be the better for it: However, the said doctor by calling in the several sums he has lent, can be able, with some difficulty, to purchase three hundred pounds *per annum* in lands for the endowment of the said hospital, if those lands could be now purchased; otherwise he must leave it, as he has done in his will, to the care of his executors, who are very honest, wise, and considerable gentlemen, his friends; and yet he has known some of very fair and deserved credit, prove very negligent trustees. The doctor is now able to lend two thousand pounds, at five *per cent.* upon good security; of which the principal, after his decease, is to be disposed of, by his executors, in buying lands for the farther endowment of the said hospital.

## FROM MR. RICHARDSON.

JULY 25, 1738.

THERE are but very few things would give me a greater concern than the dean of St. Patrick's becoming indifferent toward me; and yet I fear one of those few things is the cause I have not had a line from you since I came hither. I beseech you ease me of my present pain, by telling me that you are well; that summer, which hath but lately reached us here, hath invited you, and tempted you to ride again.

If any thing occurs to you I can do, that is agree-

able

able to you, if you have the least inclination to oblige me, let me know of it.

My hurry here, is almost over; but one affair or other will detain me till the latter end of October, if I get away then. I cannot say I pass my time disagreeably. I have had some opportunities of doing good offices; and, when I am not engaged by business, I live with a few friends that I love, and love me, and for the most part, go every week with one of them to the country for two or thee days.

Your friend Bolingbroke is well, and at present with Mr. Pope. I am told he has sold Dawley. Alderman Barber, who has promised me to write to you by the next post, tells me his lordship inquired much about you and your health. The alderman plays his cards so as that his credit in the city daily increases. There is nothing but the vacancy wanted to put Mr. Dunkin in possession of the parish of Colrane.

I hear you have seen Pope's "First Dialogue, 1738." Have you seen his "Universal Prayer?" This "Second Dialogue," together with the copy of the inscription intended by the old duchess of Marlborough for a statue she is to erect of queen Anne, and a few lines attributed to lord Chesterfield, on another subject, wait on you enclosed.

Believe that I love as much as I admire you; and that I am, with the most perfect respect, dear sir, your most obliged and most truly faithful servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

This packet goes franked by the secretary of the foreign office, who can frank any weight.

I expect

I expect the prime serjeant * here this night in his way to France.

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## TO MR. RICHARDSON.

SIR, AUG. 5, 1738.

IT was not my want of friendship and esteem that hindered me from answering your several letters, but merely my disorders in point of health; for I am constantly giddy, and so deaf, that your friend Mrs. Whiteway has almost got into a consumption by bawling in my ears. I heartily congratulate with you on your triumph over your Irish enemies by a *nemine contradicente*. I leave the rest of this paper to be filled by Mrs. Whiteway; and am, with true esteem and gratitude, your most obedient and obliged servant,

JON. SWIFT.

Pray tell my dear friend the alderman, that I love him most sincerely; but my ill health and worse memory will not suffer me to write a long letter.

* Henry Singleton, esq., whom Dr. Swift appointed one of his executors. He was afterwards lord chief justice of the common pleas, which he resigned upon a pension; and was appointed master of the rolls in Ireland. D. S.

## TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

AUGUST 8, 1737.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,

I HAVE received yours of July 27th; and two days ago had a letter from Mr. Pope, with a dozen lines from my lord Bolingbroke, who tells me he is just going to France, and I suppose, designs to continue there as long as he lives. I am very sorry he is under the necessity of selling Dawley. Pray, let me know whether he be tolerably easy in his fortunes; for he has these several years lived very expensively. Is his lady still alive? and has he still a country house and an estate of hers to live on? I should be glad to live so long, as to see his History of his own Times; which would be a work very worthy of his lordship, and will be a defence of that ministry, and a justification of our late glorious queen, against the malice, ignorance, falsehood, and stupidity of our present times and managers. I very much like Mr. Pope's last poem, entitled MDCCXXXVIII, called Dialogue II: but I live so obscurely, and know so little of what passes in London, that I cannot know the names of persons and things by initial letters.

I am very glad to hear that the duke of Ormond lives so well at ease and in so good health, as well as with so valuable a companion. His grace has an excellent constitution at so near to fourscore. Mr. Dunkin is not in town, but I will send to him when I hear he is come. I extremely love my lord and lady

lady Oxford; but his way of managing his fortune is not to be endured. I remember a rascally butcher, one Morley, a great landjobber and knave, who was his lordship's manager, and has been the principal cause of my lord's wrong conduct, in which you agree with me in blaming his weakness and credulity. I desire you will please, upon occasion, to present my humble service to my lord and lady Oxford, and to my lord Bathurst. I just expected the character you give of young *****. I hated him from a boy. I wonder Mr. Ford is alive; perhaps, walking preserves him.

I very much lament your asthma. I believe temperance and exercise have preserved me from it.

I seldom walk less than four miles, sometimes six, eight, ten, or more, never beyond my own limits; or, if it rains, I walk as much through the house, up and down stairs; and if it were not for the cruel deafness, I would ride through the kingdom, and half through England; pox on the modern phrase Great Britain, which is only to distinguish it from Little Britain, where old clothes and old books are to be bought and sold! However, I will put Dr. Sheridan (the best scholar in both kingdoms) upon taking your receipt for a terrible asthma. I wish you were rich enough to buy and keep a horse, and ride every tolerable day twenty miles.

Mr. Richardson is, I think, still in London. I assure you, he is very grateful to me, and is too wise and discreet to give any just occasion of complaint, by which he must be a great loser in reputation, and a greater in his fortune.

I have not written as much this many a day. I

have tired myself much; but, in revenge, I will tire you.

I am, dear Mr. alderman, with very great esteem,
Your most obedient and most humble servant,
JON. SWFT.

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## TO MR. POPE AND LORD BOLINGBROKE.

MY DEAR FRIEND, DUBLIN, AUG. 8, 1738.

I HAVE yours of July 25, and first I desire you will look upon me as a man worn with years, and sunk by publick as well as personal vexations. I have entirely lost my memory, uncapable of conversation by a cruel deafness, which has lasted almost a year, and I despair of any cure. I say not this to increase your compassion (of which you have already too great a part) but as an excuse for my not being regular in my letters to you, and some few other friends. I have an ill name in the post-office of both kingdoms *, which makes the letters addressed to me not seldom miscarry, or be opened and read, and then sealed in a bungling manner before they come to my hands. Our friend Mrs. B-t. is very often in my thoughts, and high in my esteem; I desire you will be the messenger of my humble thanks and service to her. That superiour

* Dr. Johnson laughs at Swift and Pope thinking their letters were opened and inspected by the post-master, as an instance of their self-importance. Dr. WARTON.

† Martha Blount. N.

universal

universal genius* you describe, whose handwriting I know toward the end of your letter, has made me both proud and happy; but by what he writes I fear he will be too soon gone to his forest† abroad. He began in the queen's time to be my patron, and then descended to be my friend.

It is a great favour of Heaven, that your health grows better by the addition of years. I have absolutely done with poetry for several years past, and even at my best times I could produce nothing but trifles: I therefore reject your compliments on that score, and it is no compliment in me; for I take your second dialogue that you lately sent me, to equal almost any thing you ever writ; although I live so much out of the world, that I am ignorant of the facts and persons, which I presume are very well known from Temple Bar to St. James's; I mean the court exclusive.

I can faithfully assure you, that every letter you have honoured me with, these twenty years and more, are sealed up in bundles, and delivered to Mrs. Whiteway, a very worthy, rational, and judicious cousin of mine, and the only relation whose visits I can suffer. All these letters she is directed to send safely to you upon my decease.

My lord Orrery is gone with his lady to a part of her estate in the north; she is a person of very good understanding as any I know of her sex. Give me leave to write here a short answer to my lord B.'s letter in the last page of yours.

* Bolingbroke. N.

† The Forest of Fontainbleau. Bowles.

MY

MY DEAR LORD,

I am infinitely obliged to your lordship for the honour of your letter, and kind remembrance of me. I do here confess, that I have more obligations to your lordship than to all the world beside. You never deceived me, even when you were a great minister of state: and yet I love you still more, for your condescending to write to me, when you had the honour to be an exile. I can hardly hope to live till you publish your history, and am vain enough to wish that my name should be squeezed in among the few subalterns, *quorum pars parva fui*: if not, I will be revenged, and contrive some way to be known to futurity, that I had the honour to have your lordship for my best patron; and I will live and die, with the highest veneration and gratitude, your most obedient, &c.

P. S. I will here in a postscript correct (if it be possible) the blunders I have made in my letter. I have showed my cousin the above letter, and she assures me, that a great collection of $\frac{\text{your}}{\text{my}}$ letters to $\frac{\text{me}}{\text{you}}$ * are put up and sealed, and in some very safe hand.

I am, my most dear and honoured friend, entirely yours,

It is now Aug. 24. 1738. JON. SWIFT.

* It is written just thus in the original. The correspondence in the present volume seems to be part of the collection here spoken of, as it contains not only the letters of Mr. Pope, but of Dr. Swift, both to him and Mr. Gay, which were returned to Mr. Pope after Mr. Gay's death: though any mention made by Mr. Pope of the return or exchange of letters has been industriously suppressed in the publication, and only appears by some of the answers. WARBURTON.

TO

## TO MR. FAULKNER.

SIR, AUGUST 31, 1738.

I BELIEVE you know that I had a treatise, called "Advice to Servants," in two volumes. The first was lost, but this moment Mrs. Ridgeway brought it to me, having found it in some papers in her room; and truly, when I went to look for the second I could not tell where to find it; if you happen to have it, I shall be glad; if not, the messenger shall go to Mrs. Whiteway. I am,

Your humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

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## FROM MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. RICHARDSON.

SIR, SEPT, 16, 1738.

I HAVE much pleasure in thinking I have executed your commands and alderman Barber's to both your satisfactions; and was greatly pleased yesterday to find the Dean in spirits enough to be able to write you a few lines, because I know it was what you wished for. I declare it has not been by any omission of mine that it was not done long ago. Beside his usual attendants, giddiness and deafness, I can with great truth say, the miseries of this poor kingdom have shortened his days, and sunk him even below

low the wishes of his enemies; and as he has lived the patriot of Ireland, like the second Cato, he will resign life when it can be no longer serviceable to his country.

As sir Robert Walpole has your best wishes, I am so far glad of his recovery.

My daughter is now very well, and most highly obliged to you for what you say about her. I was so little myself when I wrote to you last, with her illness, that I forgot to entreat the favour of your commands to miss Richardson, to take the opportunity of the summer season to come to this town; but the week after I wrote to her, and insisted on her company immediately; but by directing my letter to Summerseat instead of Colrane, I had not an answer till yesterday, and then one that did not satisfy me; for it is written with such deference and fear of doing any thing without your positive orders, that I have very little to hope for from her. I shall for ever tax you with want of truth, sincerity, and breach of faith, if you do not command her to come immediately to town.

I showed Mr. Dunkin the paragraph in your letter that concerned him; for which, and many other obligations he is under to you, he owns himself most gratefully your obedient, &c. &c. Mr. Faulkner will send the books by the first that goes to England.

How could you be so unpolite as to tell a woman you supposed her not to be entertained with scandal? You will not allow us to be learned; books turn our brain; housewifery is below a genteel education; and work spoils our eyes: And will you not permit us to be proficients in gaming, visiting, and scandal? To convince you I am so in the last article, the poem

pleased

pleased me mightly, and I had a secret pleasure to see the gentleman I showed it to liked it as well as I did; so I find your sex are not without a tincture of that female quality.

You have pressed me so much in every letter to find you employment, that, to be rid of you, I will now do it; for, without mentioning the words, entreat favours, vast obligations, trouble, and a long &c., will you buy for me twenty yards of a pink coloured English damask? The colour we admire here is called a blue pink. The women will tell you, what I mean. If you will be pleased, by the return of the post, to tell what will be the expence, I will pay the money immediately into Henry's bank.

I own I am surprised at what you tell me of Mr. Philips; but envy, you know, is the tax on virtue, for no other reason could make him your enemy: and I most heartily wish, whoever is so may meet with the fate they deserve. I have just read so far of this letter, and am so much ashamed of the liberty I have taken to give you so much trouble, that if I have truth in me, were it not for the Dean's letter it should never go to you. If you can pardon me this, I promise for the future never to give you the like occasion of exerting your good nature, to her who is, with the greatest respect, sir, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant.

M. WHITEWAY.

You forgot to date your letter.

FROM

## FROM THE BISHOP OF FERNS *.

SIR, SEPTEMBER 18, 1738.

A MESSAGE which I just now received from you by Mr. Hughes, gives me some hopes of being restored to my old place. Formerly I was your minister *in musicis:* but when I grew a great man (and by the by you helped to make me so) you turned me off. If you are pleased again to employ me, I shall be as faithful and observant as ever.

I have heard Mr. Hughes sing often at Percival's †, and have a good opinion of his judgment: so has Percival, who, in these affairs, is infallible. His voice is not excellent, but will do: and, if I mistake not, he has one good quality, not very common with the musical gentlemen, *i. e.* he is desirous to improve himself. If Mason and Lamb were of his temper, they would be as fine fellows as they think themselves. I am, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,
EDWARD FERNS.

* Dr. Synge. D. S. † At Dean Percival's. D. S.

TO

## TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MR. Swift's gimcracks of cups and balls *, in order to my convenient shaving with ease and dispatch, together with the prescription on half a sheet of paper, was exactly followed, but some inconveniences attended: for I cut my face once or twice, was just twice as long in the performance, and left twice as much hair behind, as I have done this twelvemonth past. I return him therefore all his implements, and my own compliments, with abundance of thanks, because he hath fixed me during life in my old humdrum way. Give me a full and true account of all your healths, and so adieu. I am ever, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

Oct. 3d or 4th, or rather, as the butler says, the second, on Tuesday, 1738.

My service to all your litter; I mean Mrs. Harrison, &c. but you will call this high treason. I am still very lame of that left foot. I expect to see as many of you as you please.

* A box of soap and a brush. D. S.

FROM

## FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY TO MR. POPE.

SIR, MARSTON, OCT. 4, 1731.

I AM more and more convinced that your letters are neither lost nor burnt; but who the Dean means by a safe hand in Ireland is beyond my power of guessing, though I am particularly acquainted with most, if not all, of his friends. As I know you had the recovery of those letters at heart, I took more than ordinary pains to find out where they were; but my inquiries were to no purpose; and, I fear, whoever has them is too tenacious of them to discover where they lie. "Mrs. Whiteway did assure me she had not one of them; and seemed to be under great uneasiness, that you should imagine they were left with her. She likewise told me she had stopped the Dean's letter which gave you that information, but believed he would write such another; and therefore desired me to assure you, from her, that she was totally ignorant where they were."

You may say what you please, either to the Dean or any other person, of what I have told you. I am ready to testify it; and I think it ought to be known, "That the Dean says they are delivered into a safe hand; and Mrs. Whiteway * declares she

* This lady afterwards gave Mr. Pope the strongest assurances that she had used her utmost endeavours to prevent the publication; nay, went so far as to secrete the book till it was commanded from her, and delivered to the Dublin printer; whereupon her son-in-law, Deane Swift, esq., insisted upon writing a preface,

she has them not. The consequence of their being hereafter published may give uneasiness to some of your friends, and of course to you: so I would do all in my power to make you entirely easy in that point."

This is the first time that I have put pen to paper since my late misfortune; and I should say (as an excuse for this letter) that it has cost me some pain, did it not allow me an opportunity to assure you, that I am, dear sir, with the truest esteem,

Your very faithful and obedient servant,

ORRERY.

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## FROM MR. POPE.

MY DEAR FRIEND, TWITNAM, OCT. 12, 1738.

I COULD gladly tell you every week the many things that pass in my heart, and revive the memory of all your friendship to me; but I am not so willing to put you to the trouble of showing it (though I know you have it as warm as ever) upon little or trivial occasions. Yet, this once, I am unable to refuse the request of a very particular and very deserving friend: one of those whom his own merit has forced me to contract an intimacy with, after I had sworn never to love a man more, since the sorrow it cost me to have loved so many, now dead,

preface, to justify Mr. Pope from having any knowledge of it, and to lay it on the corrupt practices of the printers in London, but this Mr. Pope would not agree to, as not knowing the truth of the fact. POPE.

banished,

banished, or unfortunate. I mean Mr. Lyttelton, one of the worthiest of the rising generation. His nurse has a son, whom I would beg you to promote to the next vacancy in your choir. I loved my own nurse, and so does Lyttelton: he loves and is loved, through the whole chain of relations, dependants, and acquaintance. He is one who would apply to any person to please me, or to serve mine: I owe it to him to apply to you for this man, whose name is William Lamb; and he is the bearer of this letter. I presume he is qualified for that which he desires; and I doubt not, if it be consistent with justice, you will gratify me in him.

Let this, however, be an opportunity of telling you——What?——what I can tell; the kindness I bear you, the affection I feel for you, the hearty wishes I form for you, my prayers for your health of body and mind, or (the best softenings of the want of either) quiet and resignation. You lose little by not hearing such things as this idle and base generation has to tell you: you lose not much by forgetting most of what now passes in it. Perhaps, to have a memory that retains the past scenes of our country, and forgets the present, is the means to be happier and better contented. But, if the evil of the day be not intolerable (though sufficient, God knows, at any period of life) we may, at least we should, nay we must (whether patiently or impatiently) bear it, and make the best of what we cannot make better, but may make worse. To hear that this is your situation and your temper, and that peace attends you at home, and one or two true friends who are tender about you, would be a great ease to me to know, and know from yourself. Tell me who those are

whom you now love or esteem, that I may love and esteem them too; and if ever they come into England, let them be my friends. If, by any thing I can here do, I can serve you, or please you, be certain it will mend my happiness; and that no satisfaction any thing gives me here will be superiour, if equal to it.

My dear Dean, whom I never will forget, or think of with coolness, many are yet living here who frequently mention you with affection and respect. Lord Orrery, lord Bathurst, lord Bolingbroke, lord Oxford, lord Masham, Lewis, Mrs. P. Blount, allow one woman to the list, for she is as constant to old friendships as any man. And many young men there are, nay all that are any credit to this age, who love you unknown, who kindle at your fire, and learn by your genius. Nothing of you can die, nothing of you can decay, nothing of you can suffer, nothing of you can be obscured, or locked up from esteem and admiration, except what is at the deanery; just as much of you only as God made mortal. May the rest of you (which is all) be as happy hereafter as honest men may expect, and need not doubt; while (knowing nothing more) they know that their Maker is merciful! Adieu,

Yours ever,

A. POPE.

FROM

## FROM MR. POPE TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

TWITNAM, NOV. 7, 1738.

WHEN you get to Dublin (whither I direct this, supposing you will see our dear friend as soon as possible) pray put the Dean in mind of me, and tell him I hope he received my last. Tell him how dearly I love him, and how greatly I honour him: how greatly I reflect on every testimony of his friendship; how much I resolved to give the best I can of my esteem for him to posterity; and assure him, the world has nothing in it I admire so much; nothing the loss of which I should regret so much, as his genius and his virtues.

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## TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

NOV. 27, 1738.

I NEVER liked a letter from you on your usual days of coming here, for it always brings me bad news. I am heartily sorry for your son's continuing his illness, and that you have now two patients in your house. In the mean time pray take care of your health, chiefly your wicked cholick, and Mrs. Harrison's disposition to a fever. I hope at least things will be better on Thursday *, else I shall be

* Dr. Swift's birthday. D. S.

full

full of the spleen, because it is a day you seem to regard, although I detest it, and I read the third chapter of Job that morning*. I am deafer than when you saw me last, and indeed am quite cast down. My hearty love and service to Mrs. Harrison. I thoroughly pity you in your present circumstances. I am ever yours entirely. God support you!

JON. SWIFT.

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## FROM MISS RICHARDSON TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

BELTURBET,

DEAR MADAM, NOV 29, 1738.

IT was a very unequal match that the Dean and you should join in a plot against my uncle and me: you could not fail of carrying your point. Any thing the Dean hath a hand in, is done in the most genteel and surprising manner. I fairly own I am caught: I would be glad to know what my uncle will think of himself when he hears the part he acted in it, I have been so well accustomed to receive presents of value from him, that I thought it had been a piece of edging, or some light thing, which he had committed to your care to be forwarded to me. Never was I so surprised as I was when I read your letter, to think that I had received a present from so great a person as the Dean; but when I looked

* This chapter he always read upon his birthday. D. S.

upon it, and knew the expense it must be to him, I was quite confounded: it was too great an honour for me, who can never deserve the least favour from him: it is a most beautiful diamond; I own I am proud of finery now, which I never was in my life before. I am highly obliged to you for your improvement of the ring: the Dean's hair and name have made it a treasure to me, and I really believe it will be thought so a thousand years hence, if it can be kept so long. I am sure it shall by me, as long as I live, with as much care as I keep my eyes, while I have them to look upon it.

My sister, who had the honour of waiting upon you in town, and brought me the ring very safe, is full of acknowledgments for your civilities to her, and returns you her most sincere thanks, with her humble service. Pray give mine most affectionately to miss Harrison. I am, dear madam, your most obliged and most humble servant,

KATH. RICHARDSON.

## FROM MR. RICHARDSON.

SIR, LONDON, JAN. 2, 1738-9.

I AM called upon, by many provocations, to prefer a bill of indictment against you, and a female accomplice of yours *; for that by the use of means very uncommon, which were in your power only, you have turned the head of a well meaning country girl

* Mrs. Whiteway. D. S.

of

of plain sense, who had been very useful to me, and esteemed by her acquaintance. I have seen of late many symptoms of her disorder: it is true, that the fascination of your works had before operated stongly upon her; for scarce any opportunity occurred but she poured forth her admiration of the author, and can repeat without book all your poems better than her catechism; however, she could attend to domestick affairs, and give proper directions about matters in the kitchen and larder, &c. and when she did not pore upon your writings, or some other books (I cannot say of the like kind) she was at work, or seeing that things in her province were as they should be: but now truly it appears she apprehends that heretofore she had not discovered her own value and importance. To be taken notice of by a person she has long thought to be the greatest genius any age has produced, and whom she worships with an adoration that to any mortal rises almost to idolatry, has, it is much to be feared, transported her with conceit and vanity, and where it will end, I know not. What you have done proceeded, no doubt, from a malicious intention toward me as well as the poor girl; and I resent it accordingly, as I hope she will do when she returns to her senses.

I was greatly rejoiced, dear sir, to learn from the prime serjeant Singleton, that he found you extremely well in every respect, except your hearing; and in that he said you were much better than he expected. That man, who has as true a heart as I ever met with, most entirely loves as well as admires you.

This place affords no news at present. I am detained by affairs of importance that relate to my

friends, and cannot yet say when they will allow me to return. I pass my time, now and then, with some of Mr. Pope's most intimate friends; and although I would have a great pleasure in being known to him, that of the present age comes next to you in fame, I shall not be introduced to him, unless I shall have the honour not to be thought wholly unworthy to deliver him a letter from the Dean of St. Patrick's.

Alderman Barber got a fall in his parlour on his hip, by his foot getting into a hole of the carpet; it brought a fit of the gout upon him, and he is still somewhat lame in his hip; but otherwise in very good health and spirits.

Doctor Squire holds out surprisingly: as soon as the vacancy shall happen, I shall have notice, and there is no doubt but Mr. Dunkin will succeed him.

I am ever, dear sir, with the highest esteem and respect, your most obliged and most affectionate humble servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

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## FROM DR. KING.

ST. MARY-HALL, OXFORD,

SIR, JAN. 5, 1738-9.

AT length I have put Rochefoucault to the press, and about ten or twelve days hence it will be published. But I am in great fear lest you should dislike the liberties I have taken. Although I have done nothing without the advice and approbation of

of those among your friends in this country, who love and esteem you most, and zealously interest themselves in every thing that concerns your character. As they are much better judges of mankind than I am, I very readily submit to their opinion; however, if after having received the printed copies, which I will send you next week, you shall still resolve to have the poem published as entire as you put it into my hands, I will certainly obey your commands, if I can find a proper person to undertake the work. I shall go to London the latter end of the next week, when I will write to you by a private hand more fully than I can venture to do by the post.

I was at Twickenham in the Christmas week. Mr. Pope had just then received a letter from you, and I had the pleasure of hearing you were well and in good spirits. May those good spirits continue with you to the last hour!

Believe me to be, with the greatest truth, sir, your most obedient and most faithful servant,

W. K.

Pray do me the honour to present my most humble service to Mrs. Whiteway.

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## FROM MR. DEANE SWIFT.

SIR, JAN. 12, 1738-9.

I HAD so great an honour conferred upon me yesterday, that I know not how to express the ob-

ligations I lie under for it; unless, by endeavouring to make myself worthy of your present, I can demonstrate to the world that I daily improve in wisdom and knowledge, by studying in those books, which since the beginning of my life I have ever esteemed to be a complete library of taste, wit, poetry, and politicks; yes, and in spite of dulness and prejudice, I will venture to say, of religion also. This I am sure of, that so great a present from so great a person, and in a manner so handsome and extraordinary, it is absolutely impossible I should ever be honoured with again. I always thought I added to my own reputation whenever I pointed out some of those excellencies which shine through every page of them. But to be thought worthy of receiving them from your hands, was infinitely beyond even what my vanity could hope for. I have flattered myself for many years, that to the best of my power I have continually fought under the banners of liberty, and that I have been ready, at a moment's call, either to lay down my life in the defence of it, or, whenever there should appear any probability of success, to vindicate and assert that claim, which every man in every country has by nature a right to insist upon; but, whatever principles have guided my actions hitherto, I shall from this moment enlist myself under the conduct of liberty's general; and whenever I desert her ensigns, to fight under those of tyranny and oppression, then, and not till then will I part with those books which you have so highly honoured me with, and cast them into the flames, that I may never afterwards be reproached either by the sight of them, or the remembrance of the donor. I am, sir, with the highest esteem,

esteem, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

DEANE SWIFT.

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## FROM DR. KING.

SIR, LONDON, JAN. 23, 1738-9.

I HOPE you received a letter I wrote to you from Oxford, about the thirtieth of last month, in which I acquainted you with the publication of Rochefoucault; and as I interest myself most heartily in every thing that concerns your character as an author, so I take great pleasure in telling you, that none of your works have been better received by the publick than this poem. I observe this with more than ordinary satisfaction, because I may urge the approbation of the publick as some kind of apology for myself, if I shall find you are dissatisfied with the form in which this poem now appears. But if that should happen, all the rest of your friends on this side of the water must share the blame with me; for I have absolutely conformed myself to their advice and opinion as to the manner of the publication. There are some lines, indeed, which I omitted with a very ill will, and for no other reason but because I durst not insert them, I mean the story of the medals; however, that incident is pretty well known, and care has been taken that almost every reader may be able to supply the blanks. That part of the poem which mentions the death of queen Anne, and so well describes the designs of the ministry, which succeeded upon the accession

accession of the late king, I would likewise willingly have published, if I could have done it with safety; but I do not know whether the present worthy set of ministers would not have construed this passage into high treason, by aid of the new doctrine of innuendos: at least a lawyer, whom I consulted on this occasion, gave me some reason to imagine this might be the case. I am in truth more cautious than I used to be, well knowing that my superiours look on me at present with a very evil eye, as I am the reputed author of the Latin poem I have sent you by the same gentleman, who does me the favour to deliver you this letter: for although that piece has escaped the state inquisition, by being written in a language that is not at present very well understood at court, and might perhaps puzzle the attorney general to explain, yet the scope of the poem and principal characters being well understood, the author must hereafter expect no mercy, if he gives his enemies any grounds or colour to attack him. But notwithstanding all my caution, if I perceive you dislike this manner and form of the poem, I will, some way or other, contrive that it may be published as you shall direct.

I send you my best wishes, and I hope you will yet live many years in a perfect state for the sake of your friends, for the benefit of your country, and for the honour of mankind; and I beg you to believe that I am, with the greatest truth, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

W. K.

## FROM DR. KING TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, JAN. 30, 1738-9.

A VERY kind letter, which I have just received from you, has put me into great confusion. I beg of you to be assured, that I think myself under the highest obligations to you, and that I set a true value on the friendship with which you have honoured me, and shall endeavour to preserve it as long as I live. If our correspondence has been interrupted, it has been wholly owing to the ill treatment I received from the postoffice; for some time I did not receive a letter that had not been opened, and very often my letters were delivered to me with the seals torn off. Whether those postofficers really thought me, what I never thought myself, a man of importance, or whether they imagined my letters were a cover for some great name, I do not know; but for my part, I grew peevish, to find my friendships, and all my little chitchat, must constantly be exposed to the view of every dirty fellow, that had leisure or curiosity enough to examine my letters. However, for some little time past, I have not had the same cause of complaint. Your letter was delivered to me in good condition; I begin to think my superiours no longer suspect me of holding any unwarrantable correspondence, especially since I find I may now venture to write to the Dean, even by the Oxford post. Notwithstanding what you say, I am in some pain about Rochefoucault, and doubt much whether he will be satisfied with the manner

in

in which he finds it published; to which I consented in deference to Mr. Pope's judgment, and the opinion of others of the Dean's friends in this country, who, I am sure, love and honour him, and kindly concern themselves in every thing that may affect him. The town has received this piece so well, that in all parts, and in all companies, I hear it extremely commended; and not only the Dean's friends, but his greatest enemies, acknowledge that he has not lost any part of his fire, and of that inimitable turn of wit and humour so peculiar to himself. For my part, I never read any of his works either in prose or verse, that I do not call to mind that short character which cardinal Polignac gave him in speaking to me, *Il a l'esprit créateur*, which I mentioned to you in a former letter, if I remember rightly. It may not be amiss to tell you, that one Gally, or Gaillie, since this poem was printed, offered it to sale to a bookseller at Temple-bar; and I am now told that there are two or three copies more in London. Gaillie pretends that he is just come from Ireland, and that he had directions to publish the poem here; so that perhaps the whole may at least appear, whether he will or not.

I am glad to hear that my friend Mr. Swift is well. When are we to see him again in Oxford? Since you appeal to him for a voucher, although you need none with me, let him likewise do me the justice to tell you, that he never heard me mention your name but with the greatest esteem and respect; with which I shall ever be, madam, your most obedient and most faithful servant,

W. K.

I sent

I sent the Dean a packet by the gentleman under whose cover I send you this.

## TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

DUBLIN,

MY DEAR GOOD OLD FRIEND, FEB. 16, 1738-9.

THE young gentleman who delivers you this, lies under one great disadvantage, that he is one of my relations, and those are of all mortals what I despise and hate, except one Mrs. Whiteway and her daughter. You must understand that the mother has the insolence to say, that you have heard of her and know her character. She is a perfect Irish teague born in Cheshire, and lived, as I remember, at Warrington. The young gentleman who waits upon you, has a very good countenance, has been entered three years at the Temple (as it is the usual custom), but I think was never yet in England, nor does he know any one person there. However, as it is easy to find you, who are so well known and so much esteemed, he will attend you with this letter, and you will please to instruct him in the usual methods of entering himself in the Temple. He is a younger brother, but has an estate of a hundred pounds a year, which will make shift to support him, in a frugal way. He is also a very good person of a man, and Mrs. Whiteway says he has a virtuous disposition. My disorders of deafness, forgetfulness, and other ailments, added to a dead weight of 70 years, make me weary of life. But

my

my comfort is, that in you I find your vigour and health increase. Pray God continue both to you. I am, my dear friend, with very great esteem and affection.

Your most obedient, and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

Do you ever see any of our old friends? If you visit Mr. Lewis, I must charge you to present him with my kind and hearty service: and how or where is my lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope?

I am very much obliged to you for the favour you have shown to Mr. Richardson. He is a very prudent good gentleman; if you see him, pray make him my compliments. So, my dear friend, once more adieu.

## FROM DR. KING TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, LONDON, MARCH 6, 1738-9.

I DO not remember any thing published in my time, that hath been so universally well received as the Dean's last poem. Two editions have been already sold off, though two thousand were printed at first. In short, all people read it, all agree to commend it; and I have been well assured, the greatest enemies the Dean has in this country, allow it to be a just and beautiful satire. As I am very sincerely and

and sensibly affected by every thing that may raise the Dean's character as a writer (if any thing can raise it higher) so you may believe I have had the greatest pleasure in observing the success and general approbation which this poem has met with; wherefore I was not a little mortified yesterday, when the bookseller brought me the Dublin edition, and at the same time put into my hands a letter he had received from Faulkner, by which I perceive the Dean is much dissatisfied with our manner of publication, and that so many lines have been omitted, if Faulkner speaks truth, and knows as much of the Dean's mind as he pretends to know. Faulkner has sent over several other copies to other booksellers; so that I take it for granted this poem will soon be reprinted here from the Dublin edition; and then it may be perceived how much the Dean's friends have been mistaken in their judgment, however good their intentions have been. In the mean time I will write to you on this occasion without any reserve; for I know you love the Dean, and kindly and zealously interest yourself in every thing that concerns his character: and if you will believe the same of me, you will do me great justice.

The Doctor's friends, whom I consulted on this occasion, were of opinion, that the latter part of the poem might be thought by the publick a little vain, if so much were said by himself of himself. They were unwilling that any imputation of this kind should lie against this poem, considering there is not the least tincture of vanity appearing in any of his former writings, and that it is well known there is no man living more free from that fault than he is.

They

They were of opinion that these lines,

> " He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name,
> No individual could resent
> Where thousands equally were meant——"

might be liable to some objection, and were not, strictly speaking, a just part of his character; because several persons have been lashed by name, a Bettesworth, and in this poem, Chartres and Whitshed; and for my part, I do not think, or ever shall think, that it is an imputation on a satirist to lash an infamous fellow by name. The lines which begin,

> " Here's Wolston's Tracts, the twelfth edition, &c."

are plainly a mistake; and were omitted for that reason only: for Wolston never had a pension: on the contrary he was prosecuted for his blasphemous writings; his books were burnt by the hands of the common hangman; he himself was imprisoned, and died in prison. Woolaston, the author of a book called, " The Religion of Nature delineated," was indeed much admired at court, his book universally read, his busto set up by the late queen in her grotto at Richmond with Clarke's and Lock's; but this Woolaston was not a clergyman.

The two last lines,

> " That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
> I wish it soon may have a better—"

I omitted, because I did not well understand them; a *better* what?——There seems to be what the grammarians call an *antecedent* wanting for that word; for neither *kingdom* or *debtor* will do, so as to make it sense.

sense, and there is no other antecedent. The Dean is, I think, without exception, the best and most correct writer of English that has ever yet appeared as an author; I was therefore unwilling any thing should be cavilled at as ungrammatical: he is besides the most patient of criticism of all I ever knew; which perhaps is not the least sign of a great genius——I have therefore ventured to make these objections to you; in which, however, for the most part, I submitted my own opinion to the judgment of others. I had something to add concerning the notes, but I have not room in this paper—but I will give you the trouble of reading another letter. Believe me, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

W. K.

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## FROM MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. RICHARDSON.

SIR, MARCH 28, 1739.

TWO days ago I had the very great pleasure to hear from Mr. Swift you were well. The acknowledgments he professes in his letters to the Dean and me of your extraordinary civilities to him, make me perfectly ashamed to think how ill I shall acquit myself by only being able to say I most sincerely thank you. What an opportunity have you laid in my way of saying a thousand fine things on this subject; and yet I can only tell you (what you already know

to

to be a great truth), that you have acted in this as you do in every thing, friendly, politely, and genteelly. All the returns I can make, is to give you farther room to exercise a virtue which great minds only feel, that of doing good to an ingenuous worthy honest gentleman. The person I mean is counsellor M'Aulay; one of those who stand candidates for member of parliament to represent the university of Dublin, in the place of Dr. Coghill deceased. The Dean of St. Patrick's appears openly for him; and I have his leave and command to tell you, if you can do Mr. M'Aulay a piece of friendship on this occasion with any person of distinction in England, he will receive the favour as done to himself. After I have mentioned the Dean, how trifling will it be to speak of myself? and yet I most earnestly entreat your interest in this affair; and for this reason, because it will never lie in my way to make you any return; so that only true generosity can inspire you to do any thing at my request. After all, I am not so very unreasonable as to desire a favour of this nature if it be irksome to you. Tell me, sir, can you do any thing in this matter? and will you undertake it? for your word I know can be depended upon. There is one hint that perhaps I am impertinent in offering, that all great bodies of men (or who at least think themselves so) let their inclinations be ever so much in prejudice of one person (as I take it to be the case of Mr. M'Aulay), yet wait for the interfering of the higher powers; so that if, by your good offices, the lord lieutenant can be prevailed on to recommend him to the provost and fellows of the university, his interest would be certainly fixed; but this,

and

and the manner of doing it, I submit to your superior judgment.

The Dean of St. Patrick's presents you his most affectionate love and service;—these were his own words. He is better both in health and hearing than I have known him these twelve months; but so indolent in writing, that he will scarce put his name to a receipt for money. This he has likewise ordered me to tell you as an apology for not writing to you himself, and not want of the highest esteem for you.

Do you, sir, ever intend to see this kingdom again? What time may we expect it? When may I hope you will perform your promise to let miss Richardson spend some months with me? and do you ever intend to write again to your friends in Dublin? I am, sir, with the highest esteem and respect, your most humble and most obedient servant,

MAR. WHITEWAY.

## FROM MR. RICHARDSON TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, LONDON, APRIL 5, 1739.

I AM indeed much ashamed that I have so many favours from you to acknowledge at one time. You may believe me when I assure you that my silence has not proceeded from want of respect and esteem for you. I would not put on the affectation of much business as an excuse to any body, much less to you;

although the truth is, that I am hurried almost out of my life with the attendance and writing about things I have undertaken for some friends.

The Dean's recommendation and yours, without any other consideration whatever, would induce me to do my utmost to serve Mr. M'Aulay, as I have told him by this post, when I thought I should not trouble you with a few lines. He will acquaint you with what I have done, by which you will see that I lost no time; and I have hopes to obtain the lord lieutenant's countenance for him.

I will endeavour to introduce Mr. Swift * to the acquaintance of some persons before I leave this; whose countenance and friendship will at least give a young gentleman a good air——his own merit entitles him to the esteem and regard of such as shall have the happiness to be acquainted with him: I am much obliged to you for introducing me to him. I have only time to add my most hearty thanks for the same, and to assure you that any opportunity of expressing the esteem I have for the Dean, which is the highest, and for you, will ever give me the greatest pleasure. I am, madam, your most obliged and most truly faithful servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

* William Swift, esq. then a student at the Middle Temple. D. S.

FROM

## FROM MR. RICHARDSON.

LONDON,

DEAR SIR, APRIL, 10, 1739.

IT is an age since I had the honour of a line from you. Your friend Mr. alderman Barber, whose veneration for you prompts him to do any thing he can think of that can show his respect and affection, made a present to the university of Oxford of the original picture done for you by Jervas, to do honour to the university by your being placed in the gallery among the most renowned and distinguished personages this island has produced; but first had a copy taken, and then had the original set in a fine rich frame, and sent it to Oxford, after concerting with lord Bolingbroke, the vicechancellor, and Mr. Pope, as I remember, the inscription to be under the picture, a copy whereof is inclosed. The alderman had a very handsome compliment from the vicechancellor, in the name of all the heads of houses there, and by their direction; wherein there is most honourable mention of the Dean of St. Patrick's on that occasion.

Seeing an article in the London Evening Post upon your picture, which was drawn at the request and expence of the chapter of your cathedral, being put up in the deanery, alderman Barber took the hint, and caused what you see in the London Evening Post of this day to be printed therein. He knows nothing of my writing to you at this time: but I thought it right that you should be acquainted how intent he is, all manner of ways, to show the effects

of the highest friendship, kindled to a flame by the warmest sense of gratitude, and the most exalted esteem and veneration.

Mrs. Whiteway, and Mr. M'Aulay, can inform you how absolute your commands are with me. Since you recommended him, he is sure of the utmost I can do for him.

Sir, if I have not a few words from you, I shall conclude that you think me troublesome, and are resolved to get rid of my impertinence. It will be two or three months before I can get from hence, although I am impatient to be at home; but wherever I am, or however engaged, I am always, dear sir, your most obliged and most truly faithful servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON

My best respects wait upon Mrs. Whiteway.

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## FROM DEAN SWIFT AND MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. RICHARDSON.

MY VERY GOOD FRIEND, APRIL 17, 1739.

I FIND that Mrs. Whiteway pretends to have been long acquainted with you; but upon a strict examination I discovered that all the acquaintance was only at the deanery house, where she had the good fortune to see you once or twice at most. I am extremely obliged to you for your favours to Mr. M'Aulay, for whose good sense and virtues of every kind

kind I have highly esteemed him ever since I had the happiness of knowing him. If he succeeds in his election, it will be chiefly by your good offices; and you have my hearty thanks for what you have already done. I know you often see my honest hearty friend alderman Barber; and pray let him know that I command him to continue his friendship to you, although he is your absolute governor. I am very much obliged to the alderman and you for your civilities to young Swift. Mrs. Whiteway says he is my cousin; which will not be to his advantage, for I hate all relations; and I —— sir, I have snatched the pen out of the Dean's hand, who seems, by his countenance, to incline to finish his letter with my faults as he began it. Where there is so large a scope, and such a writer, you may believe I should not like to have my character drawn by him. However, I think for once he is mistaken; I mean in the article of what he calls vanity, and which I term a laudable ambition, the honour of being known to you, and bragging of it as some merit in myself, to be distinguished by you. Have I not reason to boast, when you tell me my recommendation will have weight with you? and how great must be the obligation that words cannot express? Gratitude, like grief, dwells only in the mind, and can best be guessed at when it was too great to be told, and most certainly lessens when we are capable of declaring it. I never doubted Mr. M'Aulay's success if you undertook his cause, nor your indefatigable friendship for those who have the good fortune to gain your esteem. Mr. Swift I wish may be in the number. This I am sure of, that his virtue and honour will never give me reason to repent that I introduced him to you, which is the only

only favour I hoped for him; but you, sir, never do things by halves.

I know you are hurried on many occasions; therefore I do not expect a letter unless you are perfectly disengaged. Sometimes we are in such a state of indolence, that half an hour is trifled away in doing nothing. When you find yourself in this situation, tell me in two or three lines you are well, and command miss Richardson to come to me. My daughter most earnestly joins with me in this request, and entreats you to believe that she is, with as great respect as I am, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

M. WHITEWAY.

## FROM MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR, LONDON, APRIL 17, 1739.

I WROTE this morning to Mrs. Whiteway a few lines in much hurry, and I write this to you in Guildhall, by alderman Barber's direction. Beside a letter from you to the Society, whose address is in Mrs. Whiteway's letter, he thinks a memorial or petition from Mr. Dunkin to the Society will be of use, and if you write to Mr. Pope, the alderman thinks he will get one vote, which he can fix no way of obtaining but through Pope. I am ever, dear sir, your most obliged and most affectionate humble servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

I should think it would be right in Mr. Dunkin to come over the moment he hears of Squire's death. I wrote by this post to a nephew, to let you know the moment he dies, if the life should be in him when my letter goes to him.

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TO THE HONOURABLE THE SOCIETY OF THE GOVERNOR AND ASSISTANTS, LONDON, FOR THE NEW PLANTATION IN ULSTER, WITHIN THE REALM OF IRELAND, AT THE CHAMBER IN GUILDHALL, LONDON.

*April*, 19, 1739.

WORTHY GENTLEMEN,

I HEARTILY recommend to your very worshipful society, the reverend Mr. William Dunkin *, for the living of Colrane, vacant by the death of Dr. Squire. Mr. Dunkin is a gentleman of great learning and wit, true religion, and excellent morals. It is only for these qualifications that I recommend him to your patronage; and I am confident that you will never repent the choice of such a man, who will be ready at any time to obey your commands. You have my best wishes, and all my endeavours for your prosperity: and I shall, during my life, continue to be, with the truest respect and highest esteem,

Worthy sirs,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

* See alderman Barber's letter, March 13, 1738. N.

FROM

## FROM MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. RICHARDSON.

SIR, APRIL 19, 1739.

I NOW give you an opportunity of adding a new petition in your prayers,—From female impertinence, good Lord deliver me. Yet this trouble you brought on yourself; and therefore I will make no apology for it. Mr. Dunkin's case comes now under your care. You were the first promoter of it; and to you only are his obligations due. Mr. Squire died the 14th of this month,; and by this post the Dean has writ to alderman Barber in Mr. Dunkin's favour. He has commanded me to entreat your friendship for him with the alderman and the society: and says, he knows you will pardon him that he does not write to you himself on the occasion; for his head is very much out of order to day. There is one article in the Dean's letter he has left out, and another inserted, much against my inclination. The first is, that he omitted mentioning Mr. Dunkin as a worthy good man, which in my opinion is more material than being a poet or a scholar: although, when joined with these, make a most amiable character: the other is, troubling the alderman to know there is such an insignificant person in the world as Mrs. Whiteway; but the tyrant Dean will say and do just as he pleases. The enclosed was sent me by Mr. Dunkin, not knowing how to direct to you. I now promise you, sir, to tease you no more with my letters, unless you command me to pay you my most humble

humble respects; and then you shall be obeyed with pleasure, by, sir, your most obliged and most obedient servant,

MAR. WHITEWAY.

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## TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

DUBLIN,

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, APRIL 19, 1739.

AT last doctor Squire is actually dead; he died upon the 14th day of this month, and now you have the opportunity of obliging me in giving Squire's living in Colrane to Mr. William Dunkin, who is an excellent scholar, and keeps a school in my neighbourhood; besides, he is a very fine poet. My friend Mr. Richardson can give you a better account of him. It is true, Mr. Dunkin is a married man; however that is of no great moment, and in the northern country of Ireland, although it be the best inhabited part of the kingdom, a wife will be convenient. Yet we two old bachelors (I own I am your senior) could never consent to take so good example, by endeavouring to multiply the world. I heartily thank you for your civilities to young Swift. It seems he is a relation of mine. And there is one Mrs. Whiteway, a widow, the only cousin of my family for whom I have any sort of friendship; it was she prevailed with me to introduce the young man to you. He is a younger brother, and his portion is only 100l. a year English. You will oblige me if you can bear seeing him once a quarter, at his lodging

ing near the Temple, where he designs to study the law; and so I have done with ever troubling you, my dear friend. Where is Mr. Lewis? Some months ago he writ to me with many complaints of his ill health, and the effect of old age, in both which I can overmatch you and him, beside my giddy head, deafness, and fogetfulness into the bargain. I hear our friend lord Bolingbroke has sold Dawley; I wish you could tell me in what condition he is, both as to health and fortune; and where his lady lives, and how they agree. If you visit my lord and lady Oxford and their daughter, who is now as I hear a duchess, or any other friend of ours, let them have the offers of my humble service. May you, my most dear friend, preserve your health, and live as long as you desire! I am ever, with the greatest truth and esteem, your most obedient humble servant, and entire friend,

JON. SWIFT.

I desire you will give my most hearty service to Mr. Pope; and let him know that I have provided for Mr. Lamb, whom he recommended to me, with a full vicar choralship in my choir. And pray let me know the state of Mr. Pope's health.

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## DR. DUNKIN TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, . APRIL 25, 1737.

AS it was through your countenance I had the honour of being first introduced to the most worthy Dean

Dean of St. Patrick *, I must have thought myself under the highest obligation to you; but the continuance of your friendship, through so many repeated acts of generosity, and the course of his gracious endeavours to raise my reputation and fortune, are such things as I must ever remember and express with a very deep sense of gratitude.

The fatigue of writing so many letters lately in my favour, was indeed what I could not in reason expect even from his humanity, were I worthy of them; and I can only say, the Dean of St. Patrick is unwearied in doing good, and that he who could rise to preserve a nation, will descend to relieve an individual.

The sense of my own demerit, and the just awe in which I stand before so great and good a man, will not allow me either that freedom of speech or writing, which is requisite to let him understand with what love, veneration, and respect of his person, I reflect upon the many instances of his tender concern and uncommon zeal for my welfare. This is a duty I most earnestly wish, but am altogether unable to perform, and such as I entreat you, dear madam, to undertake for me; your compliance in which will be yet another, among the many and weighty obligations laid upon your most dutiful, obedient, devoted servant,

WILLIAM DUNKIN.

* It was Faulkner who first introduced him to Dr. Swift, by taking much pains and trouble to accomplish it. F.

TO

## TO MR. POPE.

DEAR SIR, DUBLIN, APRIL 28, 1739.

THE gentleman who will have the honour to deliver you this, although he be one related to me, which is by no means any sort of recommendation; for I am utterly void of what the world calls natural affection, and with good reason, because they are a numerous race degenerating from their ancestors, who were of good esteem for their loyalty and sufferings in the rebellion against king Charles the First. This cousin of mine, who is so desirous to wait on you, is named Deane Swift, because his great grandfather by the grandmother's side was admiral Deane, who having been one of the regicides, had the good fortune to save his neck by dying a year or two before the Restoration.

I have a great esteem for Mr. Deane Swift, who is much the most valuable of any of his family: he was first a student in this university, and finished his studies in Oxford, where Dr. King, principal of St. Mary Hall, assured me, that Mr. Swift behaved himself with good reputation and credit: he hath a very good taste for wit, writes agreeable and entertaining verses, and is a perfect master equally skilled in the best Greek and Roman authors. He has a true spirit for liberty, and with all these advantages is extremely decent and modest. Mr. Swift is heir to the little paternal estate of our family, at Goodrich in Herefordshire. My grandfather was so persecuted and plundered two and fifty times by the barbarity

of

of Cromwell's hellish crew, of which I find an account in a book called "Mercurius Rusticus," that the poor old gentleman was forced to sell the better half of his estate to support his family. However, three of his sons had better fortune; for, coming over to this kingdom, and taking to the law, they all purchased good estates, of which Mr. Deane Swift has a good share, but with some incumbrance.

I had a mind that this young gentleman should have the honour of being known to you; which is all the favour I ask for him; and that if he stays any time longer in London than he now intends, you will permit him to wait on you sometimes. I am, my dearest friend,

Your most obedient
and most humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

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## TO THE SAME.

MAY 10, 1739.

YOU are to suppose, for the little time I shall live, that my memory is entirely gone, and especially of any thing that was told me last night, or this morning. I have one favour to entreat from you. I know the high esteem and friendship you bear to your friend Mr. Lyttelton*, whom you call "the rising genius of this age." His fame, his virtue, honour, and courage, have been early spread even

* Afterwards the celebrated George lord Lyttelton. N.

among

among us. I find he is secretary to the prince of Wales; and his royal highness has been for several years chancellor of the university in Dublin. All this is a prelude to a request I am going to make to you. There is in this city one Alexander M'Aulay, a lawyer of great distinction for skill and honesty, zealous for the liberty of the subject, and loyal to the house of Hanover; and particularly to the prince of Wales, for his highness's love to both kingdoms.

Mr. M'Aulay is now soliciting for a seat in parliament here, vacant by the death of Dr. Coghill, a civilian, who was one of the persons chosen for this university: and, as his royal highness continues still chancellor of it, there is no person so proper to nominate the representative as himself. If this favour can be procured, by your good will and Mr. Lyttelton's interest, it will be a particular obligation to me, and grateful to the people of Ireland, in giving them one of their own nation to represent this university.

There is a man in my choir, one Mr. Lamb; he has at present but half a vicarship: the value of it is not quite fifty pounds *per annum*. You writ to me in his favour some months ago; and, if I outlive any one vicar choral, Mr. Lamb shall certainly have a full place, because he very well deserves it: and I am obliged to you very much for recommending him.

FROM

## FROM MR. SECETARY LYTTELTON.

SIR, LONDON, MAY 16, 1739.

I CANNOT let Mr. Swift return to Ireland without my acknowledgments to you for the favour you have done Mr. Lamb *. I know that I ought to ascribe it wholly to Mr. Pope's recommendation, as I have not the happiness to be known to you myself; but give me leave to take this occasion of assuring you how much I wish to be in the number of your friends. I think I can be so even at this distance, and though we should never come to a nearer acquaintance; for the reputation of some men is amiable, and one can love their characters, without knowing their persons.

If it could ever be in my power to do you any service in this country, the employing me in it would be a new favour to, sir, your obliged humble servant,

G. LYTTELTON.

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## FROM MR. POPE †.

DEAREST SIR, MAY 17, 1739.

EVERY time I see your hand, it is the greatest satisfaction that any writing can give me; and I am

* One of the choir in the cathedrals of St. Patrick's and Christ church. D. S.

† The last letter he ever wrote to the Dean. N.

in

in proportion grieved to find, that several of my letters to testify it to you miscarry; and you ask me the same questions again which I prolixly have answered before. Your last, which was delivered me by Mr. Swift, inquires, where and how is lord Bolingbroke*? who, in a paragraph in my last, under his own hand, gave you an account of himself; and I employed almost a whole letter on his affairs afterward. He has sold Dawley for twenty-six thousand pounds, much to his own satisfaction. His plan of life is now a very agreeable one in the finest country of France, divided between study and exercise; for he still reads or writes five or six hours a day, and generally hunts twice a week. He has the whole forest of Fontainbleau at his command, with the king's stables, dogs, &c., his lady's son-in-law being governor of that place. She resides most part of the year with my lord, at a large house they have hired; and the rest with her daughter, who is abbess of a royal convent in the neighbourhood.

I never saw him in stronger health or in better humour with his friends, or more indifferent and dispassionate to his enemies. He is seriously set upon writing some parts of the history of his times, which he has begun by a noble introduction, presenting a view of the whole state of Europe, from the

* In Coxe's Memoirs the circumstance is mentioned, of Bolingbroke's introduction to George the Second. It was supposed that Walpole was obliged to retire, and that Bolingbroke at last had succeeded to that station, to which all his life he had panted. This was his last effort. He returned soon after to France again. BOWLES.

Pyrenean

Pyrenean treaty. He has hence deduced a summary sketch of the natural and incidental interests of each kingdom; and how they have varied from, or approached to, the true politicks of each, in the several administrations to this time. The history itself will be particular only on such facts and anecdotes as he personally knew, or produces vouchers for, both from home and abroad. This puts into my mind to tell you a fear he expressed lately to me, that some facts in your History of the Queen's Last Years (which he read here with me in 1727) are not exactly stated, and that he may be obliged to vary from them, in relation, I believe, to the conduct of the earl of Oxford, of which great care surely should be taken. And he told me, that, when he saw you in 1727, he made you observe them; and that you promised you would take care.

We very often commemorated you during the five months we lived together at Twickenham. At which place could I see you again, as I may hope to see him, I would envy no country in the world; and think, not Dublin only, but France and Italy, not worth the visiting once more in my life. The mention of travelling introduces your old acquaintance Mr. Jervas, who went to Rome and Naples purely in search of health. An asthma has reduced his body, but his spirit retains all its vigour; and he is returned, declaring life itself not worth a day's journey at the expense of parting from one's friends.

Mr. Lewis every day remembers you. I lie at his house in town. Dr. Arbuthnot's daughter does not degenerate from the humour and goodness of her father. I love her much. She is like Gay, very

idle, very ingenious, and inflexibly honest. Mrs. Patty Blount is one of the most considerate and mindful women in the world toward others, the least so in regard to herself; she speaks of you constantly. I scarcely know two more women worth naming to you: the rest are ladies, run after musick, and play at cards.

I always make your compliments to lord Oxford and lord Masham, when I see them. I see John Barber seldom; but always find him proud of some letter from you. I did my best with him, in behalf of one of your friends; and spoke to Mr. Lyttelton* for the other, who was more prompt to catch than I to give fire, and flew to the prince that instant, who was pleased to please me.

You ask me, how I am at court. I keep my old walk, and deviate from it to no court. The prince† shows me a distinction beyond any merit or pretence on my part; and I have received a present from him of some marble heads of poets for my library, and some urns for my garden. The ministerial writers rail at me; yet I have no quarrel with their masters, nor think it of weight enough to complain of them: I am very well with the courtiers I ever was or would be acquainted with. At least, they are civil to me; which is all I ask from courtiers, and all a wise man will expect from them. The Duchess of Marlborough makes great court to me; but I am too old for her mind and body; yet I cultivate some young people's

* Lyttelton was secretary to the prince. Pope mentioned the great confidence between them in his verses: "What youth is that," &c. Bowles.

† Frederick Prince of Wales. H.

friendship

friendship, because they may be honest men; whereas the old ones experience too often proves not to be so, I having dropped ten where I have taken up one, and I hope to play the better with fewer in my hand. There is a lord Cornbury*, a lord Polwarth†, a Mr. Murray‡, and one or two more, with whom I would never fear to hold out against all the corruption in the world.

You compliment me in vain upon retaining my poetical spirit: I am sinking fast in to prose; and, if I ever write more, it ought (at these years and in these times) to be something, the matter of which will give a value to the work, not merely the manner.

Since my protest (for so I call my dialogue§ of 1738) I have written but ten lines, which I will send you. They are an insertion for the next new edition of the Dunciad, which generally is reprinted once in two years. In the second canto, among the authors who live in Fleet ditch, immediately after Asnal, verse 300, add these:

> Next plung'd a feeble but a desp'rate pack,
> With each a sickly brother at his back ¶;
> Sons of *a day!* just buoyant on the flood,
> Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.

* Son of the earl of Clarendon, before spoken of. BOWLES.

† Hugh Hume Campbell, third and last earl of Marchmont. He died January 10, 1794, aged 87. N.

‡ Afterward the first earl of Mansfield, the celebrated lord chief justice of the king's bench. N.

§ Epilogue to the Satires. BOWLES.

¶ "They print one at the back of the other, to send into the country." Pope, *MS. note*. These were daily papers, a number of which, to lessen the expence, were printed at the back of another. See the Dunciad. B.

Ask ye their *names*? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those.
Fast by, like Niobe, her children gone,
Sits mother Osborne *, stupified to stone;
And rueful Paxton † tells the world with tears,
These are—ah! no; these were my Gazetteers."

Having nothing to tell you of my poetry, I come to what is now my chief care, my health and amusement: the first is better, as to headaches; worse, as to weakness and nerves. The changes of weather affect me much; otherwise I want not spirits, except when indigestions prevail. The mornings are my life; in the evenings I am not dead indeed, but sleep, and am stupid enough. I love reading still, better than conversation: but my eyes fail; and, at the hours when most people indulge in company, I am tired, and find the labour of the past day sufficient to weigh me down. So I hide myself in bed, as a bird in his nest, much about the same time, and raise and chirp the earlier in the morning. I often vary the scene (indeed at every friend's call) from London to Twickenham; or the contrary, to receive them, or be received by them.

Lord Bathurst is still my constant friend, and yours; but his country seat is now always in Gloucestershire, not in this neighbourhood. Mr. Pulteney has no country seat; and in town I see him seldom; but he always asks after you. In the summer I ge-

* Osborne was the assumed name of the publisher of the Gazetteer. Bowles.

† "A solicitor, who procured and paid those writers," Mr. Pope's MS note.—The line has since been changed:

"And monumental brass this record bears,
These are, &c." N.

nerally

nerally ramble for a month to lord Cobham's, the Bath, or elsewhere. In all those rambles my mind is full of you, and poor Gay, with whom I travelled so delightfully two summers. Why cannot I cross the sea? The unhappiest malady I have to complain of, the unhappiest accident of my whole life, is that weakness of the breast, which make the physicians of opinion that a strong vomit would kill me. I have never taken one, nor had a natural motion that way in fifteen years. I went, some years ago, with lord Peterborrow, about ten leagues at sea, purely to try if I could sail without sea sickness, and with no other view than to make yourself and lord Bolingbroke a visit before I died.

But the experiment, though almost all the way near the coast, had almost ended all my views at once. Well then, I must submit to live at the distance which fortune has set us at: but my memory, my affections, my esteem, are inseparable from you, and will, my dear friend, be for ever yours.

P. S.—May 19. This I end at lord Orrery's, in company with Dr. King. Wherever I can find two or three that are yours, I adhere to them naturally, and by that title they become mine. I thank you for sending Mr. Swift * to me: he can tell you more of me.

## A SECOND POSTSCRIPT.

One of my new friends, Mr. Lyttelton, was to the last degree glad to have any request from you

* Deane Swift, esq N.

to

to make to his master. The moment I showed him your's concerning Mr. M'Aulay, he went to him, and it was granted *.—He is extremely obliged for the promotion of Lamb †. I will make you no particular speeches from him; but you and he have a mutual right to each other. *Sint tales animæ concordes.* He loves you, though he sees you not; as all posterity will love you, who will not see you, but reverence and admire you ‡.

## TO MR. LYTTELTON.

SIR, JUNE 5, 1739.

YOU treat me very hard, by beginning your letter with owing an obligation to me on account of Mr. Lamb; which deserves mine and my chapter's thanks, for recommending so useful a person to my choir. It is true I gave Mr. Deane Swift a letter to my dear friend Mr. Pope, that he might have the happiness to see and know so great a ge-

* Mr. M'Aulay was soliciting for a seat in parliament as one of the representatives of the university of Dublin. Mr. Lyttelton was then principal secretary to Frederick prince of Wales, who, as chancellor of that university, was thought by Swift to be the most proper person to nominate. N.

† Dr. Swift had made Mr. William Lamb one of the vicars choral of his cathedral upon Mr. Lyttelton's recommendation. See p. 143. N.

‡ This is a most interesting, kind, and sensible letter; and such an account as this, of himself, of his connexions, habits, and studies, no one can read without kindness and sympathy.

BOWLES.

nius

nius in poetry, and so agreeable in all other good qualities; but the young man, (several years older than you) was much surprised to see his junior in so high a station as secretary to his royal highness the prince of Wales, and to find himself treated by you in so kind a manner. In one article, you are greatly mistaken: for, however ignorant we may be in the affairs of England, your character is as well known among us, in every particular, as it is in the prince your master's court, and indeed all over this poor kingdom.

You will find that I have not altogether forgotten my old court politicks: for, in a letter I writ to Mr. Pope, I desired him to recommend Mr. M'Aulay to your favour and protection, as a most worthy, honest, and deserving gentleman; and I perceive you have effectually interceded with the prince, to prevail with the university to choose him for a member to represent that learned body in parliament, in the room of Dr. Coghill, deceased.

I have been just now informed, that some of the fellows have sent over an apology, or rather a remonstrance, to the prince of Wales; pretending they were under a prior engagement to one Mr. Tisdal; and therefore have desired his royal highness to withdraw his recommendation. A modest request indeed, to demand from their chancellor, what they think is dishonourable in themselves, to give up an engagement! Their whole proceeding, on this occasion, against their chancellor, heir of the crown, is universally condemned here; and seems to be the last effort of such men, who, without duly considering, make rash promises, not consistent with the prudence expected from them.

I can

I can hardly venture the boldness to desire, that his royal highness may know from you the profound respect, honour, esteem, and veneration, I bear toward his princely virtues. All my friends on your side the water represent him to me in the most amiable light; and the people infallibly reckon upon a golden age in both kingdoms, when it shall please God to make him the restorer of the liberties of his people.

I ought to accuse you highly for your ill treatment of me, by wishing yourself in the number of my friends: but you shall be pardoned, if you please to be one of my protectors; and your protection cannot be long. You shall therefore make it up, in thinking favourably of me. Years have made me lose my memory in every thing but friendship and gratitude: and you, whom I have never seen, will never be forgotten by me until I am dead. I am, honourable sir, with the highest respect,

Your most obedient and
obliged humble servant.

## FROM MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. RICHARDSON.

SIR, JULY 20, 1739.

A FORTNIGHT ago I went out of town with the new married couple, my son and daughter; and the day before I had the honour to receive your letter. With great truth I do assure you, I am much more concerned at the trouble and disappointment you met with in Mr. Dunkin's affair than for him, having but a short acquaintance and knowledge, otherwise

otherwise than knowing him to be a man of sense, virtue, and religion, who would be an ornament to the church, and a credit to those who appeared for him. These were my reasons to wish him well.

One part of your letter, sir, I can only take notice of with amazement; and do entreat you will indulge me so far as to believe this will be all the answer I can, or ever will, make to it: and yet I am not insensible you have been pleased in some measure to honour me with your esteem. I will not therefore fear the loss of your friendship, because it shall be my study to merit your good opinion: and, unprovoked, I know you to have too much good nature to withdraw it. I never saw a more beautiful silk than was bought for my daughter. If you did not choose it, at least you showed your judgment in the person that was employed. She desires me to say this, that you have forced her to do what she never did in her life, wear any thing that was not paid for; and if hereafter she should run her husband in debt, she will lay all the fault at your door. Mr. Swift presents you his most obedient respects, and will oblige you to know him by his assiduity in courting the honour of your acquaintance. I have asked you so many favours, that no one but myself would presume perpetually to dun you thus; and yet I will never leave off until you grant this my request, to command miss Richardson to town immediately. I now attack you on the foot of charity; an argument you can never resist. Consider my daughter has quitted me; that I am all alone; and her agreeable company will make Molly and her husband spend all their time with me. In short, sir, if you hesitate one moment longer, I will lay

you open to the world, and let them see how much they were mistaken in Mr. Richardson, who once in his life broke his word. I have now before me, under your hand, that all my commands should be obeyed. I insist on your promise; and miss Richardson is my demand, and that immediately. You see how careful and sparing you gentlemen ought to be in compliments to women, who always keep you to your promise while it makes to their interest; and as well know how to evade their own when it is contrary to their inclination. I had the favour of a letter from alderman Barber in answer to one I wrote him. He does not perhaps know the inconveniency he has brought on himself, which is another from me; and yet you may tell him, when I have once more paid my respects to him, I am not so unreasonable as to impose or expect any farther notice of Irish impertinence.

I left this paragraph to finish at the deanery, that from his own mouth I might assure you of his love and esteem. He sends his most affectionate service to his dear old friend alderman Barber. Mr. Dunkin likewise presents you his most obedient respects, and hopes you received his letter that he sent some days ago. 'There is no person a more obedient humble servant to you than my daughter, excepting, dear sir, your most obedient and most obliged faithful humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

The chief circumstance that you would choose to know I had like to have forgot; which is, that the Dean is in good health, and ever will remember the pains you and the alderman have been at, on his account, for Mr. Dunkin.

LORD

## LORD GOWER TO A FRIEND OF DEAN SWIFT.

SIR, TRENTHAM, AUG. 1, 1739.

MR. Samuel Johnson, (author of London, a Satire, and some other poetical pieces) is a native of this country, and much respected by some worthy gentlemen in this neighbourhood, who are trustees of a charity-school * now vacant; the certain salary is 60l. a year, of which they are desirous to make him master; but, unfortunately, he is not capable of receiving their bounty, which *would make him happy for life*, by not being a *Master of Arts*; which, by the statutes of the school, the master of it must be.

Now these gentlemen do me the honour to think that I have interest enough in you, to prevail upon you to write to Dean Swift, to persuade the university of Dublin to send a diploma to me, constituting this poor man Master of Arts in their University. They highly extol the man's learning and probity; and will not be persuaded that the university will make any difficulty of conferring such a favour upon a stranger, if he is recommended by the Dean. They say he is not afraid of the strictest examination, though he is of so long a journey; and will venture it, if the Dean thinks it necessary; choosing rather to die upon the road, *than be starved to death in*

* Appleby, in Leicestershire. See Boswell's Life of Johnson, 1799, vol. I. p. 103. N.

*translating*

*translating for booksellers*, which has been his only subsistence for some time past.

I fear there is more difficulty in this affair, than these good-natured gentlemen apprehend; especially as their election cannot be delayed longer than the 11th of next month. If you see this matter in the same light as it appears to me, I hope you will burn this, and pardon me for giving you so much trouble about an impracticable thing; but, if you think there is a probability of obtaining the favour asked, I am sure your humanity, and propensity to relieve merit in distress, will incline you to serve the poor man, without my adding more to the trouble I have already given you, than assuring you that I am, with great truth, sir,

Your faithful servant,

GOWER.

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## FROM DR. SCOTT.

REV. SIR, LONDON, SEPT. 7, 1739.

ALTHOUGH I do not imagine that you have any remembrance of a person so little known to you as I am, yet I have taken the liberty to draw a kind of bill of friendship upon you, which I am inclined to believe you will answer, because it is in favour of that kingdom, to which you have always stood a sincere and firm friend. We have had here, for some years past, a number of anatomical figures, prepared in wax, which perfectly exhibit all the parts of a human body. They are the work of a French

French surgeon *, who spent above forty years in preparing them, and who, to bring them to perfection, was at the trouble and expense of dissecting some hundreds of bodies. The present proprietor of them is my friend, and it was by my persuasion that he was prevailed on to send them into Ireland for the instruction of the curious. I presume you have seen them in London, and therefore I am inclined to think you will be of opinion, that a person may gain more perfect knowledge in anatomy, by viewing these preparations only a few times, than he would by attending many dissections. Your encouraging such of your acquaintance as are curious to see these figures, would greatly excite the curiosity of others. This is the favour I have taken the liberty to desire of you, and which I believe you will be the more readily inclined to grant, when I have assured you, that the person who has the care of the figures, has it in his instructions to return the money that may be got by exposing them to view, in Irish linen, so that the kingdom will be no way impoverished by the small expense which gentlemen may be at in procuring useful instruction, or gratifying their curiosity. If the request I have made be such as you cannot favour, my next is, that you will grant me your pardon for having made it.

I intend, God willing, to go into Ireland next spring, after the publication of a work which I have been engaged in for some years past, for the silencing of all infidels, hereticks, schismaticks of all

* Mr. Rackstraw, statuary; the anatomical figures were purchased from him by the late earl of Shelburne, who presented them to the university of Dublin. D. S.

kinds,

kinds, and enthusiasts. I thought it necessary, because in the way that the controversy has been hitherto managed against such people, the truth has been rather puzzled and perplexed than cleared, christianity has been betrayed, and all true religion lost in the world. I have advanced no one new opinion of my own; what I have set forth is what was clearly set forth in the Scriptures from the beginning. I mean in the original Scriptures of the Old Testament, so interpreted as to make them every where consistent with themselves; and to show that the interpretations I have given are not only the true interpretations, but that the Scriptures so interpretated are the revealed word of God. I have demonstrated the truth of them by natural evidence, or by the works of God, and that the works bear evidence to nothing but the truth; that these revealed truths so demonstrated are unquestionable and undeniable; and that they are the only powerful motives by which men are not only moved but enlightened and enabled to mortify all their lusts, which blind and deceive them here, and will be their everlasting tormentors hereafter, but to work the works of charity, and of that perfect righteousness which is of faith: so that the whole of all true religion, which has been one and the same in all ages, will appear to consist in the mortifications of our bodily and spiritual lusts, which withhold men from the works of righteousness; and in the belief of those demonstrative truths, by which alone we are enlightened, enabled, and moved to subdue them; and in observing those natural memorials, which God has set before us, and in partaking of those reverential ordinances which he has instituted

to

to put us in mind of what we ought to do, in order to eternal life and the motives for so doing. I ask pardon for this digression: and if you have any commands that I am capable of executing here, if you will let me have the honour of receiving them, I shall take great pleasure in obeying you; for I am, with the greatest respect and truth, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

JOHN SCOTT.

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## TO THE EARL OF ARRAN.

MY LORD, 1739.

I AM earnestly desired by some worthy friends of mine, to write to your lordship in favour of the bearer, Mr. Moore, minister of Clonmel, who will have the honour to present this letter to your lordship. Those rectorial tithes of Clonmel were granted to the church by letters patents from king Charles the second, with the perfect knowledge and full approbation of your great ancestor, the first duke of Ormond, then lord lieutenant of Ireland. Notwithstanding which, some of the former agents to your lordship's family have greatly distressed the incumbent ministers of Clonmel, which is generally believed to be without the knowledge of his present grace the duke your brother, whom God long preserve. But your lordship's present agent being extremely vigilant of all your lordship's interests, has lately renewed the claim of the Ormond family to those

those tithes, and was at the last assizes, after a long hearing of six hours, nonsuited. The living of Clonmel is one of the largest, and yet the poorest parishes in this kingdom; being upon the whole (including the valuation of the houses) scarce worth one hundred pounds a year; out of which, a curate assistant being absolutely necessary on account of its extent, a salary of forty pounds must be paid.

My lord, your lordship's family has been always distinguished for their favour and protection to the established church, under her greatest persecutions; nor have you, in the universal opinion, ever degenerated from them. Those tithes in and about Clonmel are very inconsiderable, having never been let for above twenty-four pounds a year, made up of very small pittances collected from a great number of the poorest people; so that the recovery of them by an expensive lawsuit, if it could be effected, would not be worth attempting.

Mr. Moore is recommended to me by several persons of great worth (as I have already observed) and I hope I have not hitherto forfeited the credit I had with you.

My humble request therefore to your lordship is, that the minister of Clonmel may, without disturbance, enjoy that small addition to his support, which the king and your grandfather intended for him.

I have always understood and believed, that the duke your brother's retiring has not lessened your fortune, but increased it: and as to his grace, unless all our intelligence be false, he is as easy as he desires to be. I heard of several persons who have ventured to wait on him abroad, and it is agreed that

that his grace is perfectly easy in his mind and fortune.

Upon the whole, I do earnestly desire your lordship to resign those poor scraps of tithes in and about Clonmel to Mr. Moore and his successors, in a legal form, for ever. Your loss will be at most but twenty-four pounds a year, and that with a thousand difficulties infinitely below your generosity and quality.

I am, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

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## TO MR. FAULKNER.

SIR, DEC. 4, 1739.

I CANNOT find a manuscript I wrote, called, "Directions for Servants *," which I thought was very useful, as well as humourous. I believe, you have both seen and read it. I wish you could give me some intelligence of it, because my memory is quite gone; therefore, let me know all you can conjecture about it.

I am, sir,
Your very humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

* Which are printed in the nineteenth volume of this edition. N.

## FROM THE REV. MR. THROP.

REV. SIR, DEC. 10, 1739.

THE many professions of kindness you have made, and friendship you have shown, to my mother and her family, particularly in declaring your abhorrence and detestation of the cruel and inhuman behaviour of that monster —— * to my unfortunate and innocent brother, induced my mother to trouble you with a few of the narratives of that case, to disperse among such members of the house of commons as were of your acquaintance. The reason of our troubling you to do this, is because we intend presenting a petition to the members of the house of commons this session, to oblige —— to wave his privilege, every other attempt we have tried since my brother's death proving fruitless.

Your appearing, sir, in this affair, will not only make —— the more ready to do justice, but prevent others from supporting him in his villanies, which will be of infinite service to my mother and her family.

The bearer carries you a dozen of cases; and if you should have occasion for any more, they shall be sent you by, reverend sir, your most obliged and obedient humble servant,

ROBERT THROP.

I have written the names of several persons mentioned in the narrative at length upon the back of the titlepage.

* Mr. Faulkner fills the blank with "Mr. Wilson." N.

TO

## TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, DEC. 31, 1739.

IT is impossible to have health in such desperate weather: but you are worse used than others. Every creature of either sex are uneasy; for our kingdom is turned to be a Muscovy, or worse. Even I cannot do any good by walking: Is not warmth good against rheumatick pains? I hope Deane Swift* will be able to assist you both. I wish for a happy turn in the weather. I am doubly desolate, and wish I could sleep until the sun would comfort us. Would neither your son or daughter save you the pains of writing on your back? You are much more friendly to me than a thousand of them. Adieu.

I am ever yours,

JON. SWIFT.

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## TO THE SAME.

DEAR MADAM,

I AM truly and heartily glad that you are a little mended, and can lie on your belly, or side, not altogether on your back. You are much in the right not to stir, and so was Croker† not to suffer

* Then married to Mrs. Harrison. D. S.

† An eminent apothecary of great humanity and skill. D. S.

you. I am not yet worse for the cold weather, but am angry at it. I am heartily sorry for yourself and daughter; but Mr. Swift dares not be sick, for his chief business is to look after you and your daughter. I walk only in my bedchamber and closet, which has also a fire. I am ever yours,

JON. SWIFT.

New Year's day, 1739-40.

I wish you may have many, and all healthy ones.

## CERTIFICATE TO A DISCARDED SERVANT †.

DEANERY HOUSE, JAN. 9, 1739-40.

WHEREAS the bearer served me the space of one year, during which time he was an idler and a drunkard;

† The history of this singular certificate is thus related in the third volume of Mrs. Pilkington's Memoirs, "Dean Swift discharged a servant, only for rejecting the petition of a poor old woman; she was very ancient, and, on a cold morning, sat at the Deanery steps a considerable time, during which the Dean saw her through a window, and no doubt commiserated her desolate condition. His footman happened to come to the door; and the poor creature besought him, in a piteous tone, to give that paper to his Reverence. The servant read it; and told her, with infinite scorn, "His master had something else to mind than her petition."—"What is that you say, fellow?" said the Dean, looking out at the window. "Come up here." The man tremblingly obeyed him.—He also desired the poor woman to come before him, made her sit down, and ordered her some bread and wine. After which, he turned to the man, and said,

drunkard; I then discharged him as such; but how far his having been five years at sea may have mended his manners, I leave to the penetration of those who may hereafter choose to employ him.

JON. SWIFT.

said, "At what time, sir, did I order you to open a paper directed to me, or to refuse a letter from any one? Hark ye, sirrah, you have been admonished by me, for drunkenness, idling, and other faults; but since I have discovered your inhuman disposition, I must dismiss you from my service: so pull off my clothes, take your wages, and let me hear no more of you." The fellow did so; and, having vainly solicited a discharge, was compelled to go to sea, where he continued five years; at the end of which time, finding that life far different from the ease and luxury of his former occupation, he returned, and, humbly confessing in a petition to the Dean his former manifold crimes, assured him of his sincere reformation, which the dangers he had undergone at sea had happily wrought; and begged the Dean would give him some sort of discharge, since the honour of having lived with him would certainly procure him a place. Accordingly the Dean called for pen, ink, and paper; and gave him a dismission, with which and no other fortune, he set out for London. Among others, he applied to me, who had known him at his late master's; and produced his certificate; which, for its singularity, I transcribed. I advised him to go to Mr. Pope, who, on seeing the Dean's handwriting, which he well knew, told the man, "If he could produce any credible person, who could attest that he was the servant the Dean meant, he would hire him." On this occasion he applied to me; and I gave him a letter to Mr. Pope, assuring him, that I knew the man to have been footman to the Dean. Upon this, Mr. Pope took him into his service; in which he continued till the death of his master." N.

TO

## TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, JAN. 18, 1739-40.

I HAVE been many days heartily concerned for your ill health; it is now twenty-five days since we have found nothing but frost and misery, and they may continue for as many more. This day is yet the coldest of them all. Dr. Wilson and I are both very uneasy to find no better message from you. I received, as I was going to dinner, the enclosed letter from your beloved of ——, which I shall make you happy with. It will show you the goodness, the wisdom, the gratitude, the truth, the civility, of that excellent divine, adorned with an orthography (spelling) fit for himself. Pray read it a hundred times, but return it after you have read it a hundred times. My love and service to your son and daughter; let them both read the enclosed.

I would not lose your lover's letter for 100l. It must be sent back by the bearer. Let me know the exact number of lies that are in it; but I fear that that will take up your time too much.

I am ever yours,

JON. SWIFT.

## FROM LORD CASTLEDURROW.

SIR, DUBLIN, FEB. 2, 1739-40.

SINCE I am forbidden your presence, I think I should be more explicit in my reason of thanks to you for Dr. Delany's obliging present, than I can be in a verbal, crude, ill delivered message by a servant. As I am not acquainted with the doctor, I at first imagined his boundless generosity distributed his book among the lords, and that it was sent me, as a member though an unworthy one, of that august body. I soon found myself mistaken; and as all presents are enhanced in value proportionable to their manner of distribution, I thought it incumbent on me to thank him by letter, for having so obligingly distinguished me. He has honoured me with an answer to it, which highly elates me; for, weak minds are easily made vain; but whose would not be so, on the compliment he makes me, on having read some of my letters to you? They were writ, (as most of mine are) in the wantonness of fancy, without aiming at pomp of expression, or dress of words, lucky methods of gilding nonsense; yet, that he should approve, I will not wonder when I consider the benignity of your friendship. Oh! is it not sometimes too strong bias even for your judgment, that prompted you to think them worth his perusal? What am I now to do? I ought not to be silent; yet must I risk depreciating a favourable opinion he has conceived of me, by making myself farther known to him! Why, in prudence, no; in civility, yes.

yes. Under this dilemma give me your advice, as you are the origin of this favour. Or will you yield to what I suggest may not be improper? Take me under your protection (as soon as the weather will permit) in a warm hackney coach, which I shall take care to provide. Let us jumble together to his little paradise, which I long much to see, as well as to pay my debt due to his benevolence.

I am already alarmed with your excuse of deafness and dizziness. Yielding to such a complaint, always strengthens it; exerting against it, generally lessens it. Do not immerge in the sole enjoyment of yourself. Is not a friend the medicine of life? I am sure it is the comfort of it. And I hope you still admit such companions as are capable of administering it. In that number I know I am unworthy of rank: however, my best wishes shall attend you.

I have enclosed some verses. The Latin I believe will please you; one of the translations may have the same fortune, the other cannot. The verses written in the lady's book is, A Lamentable Hymn to Death, from a lover, inscribed to his mistress. I have made the author of it vain (who I am sure had never read Pope's Heloise to Abelard) in telling him his six last lines seem a parody on six of Pope's. They are on the other side, that you may not be at a loss.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy,
In trance extatick may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round;
From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

I think the whole letter the most passionate I ever read, except Heloise's own, on the subject of love. I am equally struck with Cadenus to Vanessa. I have often soothed my love with both, when I have been in a fit.

I will conclude with the above wish, and assuring you I am, with great sincerity, as well as esteem, sir,

Your most faithful
affectionate humble servant,
CASTLEDURROW.

My boy sends you his respects, and would fain pay them in person to you.

## TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

FEBRUARY 3, 1739-40.

THE bad account I had of your health for many days or rather weeks, has made me continually uneasy to the last degree; and Mr. Swift, who was with me so long yesterday, could not in conscience give me any comfort: but your kind letter has raised my spirits in some measure. I hope we have almost done with this cursed weather, yet still my garden is all in white. I read your letter to Dr. Wilson, who is somewhat better, and he resolves to apply your medicine, I mean your improvements of what you prescribe to add to his surgeon's method.

I am ever, dear madam, entirely yours,
JON. SWIFT.

FROM

## FROM MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR, MARCH 25, 1740.

ONCE I thought I could never receive a letter from, or answer one to you, without pleasure; and yet both has happened to me very lately. This is the third day I sat down to write to you, and as often tore my paper. I endeavoured to say something to alleviate your grief;—that would not do: Then I resolved to be silent on the occasion; but, alas! that was impossible for a friend. I will, therefore, for a moment, rather renew your grief by joining with you in it. Your trials have been most severe: the loss of two such valuable persons as miss Richardson and sir Joseph Eyles are irreparable; for, in a middle state of life, we have not time enough before us to make new friendships, were it possible to meet their equals. This is an unusual way of comforting a friend in trouble: Ought I not rather to persuade you to forget them, and call in christianity to your aid? But I believe those expounders of it are mistaken in their notions, who would have us imagine this to be religion; for I am sure a just God will expect no more from us than to submit without repining. I am too much a fellow sufferer in misfortunes of this nature not to feel for you. In a short time I lost a beloved husband and friend, an ingenious, a worthy son, and, what the world value as their chief happiness, some trifling conveniences. All these I have outlived, and am an instance that time will erase the blackest melan-

choly. I most sincerely wish, dear sir, this may be your case, and that it may be the last struggle of mind or tedious illness you will ever have to battle against.

You have conjured me by such a tie as the last request of dear miss Richardson, that, as well as I am able, I will tell you what I guess the Dean may like. I know his candlesticks are the most indifferent of any of his plate, and therefore mention a pair of those: his snuffers are good.

Surely I was not such a beast as to forget mentioning the receipt of the papers you were so careful and obliging to send me: they came very safe. I entreat you to accept of my most humble thanks for this, and all your other most extraordinary favours.

The Dean of St. Patrick's presents you his most affectionate love and service; and commanded me to tell you he would have writ to you upon this late occasion, if he had not been too deeply affected with your grief.

Surely the two long months you have so often fixed for your return will be at an end; and then I shall have the opportunity of telling you from my mouth what I now give under my hand, that I am, with the highest respect and esteem, dear sir, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

My most obedient respects to alderman Barber. Mr. Swift and his wife beg you will accept of theirs.

MR.

## MR. NUGENT *, TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, BATH, APRIL 2, 1740.

I HAD not until very lately an opportunity of letting Mr. Pope know his obligations to you; of which he is very sensible, and has desired me to beg that you will remit to me, by a safe hand, whatever letters of his are now in your possession. I shall be in town next week; so that you may be pleased to direct to me, by the first convenient opportunity, at my house in Dover-street, London. I am, madam, with great esteem, your most humble and obedient servant, R. N.

My compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Swift. I shall say nothing of the picture †, because I am sure you remember it. I must beg that you will let Mr. Bindon ‡ know I would have the picture no more than a head upon a three quarter cloth, to match one which I now have of Mr. Pope.

* Afterward lord Clare. D. S. † Of Dr. Swift. D. S.

‡ The greatest painter and architect of his time in these kingdoms. On account of his age, and some little failure in his sight, he threw aside his pencil soon after the year 1750; and afterward lived to a good old age, greatly beloved and respected by all who had the happiness either of his friendship or acquaintance. He died June 2, 1765. D. S.

TO

## TO THE SAME.

DEAR MADAM, APRIL 29, 1740.

I FIND that you and I are fellow sufferers almost equally in our healths, although I am more than twenty years older. But I am and have been these two days in so miserable a way, and so cruelly tortured, that can hardly be conceived. The whole last night I was equally struck as if I had been in Phalaris's brazen bull, and roared as loud for eight or nine hours. I am at this instant unable to move without excessive pain, although not the one thousandth part of what I suffered all last night and this morning. This you will now style the gout. I continue still very deaf. Doctor Wilson's left eye is still disordered, and very uneasy. You have now your family at home: I desire to present them with my kind and hearty service.

I am ever entirely yours, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

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## MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR, MAY 13, 1740.

BY the time this kisses your hand, I believe Mrs. Richardson will not blush to be wished joy by a person you have done the honour to call a friend, and whose ambition it is to deserve some place in her

her esteem; and now that all insinuations in your favour are as needless as the formal ceremony between lovers, I shall take the liberty to tell her, it will be her own fault if she is not one of the happiest women in the world. This is an unusual way of recommending myself to a bride; nor should I do it to any but yours: yet surely when a lady is married to a gentleman with an easy fortune, good nature, and a man of honour, how little is required of her side toward mutual felicity, which can be comprised in two words, love and obey?

About a fortnight ago I dined at the Dean of St. Patrick's in a mixed company; where one of the gentlemen told him you were married, or just going to be so, to a lady of fifteen, with a hundred thousand pound fortune, and a perfect beauty. I asked the person whether he had not that account from a woman? He said he had. The Dean inquired if I knew any thing of the affair. I answered yes; only with this difference, that she was at least fifty, and a most ungenteel disagreeable woman. The whole company looked upon me with contempt; and their countenances expressed, they thought I drew my own picture whilst I enviously endeavoured to paint the lady's. The Dean only understood me; and, smiling, said he believed I was in the right. When we were alone, I let him know that you had commanded me to acquaint him with the affair; and I hoped, when I wrote to you next, he would add a postscript in my letter. He promised me to do it; and this day I intend to put him in mind of it.

I waited on Mr. Hamilton yesterday to consult with him if it would not be proper to allow the servants board wages from this time; and it was diverting

verting enough to see us both keeping our distance about a secret the whole town has known these two months. However, at last we understood each other; and have agreed to give the coachman four shillings a week, and the maid three, until they go a shipboard.

There would have been no occasion to be so formal with a friend as to desire Mr. Hamilton to give the servants money when you might have ordered me to do it, although I had not been in your debt; which, to my shame be it spoken, would be scandalous so long a time, if the fault were entirely mine. My son and daughter Swift present you and your lady their most obedient respects, and sincerest wishes. I am at a loss to express my obligations to her for the compliment she was pleased to remit to me; and I believe, when we meet, she will not be jealous that I dare give it under my hand to her, that I honour and esteem you more than any woman does except herself.

I am, dear sir,
Your most humble and most obedient servant,
MARTHA WHITEWAY.

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## TO MR. RICHARDSON.

DAER SIR, MAY 13, 1740.

I COULD never believe Mrs. Whiteway's gasconades in telling me of her acquaintance with you. But my age and perpetual disorders, and chiefly my vexatious deafness, with other infirmities, have completed the utter loss of my memory: so that I cannot

not recollect the names of those friends who come to see me twice or oftener every week. However, I remember to wish you a long lasting joy of being no longer a bachelor, especially because the teaser at my elbow assures me that the lady is altogether worthy to be your wife. I therefore command you both (if I live so long) to attend me at the deanery the day after you land; where Mrs. Precipitate, alias Whiteway, says I will give you a scandalous dinner. I suppose you will see your governor my old friend John Barber, whom I heartily love; and so you are to tell him.

I am, dear sir,
Your most obedient and obliged servant,
JON. SWIFT.

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## FROM MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. POPE.

SIR, MAY 16, 1740.

SHOULD I make an apology for writing to you, I might be asked why I did so? If I have erred, my design at least is good, both to you and the Dean of St. Patrick; for I write in relation to my friend, and I write to his friend, which I hope will plead my excuse. As I saw a letter of yours to him, wherein I had the honour to be named, I take the liberty to tell you (with grief of heart) his memory is so much impaired, that in a few hours he forgot it; nor is his judgment sound enough, had he many tracts by him, to finish or correct them, as you have desired. His health is as good as can be expected, free from all the tortures of old age; and his deafness lately returned,

returned, is all the bodily uneasiness he has to complain of. A few years ago he burnt most of his writings unprinted*, except a few loose papers, which are in my possession, and which I promise you (if I outlive him) shall never be made publick without your approbation. There is one treatise in his own keeping, called Advice to Servants, very unfinished and incorrect, yet what is done of it, has so much humour, that it may appear as a posthumous work. The History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne's Reign I suppose you have seen with Dr. King, to whom he sent it some time ago, and, if I am rightly informed, is the only piece of his (except Gulliver) which he ever proposed making money by, and was given to Dr. King with that design, if it might be printed: I mention this to you, lest the doctor should die, and his heirs imagine they have a right to dispose of it. I entreat, sir, you will not take notice to any person of the hints I have given you in this letter: they are only designed for yourself: to the Dean's friends in England they can only give trouble, and to his enemies and starving wits cause of triumph. I enclose this to alderman Barber, who I am sure will deliver it safe, yet knows nothing more than its being a paper that belongs to you.

The ceremony of answering women's letters, may perhaps make you think it necessary to answer mine; but I do not expect it, because your time either is or ought to be better employed, unless it be in my

* In resentment to the house of commons of Ireland, who sent Faulkner to Newgate for printing the satire on Quadrille. F.

power to serve you in buying Irish linen, or any other command you are pleased to lay on me, which I shall execute to the best of my capacity, with the greatest readiness, integrity, and secrecy; for whether it be my years, or a less degree of vanity in my composition than in some of my sex, I can receive such an honour from you without mentioning it. I should, some time past, have writ to you on this subject, had I not fancied that it glanced at the ambition of being thought a person of consequence, by interfering between you and the Dean; a character of all others which I dislike.

I have several of your letters to the Dean, which I will send by the first safe hand that I can get to deliver them to yourself; I believe it may be Mr. M'Aulay, the gentleman the Dean recommended, through your friendship to the prince of Wales.

I believe this may be the only letter which you ever received without asking a favour, a compliment, extolling your genius, running in raptures on your poetry, or admiring your distinguishable virtue. I am, sir, with very high respect, your most obedient and most humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

Mr. Swift who waited on you last summer, is since that married to my daughter: he desires me to present you his most obedient respects and humble thanks for the particular honour conferred upon him in permitting him to spend a day with you at Twickenham; a favour he will always remember with gratitude.

FROM

## FROM MR. PULTENEY.

SIR, LONDON, JUNE 3, 1740.

I HAD, some time ago, a letter from Mr. Stopford, who told me, that you enjoyed a better state of health last year than you had done for some time past. No one wishes you more sincerely than I do the continuance of it. And since the gout has been your physick, I heartily hope you may have one good fit regularly every year, and all the rest of it perfect health and spirits.

I am persuaded you will do me the justice to believe, that if I have not writ to you for some time, it has proceeded from an unwillingness alone of engaging you in a very useless correspondence, and not from any want of a real regard and true esteem. Mr. Pope can be my witness how constantly I inquire after you, and how pleased and happy I am, when he tells me, that you have the goodness frequently to mention me in your letters to him.

I fear you have but little desire to come among us again. England has few things inviting in it at present*. Three camps, near forty thousand troops, and sixteen kings†, and most of them such as are really fit to be kings in any part of the world. Four

* In 1742, Mr. Pulteney was made baron of Heydon, in Yorkshire, viscount Pulteney, and earl of Bath; and from that moment all his popular favour seems to have ceased; and the rest of his life was spent in appearing to contemn that applause which he could no longer secure. See Park's edition of Royal and Noble Authors, vol. IV. p. 276. N.

† Sixteen lords of the regency, the king being abroad. B.

millions of money have been raised on the people this year, and in all probability nothing will be done. I have not the least notion, that even our expedition under lord Cathcart* is intended to be sent any where; and yet every minister we have (except sir Robert) very gravely affirms it will go; nay, and I am afraid believes it too. But our situation is very extraordinary; sir Robert will have an army, will not have a war, and cannot have a peace; that is, the people are so averse to it, that he dares not make one. But in one year more, when, by the influence of this army and our money, he has got a new parliament to his liking, than he will make peace, and get it approved too, be it as it will. After which I am afraid we shall all grow tired of struggling any longer, and give up the game.

But I will trouble you with no more politicks: and if I can hear from you in two lines that you are well, I promise you not to reply to it too soon. You must give me leave to add to my letter a copy of verses at the end of a declamation made by a boy at Westminster school on this theme,

*Ridentem dicere verum,*
*Quid vetat?*

Dulce decane, decus, flos optime gentis Hiberæ
Nomine quique audis, ingenioque celer;
Dum lepido indulges risu, et mutaris in horas,
Quô nova vis animi, materiesque rapit;
Nunc gravis astrologus, cœlo dominaris et astris,
Filaque pro libitu Patrigiana secas.
Nunc populo speciosa hospes miracula promis,
Gentesque æquoreas, aëriasque creas.
Seu plausum captat queruli persona draperi,
Seu levis a vacuo fabula sumpta cado.

* Against Carthagena. It went, and miscarried. B.

Mores

Mores egregius mira exprimis arte magister,
Et vitam atque homines pagina quæque sapit.
Socraticæ minor est vis et sapientia chartæ,
Nec tantum potuit grande Platonis opus.

Mrs. Pulteney knowing that I am writing to you, charges me to present her services, when I assure you that I am most faithfully and sincerely,

Your obedient humble servant,
W. PULTENEY.

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## MR. POPE TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

TWICKENHAM, JUNE 18, 1740.

I AM extremely sensible of the favour of your letter, and very well see the kindness as well as honour which moved you to it. I have no merit for the one, but being (like yourself) a sincere friend to the Dean, though much a less useful one; for all my friendship can only operate in wishes, yours in good works. He has had the happiness to meet with such in all the stages of his life; and I hope in God and in you, that he will not want one in the last. Never imagine, madam, that I can do otherwise than esteem that sex, which has furnished him with the best friends.

The favour you offer me I accept with the utmost thankfulness; and I think no person more fit to convey it to my hands than Mr. M'Aulay, of whom I know you have so good an opinion. Indeed any one whom you think worthy your trust, I shall think deserves mine, in a point I am ever so tender of.

I wish

I wish the very small opportunity I had of showing Mr. Swift, your son, my regards for him, had been greater; and I wish it now more, since he is become so near to you, for whom my respect runs hand in hand with my affection for the Dean; and I cannot wish well for the one without doing so for the other.

I turn my mind all I can from the melancholy subject of your letter. May God Almighty alleviate your concern, and his complaints, as much as possible in this state of infirmities, while he lives; and may your tenderness, madam, prevent any thing after his death which may anywise depreciate his memory. I dare say nothing of ill consequence can happen from the commission given to Dr. King.

You see, madam, I write to you with absolute freedom, as becomes me to the friend of my friend, and to a woman of sense and spirit. I will say no more, that you may find I treat you with the same delicacy that you do me (and for which I thank you) without the least compliment: and it is none when I add, that I am, with esteem, madam, your most obliged and most obedient servant,

A. POPE.

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## FROM MR. POPE TO MR. ALLEN.

MY vexation about Dean Swift's proceeding has fretted and employed me a great deal, in writing to Ireland, and trying all the means possible to retard it; for it is put past preventing, by his having (without

out my consent, or so much as letting me see the book), printed most of it.—They at last promise me to send me the copy, and that I may correct and expunge what I will. This last would be of some use; but I dare not even do this, for they would say I revised it. And the bookseller writes, that he has been at great charge, &c. However, the Dean, upon all I have said and written about it, has ordered him to submit to any expunction I insist upon: this is all I can obtain, and I know not whether to make any use of it or not. But as to your apprehension, that any suspicion may arise of my being anywise consenting or concerned in it, I have the pleasure to tell you, the whole thing is so circumstanced and so plain, that it can never be the case. I shall be very desirous to see what the letters are at all events; and I think that must determine my future measures; for till then I can judge nothing. The excessive earnestness the Dean has been in for publishing them, makes me hope they are castigated in some degree, or he must be totally deprived of his understanding. They now offer to send me the originals [which have been so long detained]; and I will accept of them, (though they have done their job,) that they may not have them to produce against me, in case there be any offensive passages in them. If you can give me any advice, do. I wish I could show you what the Dean's people, the women, and the bookseller, have done and writ, on my sending an absolute negative, and on the agency I have employed of some gentlemen to stop it, as well as threats of law, &c. The whole thing is too manifest to admit of any doubt in any man: how long

long this thing has been working; how many tricks have been played with the Dean's papers, how they were secreted from him from time to time, while they feared his not complying with such a measure; and how, finding his weakness increase, they have at last made him the instrument himself for their private profit; whereas, I believe, before, they only intended to do this after his death.

## TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

I HAVE been very miserable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded, that I cannot express the mortification I am under both in body and mind. All I can say is, That I am not in torture; but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is and your family. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be.

I am, for those few days, yours entirely,

JON. SWIFT.

If I do not blunder, it is Saturday,
July 26, 1740.

If I live till Monday, I shall hope to see you, perhaps for the last time.

FROM

## FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

DEAR SIR, CALEDON, DEC. 17, 1740.

GREAT men like you must expect numberless petitions, which, like Jupiter, you put to various uses; but wonder not, when there is a place vacant in your family, that every body is striving for the post. I mean your cathedral family; for we are told there is a vacancy in the choir. I am desired to recommend to you one James Colgan *, aged 25. His voice excellent, his behaviour good, his person indifferent, his recommendation to me irresistible. I beseech you, let Faulkner give me an answer; for neither he nor I, nor the choir of lords, doctors,—commons, &c. are worth your while to give yourself one moment's uneasiness about, if you are not well, and I am more than afraid you are not; only I must be enabled to say, I have mentioned him to you. My frozen fingers will only serve me to present lady Orrery's most humble service to you, and the best wishes, prayers, and acknowledgments of all this family. I am, dear sir, your ever obliged and obedient humble servant,

ORRERY.

* One of the vicars choral of Christ-church and St. Patrick's cathedrals, remarkable for his fine manner of singing. H.

TO

## TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, JAN. 13, 1740-41.

YOUR son *, who was with me yesterday, and staid the whole afternoon till near ten o'clock, gave me a very melancholy account of your ill health, extremely to my grief. I send a servant with this letter, and you will please to employ Mr. Swift to answer it, because I am in very great pain about you; for the weather is so extremely sharp, that it must needs add to your disorders. Pray let your son or daughter write a few lines to give me some sort of comfort. My cold is now attended with a cough this bitter cold weather; but I am impatient until your son or daughter gives me some hopes. I am ever your assured friend and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

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## FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

DUKE STREET, WESTMINSTER,
JULY 7, 1741.

THANKS to you, dear sir, for your frequent remembrance of me by my great friend and patron master George Faulkner: thanks to you for the

* Mr. Deane Swift. D. S.

honours

honours you have showed my wife: but above all, thanks to you for using exercise and taking care of your health. It is the strongest instance of affection your friends either desire or deserve. In mentioning your friends, I must particularize Mr. Pope: he obeys your commands, and flings away much time upon me: *Nec deficit alter aureas*; doctor King does the same. Thus deities condescend to visit and converse with mortals.

Poor lord Oxford is gone to those regions from whence travellers never return, unless in an airy visit to faithless lovers, as Margaret to William; or to cities devoted to destruction, as Hector amidst the flames of Troy. The deceased earl has left behind him many books, many manuscripts, and no money: his lady brought him five hundred thousand pounds, four of which have been sacrificed to indolence, good nature, and want of worldly wisdom: and there will still remain, after proper sales, and right management, five thousand pounds a year for his widow.

Mr. Cæsar died about two months ago. Mrs. Cæsar is still all tears and lamentations, although she certainly may be numbered *inter felices, sua si bona norint.*

Lord Bathurst is at Cirencester, erecting pillars and statues to queen Anne. Lord Bolingbroke lives in France: posterity, it is to be hoped, may be the better for his retirement, The duke of Argyll reigns or ought to reign in Scotland.—Such is the state of Europe; but our disappointment in America has cast a gloomy face over London and Westminster. The citizens have recourse to mum and tobacco, by which means they puff away care, and keep dismay at a proper distance? in the mean time,

my

my friends the ducks and geese in the park cackle on, and join in chorus to the sounds of victory that are daily drummed forth on the parade, but reach no farther than the atmosphere of Whitehall.—— What news next? The weather—but you certainly know it is hot; for in truth, notwithstanding this letter comes from my heart, and is written in the pleasure of thinking of you, yet I swear to assure you how much I am, dear sir,

Your ever obliged and obedient humble servant,
ORRERY.

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## FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY TO DEANE SWIFT, ESQ.

SIR, MARSTON, DEC. 4, 1742.

I AM much obliged to you for the full, though melancholy, account you have sent me of my ever honoured friend. It is the more melancholy to me, as I have heard him often lament the particular misfortune incident to human nature, of an utter deprivation of senses many years before a deprivation of life. I have heard him describe persons in that condition, with a liveliness and a horrour, that on this late occasion have recalled to me his very words. Our litany, methinks, should have an addition of a particular prayer against this most dreadful misfortune. I am sure mine shall, The bite of a mad dog (a most tremendous evil) ends soon in death; but the effects of his loss of memory may last even to the longest age of man; therefore I own my friendship

friendship for him has now changed my thoughts and wishes into the very reverse of what they were, I rejoice to hear he grows lean. I am sorry to hear his appetite is good. I was glad when there seemed an approaching mortification in his eyelid. In one word, the man I wished to live the longest I wish the soonest dead. It is the only blessing that can now befall him. His reason will never return; or if it should, it will only be to show him the misery of having lost it. I am impatient for his going where imperfection ceases, and where perfection begins; where Wilsons cannot break in and steal, and where envy, hatred, and malice have no influence or power. While he continues to breathe, he is an example, stronger and more piercing than he or any other divine could preach, against pride, conceit, and vain glory. Good God! Doctor Swift beaten and marked with stripes by a beast in human shape, one Wilson *. But he is not only an example against presumption

* Dr. Francis Wilson was prebendary of Kilmactolway, and rector of Clondalkin, in the diocese of Dublin, the great tithes of which belong to the deanery of St. Patrick's. Dr. Wilson, who lived in the centre of this prebend and parish, and was well acquainted with the country, farmed these tithes of Dr. Swift on very reasonable terms, greatly to his own advantage. When the Dean was much in the decline of life, he invited Dr. Wilson to accept of apartments for himself and his wife in the deanery house at Dublin: were they had very good lodgings, with the benefit of his servants and stables. Dr. Swift's memory failing him greatly at this time, Wilson took the advantage of carrying him to his house at Newland, within four miles of Dublin, and endeavoured to intoxicate him with liquor, which he could not accomplish; and on their return to Dublin, solicited Dr. Swift to make him subdean of St. Patrick's, and turn out Dr. Wynne, a very worthy and hospitable gentleman, which Dr. Swift refused; on which, Dr. Wilson, in a most outrageous

presumption and haughtiness, but in reality an incitement to marriage. Men in years ought always to secure a friend to take care of declining life, and watch narrowly as they fall the last minute particles of the hourglass. A bachelor will seldom find, among all his kindred, so true a nurse, so faithful a friend, so disinterested a companion, as one tied to him by the double chain of duty and affection. A wife could not be banished from his chamber, or his unhappy hours of retirement; nor had the Dean felt a blow, or wanted a companion, had he been married, or, in other words, had Stella lived. All that a friend could do, has been done by Mrs. Whiteway; all that a companion could persuade, has been attempted by Mrs. Ridgeway. The rest—but I shall run on for ever, and I set out at first only with an intention of thanking you for your letter, and assuring you that.

I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant

ORRERY.

P. S. I beg to hear from you from time to time, if any new occurrence happens in the Dean's unhappy state.

outrageous manner, insulted the Dean, beat him very severely, took him by the throat, and would have choked him, had it not been for the Dean's footman and coachman, who rescued him out of the hands of Wilson. This affair made a great noise; Wilson was forbidden the Dean's house, and died soon after. To this same "beast in human shape," as lord Orrery justly calls him, Dr. Swift had bequeathed "the works of Plato in three folio volumes, the earl of Clarendon's History in three folio volumes, and my best Bible, together with thirteen small Persian pictures in the drawing-room, and the small silver tankard given to me by the contribution of some friends whose names are engraved at the bottom of the said tankard." F.

## MR. FAULKNER TO MR. BOWYER.

DEAR SIR, DUBLIN, OCT. 1, 1745.

THE bank note for one hundred guineas came safe to hand. Enclosed you have part of the "Advice to Servants." I wish I could get franks to send it in. Fix your day of publication, and I will wait until you are ready, that we may both come out the same day. I think the middle of November will do very well, as your city as well as Dublin, will be full at that time. I shall finish the volume * with a Cantata † of the Dean's, set to musick, which in

* See vol. XIX. of this edition. N.

† Dr. Beattie, after censuring the practice of what he calls illicit imitation, observes, that "this abuse of a noble art did not escape the satire of Swift; who, though deaf to the charms of musick, was not blind to the absurdity of musicians. He recommended it to Dr. Echlin, an ingenious gentleman of Ireland, to compose a cantata in ridicule of this puerile mimickry. Here we have motions imitated, which are the most inharmonious, and the least connected with human affections, as the trotting, ambling and galloping of Pegasus; and sounds the most unmusical, as cracking and snivelling, and rough roistering rustick roaring strains; the words high and deep have high and deep notes set to them; a series of short notes of equal lengths are introduced, to imitate shivering and shaking; an irregular rant of quick sounds, to express rumbling; a sudden rise of the voice, from a low to a high pitch, to denote flying above the sky; a ridiculous run of chromatick divisions on the words Celia dies; with other droll contrivances of a like nature. In a word, Swift's cantata may convince any person, that musick uniformly imitative would be ridiculous. I observe in passing, that the satire of this piece is levelled, not at absurd imitation only, but also at some other musical improprieties; such as the idle

in my opinion, will have a greater run with the lovers of harmony than any of the Corelli's, Vivaldi's, Purcell's, or Handel's pieces. When Arne, the famous composer, was last in Ireland, he made application to me for this cantata (which I could not then procure), to set it to musick: perhaps he may do it now, and bring it on the stage; which, if he does, will run more than the Beggar's Opera; and therefore I would have you get it engraved in folio, with scores for bass, &c., which will make it sell very well, I believe you might get something handsome for it from Rich, or the managers of Drury-lane, for which I shall send you the original MS. I am thus particular, that you may have the profit to yourself, as you will have the trouble. I was in daily expectation, for six weeks, of going to London; but was prevented by many accidents—I cannot say business, for I never had less as Mr. Hitch well knows, having had no order from me for two months past. The "Advice to Servants" was never finished by the Dean, and is consequently very incorrect; I believe you may see some Irishisms in it; if so, pray correct them. The Dean's friends do not know the manner of an assignment, and desire you will send over the form. The story of the Injured Lady does not make above a sheet; and will vex your northern hardy neighbours more than the "Publick Spirit of the Whigs," of which they complained to queen Anne. As you are famous for writing prefaces, pray help me to one for "Advice to Servants," for which I have not yet printed the

idle repetition of the same words, the running of long extravagant divisions upon one syllable, and the setting of words to musick that have no meaning." N.

title. My best compliments to our friends, and should be obliged to Mr. Dodsley for the two letters; which you may send, under cover to Samuel Bindon, esq., at my house. I am whimsical, and send you the beginning of "Advice," &c., and the remainder to Mr. Hitch, that you may print it immediately. I think it might be printed without the 'Injured Lady," as your volume will make the better figure with original pieces; but this I submit to your better judgment.

I long much to see London, although I have no other business than to visit my friends, and do them any service in my power; and if I can be useful to you in England or Ireland, pray let me know, and I will do it. I would not have you advertise until two or three days before you publish, in which I wish you all imaginable success; and am, dear sir, your faithful friend, and obliged humble servant,

GEORGE FAULKNER.

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AN ACCOUNT OF A MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF DR. SWIFT, IN IRELAND.

TO MR. GEORGE FAULKNER*.

SIR, NEALE, FEB. 14, 1750.

I HAVE at last finished, what you have often heard me wish I might be able to do, a monument

* R. Sir J. in Browne, of the county of Mayo. F.

for the greatest genius of our age, the late Dean of St. Patrick's. The thing in itself is but a trifle; but it is more than I should ever have attempted, had I not with indignation seen a country (so honoured by the birth of so great a man, and so faithfully served by him all his life) so long and so shamefully negligent in erecting some monument of gratitude to his memory. Countries are not wise in such neglect: for they hurt themselves. Men of genius are encouraged to apply their talents to the service of their country, when they see in it gratitude to the memory of those who have deserved well of them. The ingenious pere Castle told me at Paris, that he reckoned it the greatest misfortune to him that he was not born an Englishman; and, when he explained himself, it was only for this, that, after two hundred years, they had erected a monument to Shakspeare; and another to a modern, but to the greatest of them, sir Isaac Newton. Great souls are very disinterested in the affairs of life; they look for fame and immortality, scorning the mean paths of interest and lucre: and, surely, in an age so mercenary as ours, men should not be so sparing to give publick marks of their gratitude to men of such virtue, dead, however they may treat them living; since in so doing, they bespeak, and almost insure to themselves, a succession of such useful persons in society. It was with this view that I have determined to throw in my mite.

In a fine lawn below my house, I have planted a hippodrome. It is a circular plantation, consisting of five walks; the central of which is a horsecourse, and three rounds make exactly a mile. All the lines are so laid out, that, from the centre, the six rows of trees

trees appear but one, and form 100 arches round the field; in the centre of which I have erected a mount, and placed a marble column on its proper pedestal, with all the decorations of the order; on the summit of which I have placed a Pegasus, just seeming to take flight to the Heavens; and, on the die of the pedestal I have engraved the following inscription, written by an ingenious friend:

IN MEMORIAM IONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P., VIRI SINE PARI.

AONIDVM FONTES APERIS, DIVINE POETA,
ARTE NOVA: ÆTHEREAS PROPRIIS, VT PEGASVS, ALIS
SCANDE DOMOS: ÆTERNVM ADDET TVA FAMA COLVMNÆ
HVIC MEMORI DECVS. HIC, TANTI QVAM POSSVMVS VMBRAM
NOMINIS IN MENTEM, SACRO REVOCARE QVOTANNIS
LVDORVM RITV IVVAT; HIC TIBI PARVVS HONORVM
OFFERTVR CVMVLVS: LAVDVM QVO FINE TVARVM
COPIA CLAVDATVR QVI QVÆRIT, GENTIS IERNÆ
PECTORA SCRVTETVR, LATVMQVE INTERROGET ORBEM.
MDCCL.

I have also appointed a small fund for annual premiums to be distributed in the celebration of games at the monument yearly. The ceremony is to last three days, beginning the first of May, yearly. On this day, young maids and men in the neighbourhood are to assemble in the hippodrome, with their garlands and chaplets of flowers, and to dance round the monument, singing the praises of this ingenious patriot, and strewing with flowers all the place: after which, they are to dance for a prize; the best dancer among the maids is to be presented with a cap and ribbands; and, after the dance, the young men are to run for a hat and gloves.

The second day, there is to be a large market upon the ground: and the most regular reel and round is to have a guinea premium; and the person

who buys the greatest quantity of yarn is to have a premium of two guineas.

The third day, the farmer who produces the best yearling calf of his own breed is to have two guineas premium; and he that produces the fairest colt or filley, of his own breed likewise, not over two years old, shall receive a premium of two guineas also.—Thus the whole will not exceed ten pounds; and all these useful branches of our growth and manufacture will be encouraged, in remembering the patron who with so much care and tenderness recommended them to others, and cherished them himself. I am, dear sir,

Your humble servant, J. B.

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EXTRACT FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE'S WILL, IN WHICH HIS WRITINGS ARE BEQUEATHED TO MR. MALLET*.

AND whereas I am the author of the several books or tracts following:

Remarks on the History of England, from the Minutes of Humphrey Oldcastle. In twenty-four letters.

A Dissertation upon Parties. In nineteen letters to Caleb d'Anvers, esq.

The Occasional Writer. Number 1, 2, 3.

The Vision of Camilik.

* The reasons for inserting this extract, and the two letters that immediately follow, may be seen in the note annexed to lord Bolingbroke's letter, vol. XI. p. 254. N.

An Answer to the London Journal of December 21, 1728, by John Trot.

An Answer to the Defence of the Inquiry into the Reasons of the Conduct of Great Britain.

A final Answer to the Remarks on the Craftsman's Vindication.

All which books or tracts have been printed and published; and I am also the author of "Four Letters on History," &c., which have been privately printed and published; but I have not assigned to any person or persons whatsoever the copy or liberty of printing or reprinting any of the said books, or tracts, or letters. Now I do hereby, as far as by law I can, give and assign to David Mallet, of Putney, in the county of Surrey, esquire, the copy and copies of all and each of the beforementioned books, or tracts, or letters, and the liberty of reprinting the same. I also give to the said David Mallet, the copy and copies of all the manuscript books, papers, and writings, which I have written or composed, or shall write or compose, and leave at the time of my decease. And I farther give to the said David Mallet all my books, which, at the time of my decease, shall be in the room called my library.

LORD

## LORD HYDE TO DAVID MALLET, ESQ.

PARIS, MARCH 7, N. S. 1752.

I LEARN from England, sir, that lord Bolingbroke has left his manuscripts to you *. His friends must see with satisfaction those title deeds of his reputation in the hands of the author of the life of the great lord Bacon; and you will have had the distinguished honour of having been guardian to the fame of two of the greatest geniuses which our country, and perhaps humanity, has produced; but with greater honour to you in this last instance, because you are such by the disignation and choice of the author himself.

What works of his you may have for the publick, I know not. That, for which I was solicitous, because I believe it would be most instructive to the world, and might be most for his honour, he told me himself he had laid aside; I mean the History of the great Transactions of Europe, from the time when he began to consider and know them. There remains of that, I believe, no more than a summary review, which I had the good fortune some time ago to draw from him, upon an application which I made to him to direct me in the study

* His lordship died Dec. 15, 1751. Lord Hyde having heard at Paris of lord Bolingbroke's legacy of all his writings, printed and manuscript, to Mr. Mallet, wrote from that city the above letter, the original of which was sent by the widow Mallet, with the manuscript of lord Bolingbroke's philosophical works, to the British Museum, in order to justify her husband's integrity in the edition of them. H.

of

of history. You will probably have seen that summary review, which is in a collection of letters upon history, which he did me the honour to write me. It is but a sketch of the work he had proposed to himself; but it is the sketch of lord Bolingbroke. He will probably have told you, that those letters were by his directions delivered up by me to Mr. Pope, who burnt, as he told me, the manuscripts, and printed off, by a private press, some very few copies, which were to be considered still as manuscripts, one of which Mr. Pope kept, and sent another to lord Bolingbroke. Sir William Wyndham, lord Bathurst, lord Marchmont, Mr. Murray, and Mr. Lyttelton, I think, had each one. I do not remember to have been told of any copies given, except to myself, who have always preserved mine, as I would a MS. which was not my own, observing not only the restrictions which lord Bolingbroke himself had recommended to me, but securing likewise, as far as I could, even in case of my death, that this work should never become publick from that copy, which is in my possession. I enlarge upon this, because I think myself particularly obliged, out of regard to lord Bolingbroke, to give this account of that work to the person whom he has intrusted with all his writings, in case you might not have known this particularity. And at the same time I think it my duty, to the memory of lord Bolingbroke, to myself, and to the world too, to say something more to you in relation to this work.

It is a work, sir, which will instruct mankind, and do honour to its author; and yet I will take upon me

me to say, that for the sake of both, you must publish it with caution.

The greatest men have their faults, and sometimes the greatest faults; but the faults of superiour minds are the least indifferent both to themselves and to society. Humanity is interested in the fame of those who excelled in it; but it is interested before all in the good of society, and in the peace of the minds of the individuals that compose it. Lord Bolingbroke's mind embraced all objects, and looked far into all; but not without a strong mixture of passions, which will always necessarily beget some prejudices, and follow more. And on the subject of religion particularly (whatever was the motive that inflamed his passions on that subject chiefly) his passions were the most strong; and I will venture to say (when called upon, as I think, to say what I have said more than once to himself, with the deference due to his age and extraordinary talents) his passions upon that subject did prevent his otherwise superiour reason from seeing, that even in a political light only he hurt himself, and wounded society, by striking at establishments, upon which the conduct at least of society depends, and by striving to overturn in men's minds the systems which experience at least has justified, and which authority at least has rendered respectable, as necessary to publick order and to private peace, without suggesting to their minds a better, or indeed any system.

You will find, sir, what I say to be true in a part of the work I mentioned, where he digresses upon the criticism of church history.

While

While this work remained in the hands only of those I have mentioned (except as I have been telling you, to himself and to them in private conversation) I have otherwise been silent upon that subject; but I must now say to you, sir, that for the world's sake, and for his, that part of the work ought by no means to be communicated farther. And you see that it is a digression not necessary to that work. If this digression should be made publick, it will be censured, it must be censured, it ought to be censured. It will be criticised too by able pens, whose erudition, as well as their reasonings, will not be easily answered. In such a case, I shall owe to myself and to the world to disclaim publickly that part of the work, which he did me the honour to address to me; but I owe to the regard which he has sometimes expressed for me, to disclaim it rather privately to you, sir, who are intrusted with his writings, and to recommend to you to suppress that part of the work, as a good citizen of the world, for the world's peace, as one intrusted and obliged by lord Bolingbroke, not to raise new storms to his memory. I am, sir,

Your very humble servant,

HYDE.

## MR. MALLET TO LORD HYDE.

MY LORD,

I RECEIVED a very real pleasure, and at the same time a sensible concern, from the letter your lordship has

has honoured me with. Nothing could be more agreeable to me than the favourable opinion of one, whom I have long admired for every quality that enters into an estimable and an amiable character; but then nothing can occasion me more uneasiness, than not to be able to suppress that part of a work which you would have kept from publick view.

The book was printed off before your lordship's letter reached my hands; but this consideration alone would have appeared trifling to me. I apprehend, that I cannot, without being unfaithful to the trust reposed in me, omit or alter any thing in those works, which my lord Bolingbroke had deliberately prepared for the press, and I will publish no other. As to this particular, his repeated commands to me were, that it should be printed exactly according to the copy he himself, in all the leisure of retirement, had corrected with that view.

Upon the whole, if your lordship should think it necessary to disclaim the reflections on Sacred History, by which I presume is meant some publick and authentick declaration, that your notions on this head differ entirely from those of your noble friend; even in this case I am sure you will do it with all the delicacy natural to your own disposition, and with all the tenderness to his memory, that the particular regard he always bore you can deserve.

I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, &c.

*A TRANS-*

# *A TRANSLATION OF THE FRENCH LETTERS IN THIS WORK.*

## MR. LÉ CLERC TO MR. ADDISON *.

SIR, AMSTERDAM, FEB. 12, 1709.

I DID myself the honour to write to you at the beginning of the present year, to beg you would be so good as to inform me of a particular affair, of which it behoved me to get the earliest intelligence; and yet I have no answer from you. I have only been informed that you have resigned the post you lately held, in order to go over to Ireland as secretary to lord Wharton. I wish you joy upon this event, presuming that the latter employ is preferable to the former; though I am very sensible that I shall be a loser by your removal. Still I wish you all manner of satisfaction in your new offices; and heartily pray that God may crown all your enterprises with success. The favour I begged of you, was to send me the family name, and titles, of my lord Halifax; and to ask himself, if you thought proper, whether he would permit me to dedicate my Livy to him. As you had signified to me by Mr. Philips, that you had forgot the sheet which I wanted in Mr. Rymer's collection, I had sent you word that it is the sheet 10 T, or the four pages immediately preceding the index of

* See the original, vol. X. p. 85. N.

names

names in the first tome. If you have got it since, be so good as to send it to Messrs. Toutton and Stuiguer, carefully folded up, and directed to me. I suppose this letter will find you still at London, because it is reported that lord Wharton will not set out till toward the month of April. There is nothing new here, in the republick of letters, worth your notice. The jesuits of Paris have passed a severe censure on father Hardouin's opinions, and obliged him to retract them in a very ignominious manner. We shall see what will be the consequence. I should be glad I could be of any service to you here; you would then see how sincerely I am, sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

J. LE CLERC.

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## TO MR. GIRALDI*.

SIR, DUBLIN, FEB. 25, 1713-15.

I TAKE the liberty to recommend to you the bearer, Mr. Howard, a learned gentleman of good family in this country, who intends to make the tour of Italy, and being a canon in my deanery, and professor of a college in this university, would fain be confirmed in his heresy by travelling among catholicks. And after all, sir, it is but just that since you have borrowed our English frankness and sincerity to ingraft on your Italian politeness, some of us tra-

* Mr. Giraldi was secretary to the duke of Tuscany. See the original, vol. XI. p. 22.

montanes

montanes should make reprisals on you by travelling. You will also permit me to beg you will be so kind as to present my most humble duty to his royal highness the grand duke.

With regard to myself, I will be so free as to tell you, that two months before the queen's decease, finding that it was impossible to reconcile my friends of the ministry, I retired to a country house in Berkshire; from whence, after the melancholy event, I came over to Ireland, where I now reside upon my deanery, and with christian resignation wait for the destruction of our cause and of my friends, which the reigning faction are daily contriving. For these gentlemen are absolutely determined to strike off half a dozen heads of the best men in England, whom you intimately knew and esteemed. God knows what will be the consequence. For my part, I have bid adieu to politicks, and with the good leave of the honest men who are now in power, I shall spend the remainder of my days in my hermitage, and attend entirely to my own private affairs. Adieu, sir, and do me the justice to believe that I am, with great respect, sir, yours, &c.

## TO VANESSA*.

MAY 12, 1719.

I MAKE you my compliments on your perfection in the French language. It is necessary to know

* See the original, vol. XI. p. 117. N.

you

you long, in order to know all your accomplishments: by perpetually seeing and hearing you, new ones appear, which before were concealed. It is a reproach to me, that I know only the Gascon and Patois in comparison of you. There is nothing to be objected, either as to the orthography, propriety, elegance, ease, or spirit. And what a blockhead am I to answer you in the same language, you who are incapable of any folly, unless it be the esteem that you are pleased to entertain for me? for it is no merit, nor any proof of my good taste, to find out in you all that nature has bestowed on a mortal; that is to say, honour, virtue, good sense, wit, sweetness, agreeableness, and firmness of soul; but by concealing yourself, as you do, the world knows you not, and you lose the eulogy of millions. Ever since I had the honour of knowing you, I have always remarked, that neither in private, nor in general conversation, has one word ever escaped you, which could be better expressed. And I protest, that after making frequently the most severe criticisms, I never have been able to find the least fault, either in your actions, or your words. Coquetry, affectation, prudery, are imperfections which you never knew. And with all this, do you think it possible not to esteem you above the rest of humankind? What beasts in petticoats are the most excellent of those, whom I see dispersed throughout the world, in comparison of you? On seeing, on hearing them, I say a hundred times a day, speak not, look not, think not, do nothing like those wretches. What a misfortune to be the occasion of bringing down contempt on so many women; who, but for the thoughts of you, would be a little tolerable! But

it is time to put an end to this trouble, and to bid you adieu. I am, and ever shall remain, with all possible respect, sincerity and esteem, yours.

## FROM LADY BOLINGBROKE *.

DAWLEY, FEB. 1, 1726-7.

I HAVE been told, sir, that you complain of having received no letters from me. You do me wrong: I treat you as one of the deities, who keep an account with mankind of their intentions. It is about ten years since I proposed writing to you; before I had the honour of knowing you, the idea, which I had formed of your gravity, restrained me: since I have had the honour of seeing you, I never could find spirit enough to venture upon it. A certain gentleman, named Gulliver, had put this poor imagination of mine, which is so depressed by the air of London, and by conversations of which I know only the sound, a little in motion; I was desirous of seizing the moment, in order to write to you, but I fell ill, and have been so perpetually for these three months. I avail myself, therefore, sir, of the first return of my health, to thank you for your reproaches, which I am very proud of, and to say a word to you concerning my friend Gulliver. I learn, with great satisfaction, that he has just been translated into French; and as my residence in England has

* See the original, vol. XI. N.

considerably

considerably increased my love for my own country and its inhabitants, I am delighted that they now can participate in the pleasure which that good gentleman has given me, and that they can profit by his discoveries. I am not without hopes, that the twelve ships, which France has just fitted out, may be destined for an embassy to the nation of the Houyhnhnms. In that case I would propose to you, that we should make the voyage together. In the mean time I am pleased with a workman of your country, who, in order to furnish the ladies with fans, which you know, sir, are much used here, has made some, wherein all the adventures of your faithful traveller are represented. You may easily judge what a share he will have in their conversation. This, indeed, will be of great prejudice to the rain and fine weather, which filled up a part of it; and as to myself in particular, I shall be deprived of the words *very cold* and *very warm*, the few expressions I understand. I reckon to send you some of those fans by one of your friends. You may make a merit of them with your Irish ladies, if you have any occasion for them; which I imagine you have not, at least if they think like the French ladies. His lordship of Dawley, Mr. Pope, and myself, are taken up here in drinking, eating, sleeping, or doing nothing, except praying to God for your welfare. Return this spring to see us; my lord expects your coming with impatience, that he may kill the weightiest ox, and the largest hog, on my farm: both shall be served up whole on your reverence's table, for fear that my cook should in any manner disguise them. You will shine among us at least as much as among your own prebends, and we shall be no less

solicitous

solicitous to please you. I will dispute that point with every body, being, of all persons living, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant.

## FROM THE SAME*.

SIR,

MR. POPE has given me great pleasure, by assuring me that you are in good health, and showing me a mark of your kind remembrance, in one of your letters. I think you have chosen a wrong time to confine yourself to Dublin, while we reside at Dawley. We should have taken great care of you this winter, and joined together in our aversion to mankind, as much as you pleased; for I do not find they much improve upon a near acquaintance. The French have lately formed in France two theatrical pieces, which are said to have been drawn from Gulliver. They are such wretched stuff, that I shall not send them to you; but it is at least an indication of your honest traveller's having had such success among us, that the name of Gulliver is sufficient to recommend the most paltry performance to the publick. Our farmer embraces you: he complains of your going away without giving him an opportunity to take leave of you, and of your omitting to mention a word concerning him, in one of your letters: but I fancy you are like the coquettes, who, presuming on the power of their charms, are indifferent how far they may offend. I can assure you, that all

* See the original, in vol. XI. N.

trespasses will be forgiven you upon the receipt of the very first letter, and still more readily upon the very first hope that we shall see you again. Adieu; take care of yourself, and we shall be satisfied. I have no notion of sending you any news from this country: I am here a stranger more than ever; and I should never think of being naturalized in any other spot, but where I could spend my days in your company.

## MR. VOLTAIRE TO THE COUNT DE MORVILLE *,

MINISTER AND SECRETARY OF STATE, AT VERSAILLES.

MY LORD, JUNE, 1727.

HITHERTO I have confined myself to a tacit admiration of your management of the publick affairs of Europe: but it is impossible for a person, who has your glory so much at heart, and for whom you have a sincere affection, to keep silence any longer, and not to present his sincere compliments to you upon the wisdom of your conduct.

Besides, I could not decline the honour, which the celebrated Dean Swift does me, in offering to deliver this letter to your lordship. I am sensible that he is already known to you by fame, and that you are desirous of his acquaintance. He does honour to a nation which you highly esteem. You have perused

* See the original, vol. XI. N.

the translations of several pieces attributed to him; and who is more capable than you, my lord, of discovering the beauties of an original, even through the veil of an inelegant version? I apprehend you will not be sorry to dine in company with Dean Swift, and the president Henault: and I also flatter myself, that the liberty I take in introducing to your acquaintance one of the most extraordinary men that England ever produced; one who is most capable of forming a just idea of your truly great qualities, will be considered by you as a token of my sincere attachment to your person.

I shall ever remain, with the most profound respect and esteem, my lord, your lordship's most obedient humble servant,

VOLTAIRE.

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## FROM THE ABBE DES FONTAINES *.

SIR, PARIS, JULY 4, 1727.

I HAVE the honour to send you the second edition of your work, which I have translated into French. I should have sent you the first, had I not been obliged, for reasons which I am not at liberty to tell you, to insert a passage in the preface, which you would not have been pleased with, and which indeed I inserted much against my inclinations. As the book has made its way without opposition, these reasons no longer subsist, and I have expunged this

* See the original, vol. XI. N.

passage in the second edition, as you will find. I have likewise altered the passage relating to my lord Carteret, concerning which I had received false intelligence. In many parts you will easily see that my translation is not exact; but what pleases in England, has not always the same effect in France; either because our manners are different, or because the illusions and allegories, that strike people in one country, do not make the same impression in another; or, in fine, because the two nations do not always agree in taste. My intention was to present my countrymen with a book, which might be of use to them; and this has made me take some liberties in varying from the original. I have been even so free as to make some additions, according as I found my own imagination raised by yours. To you only I am indebted for the honour this translation does me; a translation that has been sold with amazing rapidity, for there have been already three editions of it. I have conceived so high an esteem for you, and so greatly am I obliged to you, that if you are not entirely satisfied with the suppression I made in this edition, I am still ready to go any farther length, in order to conceal the memory of that part of the preface: as for the rest, I beg you will pay due attention to the justice I have done you in that very preface.

We flatter ourselves that we shall soon have the honour of seeing you in this capital. All your friends are impatient for your arrival. Nothing else is talked of: and all Paris eagerly expects this agreeable event. Do not defer giving us this pleasure; you will see a nation that holds you in the highest esteem. In the mean time I claim the honour of

your

your friendship, and beg you will be persuaded, that no one respects you more than myself; being with the profoundest regard and esteem, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

THE ABBE DES FONTAINES.

Dr. Arbuthnot has been so good as to undertake to deliver this letter to you, together with the copy of your work, which I have the honour of sending you.

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## DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER *.

SIR, AUGUST, 1727.

IT is above a month since I received your letter of the 4th of July; but the copy of the second edition of your translation is not yet come to hand. I have read the preface to the first; and give me leave to tell you, that I was very much surprised to find, that at the same time you mentioned the country in which I was born, you also took notice of me by name, as the author of that book, though I have had the misfortune of incurring the displeasure of some of our ministers by it, and never acknowledged it as mine. Your behaviour however, in this respect, though somewhat exceptionable, shall not prevent me from doing you justice. The generality of translators are very lavish of their praises on such works as they undertake to render into their own

* See the original, vol. XI. N.

language,

# JOURNAL TO STELLA*.

## LETTER I †.

CHESTER, SEPT. 2, 1710.

JOE‡ will give you an account of me till I got into the boat, after which the rogues made a new bargain,

* These letters to Stella, or Mrs. Johnson, were all written in a series from the time of Dr. Swift's landing at Chester, in September 1710, until his return to Ireland in June 1713, upon being made dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. The letters were all very carefully preserved by Stella; and at her death, if not before, taken back by Dr. Swift; for what end we know not, unless it were to compare the current news of the times with that history of the queen which he writ at Windsor in the year 1713: they were sometimes addressed to Mrs. Johnson, and sometimes to Mrs. Dingley, who was a relation of the Temple family, and friend to Mrs. Johnson. Both these ladies went over to Ireland upon Swift's invitation in the year 1701, and lodged constantly together. D. S.

† Indorsed by Dr. Swift, "M. D. received this September 9. —Letters to Ireland from Sept. 1710, begun soon after the change of Ministry.—Nothing in this." N.

‡ Mr. Joseph Beaumont, merchant, of Trim, whose name frequently occurs in these papers. He was a venerable, handsome, greyheaded man, of quick and various natural abilities, but not improved by learning: his *forte* was mathematicks, which he applied to some useful purposes in the linen trade, but chiefly to the investigation of the longitude; which was supposed to have occasioned a lunacy, with which he was seized in Dublin about the year 1718; whence he was brought home to Trim, and recovered his understanding. But some years after, having relapsed into his former malady, he cut his throat in a fit of distraction. D. S.

and

and forced me to give them two crowns, and talked as if we should not be able to overtake any ship; but in half an hour we got to the yacht; for the ships lay by to wait for my lord lieutenant's steward. We made our voyage in fifteen hours just. Last night I came to this town, and shall leave it, I believe, on Monday: the first man I met in Chester was Dr. Raymond *. He and Mrs. Raymond were here about levying a fine, in order to have power to sell their estate. I got a fall off my horse, riding here from Parkgate, but no hurt; the horse understanding falls very well, and lying quietly till I got up. My duty to the bishop of Clogher †. I saw him returning from Dunlary ‡; but he saw not me. I take it ill he was not at convocation, and that I have not his name to my powers. I beg you will hold your resolution of going to Trim, and riding there as much as you can. Let the bishop of Clogher remind the bishop of Killala to send me a letter, with one enclosed to the bishop of Litchfield §. Let all who write to me, enclose to Richard Steele, esq., at his office at the Cockpit near Whitehall. My lord Mountjoy is now in the humour that we should begin our journey this afternoon, so that I have stolen here again to finish this letter, which must be short or

* Vicar of Trim, and formerly one of the fellows of the University of Dublin. D. S.

† Dr. St. George Ashe, who, in 1716 was made bishop of Derry. N.

‡ This must have been while Swift was sailing in the bay of Dublin, and the bishop riding upon the North Strand. D. S.

§ Dr. John Hough, bishop of Oxford 1690; of Litchfield and Coventry 1699; of Worcester 1717. He died March 8, 1743, having been a bishop almost 53 years. N.

long

long accordingly. I write this post to Mrs. Wellesley*, and will tell her, that I have taken care she may have her bill of one hundred and fifty pounds whenever she pleases to send for it; and in that case I desire you will send it her enclosed and sealed. God Almighty bless you; and, for God's sake, be merry, and get your health. I am perfectly resolved to return as soon as I have done my commission †, whether it succeeds or not. I never went to England with so little desire in my life. If Mrs. Curry makes any difficulty about the lodgings, I will quit them, and pay her from July 9; and Mrs. Brent must write to Parvisol with orders accordingly. The post is just come from London, and just going out, so I have only time to pray God to bless poor little MD, MD, MD, MD, MD, MD, MD, MD.

## LETTER II.

LONDON, SATURDAY,
SEPT. 9, 1710.

I GOT here last Thursday after five days travelling, weary the first, almost dead the second, tolerable the third, and well enough the rest; and am now glad of the fatigue, which has served for exercise;

* Elizab[illegible], lady of Garret Wellesley, esq., one of the daughters of sir Dudley Colley. See vol. IX. D. S.

† To solicit the queen to remit the first-fruits and twentieth parts, payable to the crown by the clergy of Ireland. D. S.

and

and I am at present well enough. The whigs were ravished to see me, and would lay hold on me as a twig while they are drowning, and the great men making me their clumsy apologies, &c. But my lord treasurer * received me with a great deal of coldness, which has enraged me so I am almost vowing revenge. I have not yet gone half my circle; but I find all my acquaintance just as I left them. I hear my lady Giffard † is much at court, and lady Wharton was ridiculing it the other day; so I have lost a friend there. I have not yet seen her, nor intend it: but I will contrive to see Stella's mother ‡ some other way. I writ to the bishop of Clogher from Chester; and I now write to the archbishop of Dublin. Every thing is turning upside down; every whig in great office will, to a man, be infallibly put out; and we shall have such a winter as has not been seen in England. Every body asks me, how I came to be so long in Ireland, as naturally as if here were my being; but no soul offers to make it so: and I protest I shall return to Dublin, and the canal at Laracor §, with more satisfaction than I ever did in my life. The Tatler ‖ expects every day to be turned out of his employment; and the duke of Ormond, they say, will be lieutenant of Ireland. I hope you are now peaceable in Presto's ¶

* The earl of Godolphin. D. S.

† Sister to sir William Temple. D. S.

‡ She was at that time in lady Giffard's family. D. S.

§ The Doctor's benefice in the diocese of Meath. D. S.

‖ Mr. Steele. D. S.

¶ In these letters Pdfr, stand for Dr. Swift; Ppt, for Stella, D. for Dingley; D. D. generally for Dingley, but sometimes for both Stella and Dingley; and MD. generally stands for both

lodgings;

lodgings: but I resolve to turn you out by Christmas: in which time I shall either do my business or find it not to be done. Pray be at Trim by the time this letter comes to you, and ride little Johnson, who must needs be now in good case. I have begun this letter unusually on the postnight, and have already written to the archbishop; and cannot lengthen this. Henceforth I will write something every day to MD, and make it a sort of journal: and when it is full, I will send it whether MD writes or not: and so that will be pretty: and I shall always be in conversation with MD, and MD with Presto. Pray make Parvisol* pay you the ten pounds immediately; so I ordered him. They tell me I grow fatter, and look better; and, on Monday, Jervis is to retouch my picture. I thought I saw Jack Temple† and his wife pass by me to day in their coach; but I took no notice of them. I am glad I have wholly shaken off that family‡. Tell the provost § I have obeyed his commands to the duke of Ormond; or let it alone, if you please. I saw Jemmy Leigh ‖ just now at the coffee-house, who asked

these ladies; yet sometimes only for Stella. But, to avoid perplexing the reader, it was thought more adviseable to use the word Presto for Swift, which is borrowed from the Duchess of Shrewsbury, who whimsically called him Dr. Presto, which is the Italian for Swift. D. S.

* The Doctor's agent at Laracor. D. S.

† Nephew to sir William. N.

‡ This coldness between the Temple family and Dr. Swift has been variously accounted for, but never satisfactorily cleared up. D. S.

§ Dr. Pratt, afterward dean of Downe. D. S.

‖ A gentleman of fortune in the county of Westmeath, in Ireland, whose name often occurs in these letters. He was well acquainted

asked after you with great kindness: he talks of going in a fortnight to Ireland. My service to the Dean *, and Mrs. Walls and her archdeacon. Will Frankland's wife is near bringing to bed, and I have promised to christen the child. I fancy you had my Chester letter the Tuesday after I writ. I presented Dr. Raymond to lord Wharton at Chester. Pray let me know when Joe gets his money †. It is near ten, and I hate to send by the bellman. MD shall have a longer letter in a week, but I send this only to tell I am safe in London; and so farewell, &c.

## LETTER III.

LONDON, SEPT. 9, 1710.

AFTER seeing the duke of Ormond, dining with Dr. Cockburn, passing some part of the afternoon with sir Matthew Dudley and Will Frankland, the rest at St. James's Coffeehouse, I came home and writ to the archbishop of Dublin and MD, and am going to bed. I forgot to tell you, that I begged

acquainted with Stella, and seems to have had a great esteem for her merit and accomplishments. D. S.

* Dr. Sterne, dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. D. S.

† This money was a premium of two hundred pounds the government had promised him for his mathematical sleaing tables, calculated for the improvement of the linen manufactory, which were afterwards printed, and are still highly regarded. D. S.

Will

Will Frankland to stand Manley's * friend with his father in this shaking season for places. He told me his father † was in danger to be out; that several were now soliciting for Manley's place; that he was accused of opening letters; that sir Thomas Frankland would sacrifice every thing to save himself; and in that I fear Manley is undone, &c.

10. To day I dined with lord Mountjoy at Kensington; saw my mistress, Ophy Butler's wife, who is grown a little charmless. I sat till ten in the evening with Addison and Steele: Steele will certainly lose his Gazetteer's place, all the world detesting his engaging in parties ‡. At ten I went to the coffeehouse, hoping to find lord Radnor, whom I had not seen. He was there; for an hour and a half we talked treason heartily against the whigs, their baseness and ingratitude. And I am come home rolling resentments in my mind, and framing schemes of revenge: full of which (having written down some hints) I go to bed. I am afraid MD dined at home, because it is Sunday; and there was a little halfpint of wine: for God's sake be good girls, and all will be well. Ben Took § was with me this morning.

11. Seven morning. I am rising to go to Jervis to finish my picture, and it is shaving day, so good morrow MD; but do not keep me now, for I cannot stay; and pray dine with the dean, but do not lose your money. I long to hear from you, &c.—Ten at night. I sat four hours this morning to

* Postmaster general of Ireland. D. S.

† Sir Thomas Frankland, postmaster general in England. N.

‡ See Tatler, No. 193. N.

§ The doctor's bookseller. D. S.

Jervis,

Jervis, who has given my picture quite another turn, and now approves it entirely: but we must have the approbation of the town. If I were rich enough, I would get a copy of it and bring it over. Mr. Addison and I dined together at his lodgings, and I sat with him part of this evening; and I am now come home to write an hour. Patrick observes that the rabble here are much more inquisitive in politicks than in Ireland. Every day we expect changes, and the Parliament to be dissolved. Lord Wharton expects every day to be out: he is working like a horse for elections; and in short I never saw so great a ferment among all sorts of people. I had a miserable letter from Joe last Saturday, telling me Mr. Pratt * refuses payment of his money. I have told it Mr. Addison, and will to lord Wharton; but I fear with no success. However I will do all I can.

12. To day I presented Mr. Ford to the duke of Ormond; and paid my first visit to lord president † with whom I had much discourse; but put him always off when he began of lord Wharton in relation to me, till he urged it: then I said he knew I never expected any thing from lord Wharton, and that lord Wharton knew that I understood it so. He said that he had written twice to lord Wharton about me, who both times said nothing at all to that part of his letter. I am advised not to meddle in the affair of the first-fruits, till this hurry is a little over, which still depends, and we are all in the dark. Lord president told me he expects every day to be out, and has done so these two months. I protest upon my

* Vicetreasurer of Ireland. D. S.

† Lord Somers. D. S.

life,

life, I am heartily weary of this town, and wish I had never stirred.

13. I went this morning to the city to see Mr. Stratford the Hamburgh merchant, my old school-fellow; but called at Bull's on Ludgate hill, he forced me to his house at Hampstead to dinner among a great deal of ill company; among the rest Mr. Hoadly *, the whig clergyman, so famous for acting the contrary part to Sacheverell: but to morrow I design again to see Stratford. I was glad, however to be at Hampstead, where I saw lady Lucy and Moll Stanhope. I hear very unfortunate news of Mrs. Long; she and her comrade have broke up house, and she is broke for good and all, and is gone to the country: I should be extremely sorry if this be true.

14. To day I saw Patty Rolt, who heard I was in town; and I dined with Stratford at a merchant's in the city, where I drank the first Tokay wine I ever saw; and it is admirable, yet not to a degree I expected. Stratford is worth a plum, and is now lending the government forty thousand pounds; yet we were educated together † at the same school and

* Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, afterwards bishop of Winchester. D. S.

† Budgell, in Spectator, No. 353, thus describes these schoolfellows.—"One of them was not only thought an impenetrable blockhead at school, but still maintained his reputation at the university; the other was the pride of his master, and the most celebrated person in the college of which he was a member. The man of genius is at present buried in a country parsonage of eighty-five pounds a year; whilst the other, with the bare abilities of a common scrivener, has got an estate of above an hundred thousand pounds."—"These inequalities (observes

and university. We hear the chancellor is to be suddenly out, and sir Simon Harcourt to succeed him: I am come early home, not caring for the coffeehouse.

15. To day Mr. Addison, colonel Freind and I went to see the million lottery drawn at Guildhall. The jackanapes of blue coat boys gave themselves such airs in pulling out the tickets, and showed white hands open to the company, to let us see there was no cheat. We dined at a country house near Chelsea, where Mr. Addison often retires; and to night at the coffeehouse; we hear sir Simon Harcourt is made lord keeper: so that now we expect every moment the parliament will be dissolved; but I forgot that this letter will not go in three or four days, and that my news will be stale, which I should therefore put in the last paragraph. Shall I send this letter before I hear from MD, or shall I keep it to lengthen? I have not yet seen Stella's mother, because I will not see lady Giffard; but will contrive to get there when lady Giffard is abroad. I forgot to mark my two former letters; but I remember this is number 3, and I have not yet had number 1 from MD; but I shall by Monday, which I reckon will be just a fortnight after you had my first. I am resolved to bring over a great deal of china. I loved it mightily to day. What shall I bring?

16. Morning. Sir John Holland, comptroller of

the ingenious writer to whom I am indebted for pointing out this quotation) are too numerous and too well sanctioned, to be removed either by complaint or envy." See Mr. Chalmers's Historical and Biographical Preface prefixed to the Rambler, 1802, 18mo. N.

the

the household*, has sent to desire my acquaintance; I have a mind to refuse him because he is a whig, and will, I suppose, be out among the rest; but he is a man of worth and learning. Tell me, do you like this journal way of writing? Is it not tedious and dull?

Night. I dined to day with a cousin, a printer, where Patty Rolt lodges, and then came home, after a visit or two; and it has been a very insipid day. Mrs. Long's misfortune is confirmed to me; bailiffs were in her house; she retired to private lodgings; thence to the country, nobody knows where; her friends leave letters at some inn, and they are carried to her; and she writes answers without dating them from any place. I swear it grieves me to the soul.

17. To day I dined six miles out of town, with Will Pate the learned woollendraper †; Mr. Stratford

* He succeeded sir Thomas Felton, March 23, 1709-10. N.

† Mr. Pate was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he regularly took his degree of LL.B. He afterwards became a most eminent woollendraper, lived over against the Royal Exchange, and was commonly called "the learned tradesman." In the picture gallery at Oxford, under the portrait of John Cornelius Digby, is written, "the gift of William Pate, of London, woollendraper, 1692." Mr. Pope, in a letter to Mr. Hughes, April 13, 1714, speaking of his proposals for Homer, says, "I have inclosed another for Mr. Pate, if he thinks fit to oblige me so far, as you seemed inclined to believe he might." In 1734, he was one of the sheriffs of London, and died in 1746. In the church yard at Lee, in Kent, where he lived for many years in a delightful house adjoining the rectory of that place, in which he died, is the following Epitaph to his memory:

ford went with me: six miles here is nothing: we left Pate after sunset, and were here before it was dark. This letter shall go on Thursday, whether I hear from MD or no. My health continues pretty well; pray God, Stella may give me a good account of hers; and I hope you are now at Trim, or soon designing it. I was disappointed to night: the fellow gave me a letter, and I hoped to see little MD's hand; and it was only to invite me to a venison pasty to day: so I lost my pasty into the bargain. Pox on these declining courtiers! Here is Mr. Brydges the paymaster general desiring my acquaintance; but I hear the queen sent lord Shrewsbury to assure him he may keep his place; and he promises me great assistance in the affair of the first-fruits. Well, I must turn over this leaf to night, though the side would hold another line; but pray

" Hic jacent Reliquiæ
*GULIELMI PATE,*
Viri
Propter Ingenii Fœcunditatem
Et Literarum Peritiam
Haud minus eximii,
Quam
Ob Morum Urbanitatem Suavitatemque
Dilecti.
Hunc Lapidem
Sequenti Apophthegmate Aureo incisum,
Tumulo imponi jussit:
" Epicharmian illud teneto,
" Nervos atque Artus esse Sapientiæ,
" NON TEMERE CREDERE."
Obiit nono die Decembris,
Anno Ætatis suæ Octogesimo,
Æræ Christianæ
MDCCXLVI." N.

consider

consider this is a whole sheet: it holds a plaguy deal, and you must be content to be weary; but I will do so no more. Sir Simon Harcourt is made attorney general, and not lord keeper.

18. To day I dined with Mr. Stratford at Mr. Addison's retirement near Chelsea; they came to town; got home early and began a letter to the Tatler * about the corruptions of style and writing, &c. and having not heard from you, am resolved this letter shall go to night. Lord Wharton was sent for to town in mighty haste, by the duke of Devonshire: they have some project in hand; but it will not do, for every hour we expect a thorough revolution, and that the parliament will be dissolved. When you see Joe, tell him lord Wharton is too busy to mind any of his affairs; but I will get what good offices I can from Mr. Addison, and will write to day to Mr. Pratt; and bid Joe not to be discouraged, for I am confident he will get the money under any government; but he must have patience.

19. I have been scribbling this morning, and I believe shall hardly fill this side to day, but send it as it is; and it is good enough for naughty girls that will not write to a body, and to a good boy like Presto. I thought to have sent this to night, but was kept by company, and could not; and to say the truth, I had a little mind to expect one post more for a letter from MD. Yesterday at noon died

* See this Tatler (No. 230) in the sixth volume of the present collection. N.

the

the earl of Anglesey*, the great support of the tories; so that employment of vice treasurer of Ireland is again vacant. We were to have been great friends, and I could hardly have a loss that could grieve me more. The bishop of Durham † died the same day. The Duke of Ormond's daughter was to visit me to day at a thi d place by way of advance, and I am to return it to morrow. I have had a letter from lady Berkeley, begging me for charity to come to Berkeley castle, for company to my lord, who has been ill of a dropsy; but I cannot go, and must send my excuse to morrow. I am told, that in a few hours there will be more removals.

20. To day I returned my visit to the duke's daughters ‡ the insolent drabs came up to my very mouth to salute me; then I heard the report confirmed of removals; my lord president Somers; the duke of Devonshire, lord steward; and Mr. Boyle secretary of state, are all turned out to day. I never remember such bold steps taken by a court: I am almost shocked at it, though I did not care if they were all hanged. We are astonished why the parliament is not yet dissolved, and why they keep a matter of that importance to the last. We shall have a strange winter here between the struggles of

* John earl of Anglesey, succeeded his brother James September 19, 1701. He was joint vice treasurer of Ireland. N.

† It was not the Bishop of Durham, but of St. David's, Dr. George Bull, who died that day. He had been archdeacon of Llandaff; and was raised to the prelacy, April 29, 1705. N.

‡ See the Journal hereafter, October 20, 1710. N.

a cunning

a cunning provoked discarded party, and the triumphs of one in power; of both which I shall be an indifferent spectator, and return very peaceably to Ireland, when I have done my part in the affair I am intrusted with, whether it succeeds or not. To-morrow I change my lodgings in Pall Mall for one in Bury street, where I suppose I shall continue while I stay in London. If any thing happens to morrow I will add it,—Robin's Coffeehouse. We have great news just now from Spain; Madrid taken and Pampeluna. I am here ever interrupted.

21. I have just received your letter, which I will not answer now; God be thanked all things are so well. I find you have not yet had my second: I had a letter from Parvisol, who tells me he gave Mrs. Walls a bill of twenty pounds for me, to be given to you; but you have not sent it. This night the parliament is dissolved: great news from Spain; king Charles and Stanhope are at Madrid, and count Staremberg has taken Pampeluna. Farewell. This is from St. James's coffeehouse. I will begin my answer to your letter to night; but not send it this week. Pray tell me whether you like this journal way of writing.—I do not like your reasons for not going to Trim. Parvisol tells me he can sell your horse. Sell it with a pox? Pray let him know that he shall sell his soul as soon. What? sell any thing that Stella loves, and may sometimes ride? It is hers, and let her do as she pleases: pray let him know this by the first that you know goes [illegible] Let him sell my grey, and be hang[illegible]

I [illegible]

## LETTER IV.

LONDON, SEPT. 21, 1710.

HERE must I begin another Letter, on a whole sheet for fear saucy little MD should be angry, and think much that the paper is too little. I had your letter this night, as I told you just and no more in my last; for this must be taken up in answering yours, saucebox. I believe I told you where I dined to day; and to morrow I go out of town for two days to dine with the same company on Sunday; Molesworth the Florence envoy *, Stratford and some others. I heard to day that a gentlewoman from lady Giffard's house had been at the coffeehouse to inquire for me. It was Stella's mother, I suppose I shall send her a penny post letter to morrow, and contrive to see her without hazarding seeing lady Giffard, which I will not do until she begs my pardon.

22. I dined to day at Hampstead with lady Lucy, &c. and when I got home found a letter from Joe, with one enclosed to lord Wharton, which I will send to his excellency, and second it as well as I can; but to talk of getting the queen's orders is a

* John Molesworth, esq. envoy extraordinary from queen Anne to the grand duke of Tuscany, and from king George I, in 1720, to the king of Sardinia; and afterward to the states of Venice and Switzerland. He was a commissioner of the Stamp office; and was afterward the second lord viscount Molesworth, succeeding to that title in May 1725; but lived only to the 17th of the following February. N.

jest.

jest. Things are in such a combustion here, that I am advised not to meddle yet in the affair I am upon, which concerns the clergy of a whole kingdom; and does he think any body will trouble the queen about Joe? We shall, I hope, get a recommendation from the lord lieutenant to the trustees for the linen business, and I hope that will do; and so I will write to him in a few days, and he must have patience. This is an answer to part of your letter as well as his. I lied, it is to morrow I go to the country, and I will not answer a bit more of your letter yet.

23. Here is such a stir and bustle with this little MD of ours; I must be writing every night; I cannot go to bed without a word to them; I cannot put out my candle till I have bid them good night; O Lord, O Lord! Well, I dined the first time to day, with Will Frankland and his fortune: she is not very handsome. Did I not say I would go out of town to day; I hate lying abroad and clutter; I go to morrow in Frankland's chariot, and come back at night. Lady Berkeley has invited me to Berkeley castle, and lady Betty Germaine to Drayton in Northamptonshire, and I will go to neither. Let me alone, I must finish my pamphlet. I have sent a long letter to Bickerstaff: let the bishop of Clogher smoke it if he can. Well, I will write to the bishop of Killala; but you might have told him how sudden and unexpected my journey was though. Deuce take lady S——; and if I know D———y, he is a rawboned faced fellow, not handsome, nor visibly so young as you say: she sacrifices two thousand pounds a year, and keeps only six hundred. Well, you have had all my land journey in my second letter,

letter, and so much for that. So you have got into Presto's lodgings; very fine truly! We have had a fortnight of the most glorious weather on earth, and still continues: I hope you have made the best of it. Ballygall will be a pure good place for air, if Mrs. Ashe makes good her promise. Stella writes like an emperor: I am afraid it hurts your eyes; take care of that pray, pray, Mrs. Stella. Cannot you do what you will with your own horse? Pray do not let that puppy Parvisol sell him. Patrick is drunk about three times a week, and I bear it, and he has got the better of me; but one of these days I will positively turn him off to the wide world, when none of you are by to intercede for him.—Stuff—how can I get her husband into the Charter house? get, a —— into the Charter house.—Write constantly! Why sirrah, do not I write every day, and sometimes twice a day to MD? Now I have answered all your letter, and the rest must be as it can be; send me my bill. Tell Mrs. Brent * what I say of the Charter house. I think this enough for one night; and so farewell till this time to morrow.

24. To day I dined six miles out of town at Will Pate's with Stratford, Frankland, and the Molesworth's, and came home at night, and was weary and lazy. I can say no more now but good night.

25. I was so lazy to day that I dined at next door †, and have sat at home since six, writing to the bishop of Clogher, dean Sterne, and Mr. Man-

* The doctor's housekeeper. D. S.

† This must have been at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's. D. S.

ley: the last, because I am in fear for him about his place, and have sent him my opinion, what I and his other friends here think he ought to do. I hope he will take it well. My advice was, to keep as much in favour as possible with sir Thomas Frankland, his master here.

26. Smoke how I widen the margin by lying in bed when I write. My bed lies on the wrong side for me, so that I am forced often to write when I am up. Manley you must know has had people putting in for his place already; and has been complained of for opening letters. Remember that last Sunday, September 24, 1710, was as hot as Midsummer. This was written in the morning; it is now night, and Presto in bed. Here's a clutter, I have got MD's second letter, and I must answer it here. I gave the Bill to Tooke, and so—Well, I dined to day with sir John Holland the comptroller, and sat with him till eight; then came home and sent my letters, and writ a part of a lampoon *, which goes on very slow, and now I am writing to saucy MD; no wonder, indeed, good boys must write to naughty girls. I have not seen your mother yet; my pennypost letter, I suppose, miscarried: I will write another. Mr. S—— came to see me; and said M—— was going to the country next morning with her husband (who I find is a surly brute) so I could only desire my service to her.

27. To day all our company dined at Will Frankland's, with Steele and Addison too. This is the first rainy day since I came to town: I cannot afford

* The virtues of Sid Hamet the Magician's Rod'. See it in vol. XVI.

to

to answer your letter yet. Morgan, the puppy, writ me a long letter to desire I would recommend him for pursebearer or secretary to the next lord chancellor that would come with the next governor. I will not answer him; but beg you will say these words to his father Raymond *, or any body that will tell him: that Dr. Swift has received his letter, and would be very ready to serve him, but cannot do it in what he desires, because he has no sort of interest in the persons to be applied to. These words you may write, and let Joe or Mr. Warburton†, give them to him: a pox on him! However, it is by these sort of ways that fools get preferment. I must not end yet, because I cannot say good night without losing a line, and then MD would scold; but now, good night.

28. I have the finest piece of Brazil tobacco for Dingley that ever was born. You talk of Leigh; why he will not be in Dublin these two months: he goes to the country, then returns to London, to see how the world goes here in parliament. Good night sirrahs; no, no, not night; I writ this in the morning, and looking carelessly I thought it had been of last night. I dined to day with Mrs. Barton alone at her lodgings, where she told me for certain that lady S—— was with child when she was last in England, and pretended a tympany, and saw every body; then disappeared for three weeks, her tympany was gone, and she looked like a ghost, &c. No wonder she married when she was so ill at containing.

* Dr. Raymond is only called his father, because he espoused Mr. Morgan's interest with all his power. D. S.

† The Doctor's curate at Laracor. D. S.

Conolly

Conolly is out *, and Mr. Roberts in his place, who loses a better here, but was formerly a commissioner in Ireland. That employment cost Conolly three thousand pounds to lord Wharton, so he has made one ill bargain in his life.

29. I wish MD a merry Michaelmas. I dined with Mr. Addison, and Jervis the painter, at Addison's country place; and then came home, and writ more to my lampoon. I made a Tatler since I came: guess which it is, and whether the bishop of Clogher smokes it. I saw Mr. Sterne to day: he will do as you order, and I will give him chocolate for Stella's health. He goes not these three weeks. I wish I could send it some other way. So now to your letter, brave boys. I do not like your way of saving shillings: nothing vexes me but that it does not make Stella a coward in a coach. I do not think any lady's advice about my ears signifies two pence: however I will, in compliance to you, ask Dr. Cockburn. Radcliffe I know not, and Bernard I never see. Walls † will certainly be stingier for seven years, upon pretence of his robbery. So Stella puns again; why it is well enough; but I will not second it, though I could make a dozen: I never thought of a pun since I left Ireland.—Bishop of Clogher's bill? why, he paid it me; do you think I was such a fool as to go without it? As for the four shillings, I will give you a bill on Parvisol for it on the other side this paper; and pray tear off the two letters I shall write to him and Joe, or let Dingley transcribe

* William Conolly, esq., a commissioner of the revenue, &c. and afterward speaker. N.

† Archdeacon. N.

and

and send them; though that to Parvisol, I believe, he must have my hand for. No, no, I will eat no grapes; I ate about six the other day at Sir John Holland's; but would not give sixpence for a thousand, they are so bad this year. Yes, faith, I hope in God Presto and MD will be together this time twelvemonth: what then? last year I suppose I was at Laracor; but next I hope to eat my Michaelmas goose at my little goose's lodgings. I drink no aile (I suppose you mean ale) but yet good wine every day, of five and six shillings a bottle. O Lord, how much Stella writes: pray do not carry that too far, young women, but be temperate to hold out. To morrow I go to Mr. Harley. Why; small hopes from the duke of Ormond: he loves me very well, I believe, and would in my turn, give me something to make me easy; and I have good interest among his best friends. But I do not think of any thing farther than the business I am upon: you see I writ to Manley before I had your letter, and I fear he will be out. Yes, Mrs. Owl, Blighe's corps came to Chester when I was there, and I told you so in my letter, or forgot it. I lodge in Bury street where I removed a week ago. I have the first floor, a dining room, and bedchamber at eight shillings a week; plaguy deep, but I spend nothing for eating, never go to a tavern, and very seldom in a coach; yet after all it will be expensive. Why do you trouble yourself, mistress Stell, about my instrument? I have the same the archbishop gave me: and it is as good now the bishops are away. The dean friendly! the dean be poxt: a great piece of friendship indeed, what you heard him tell the bishop of Clogher; I wonder he had the face to talk so: but he lent me money,

money, and that is enough. Faith I would not send this these four days, only for writing to Joe, and Parvisol. Tell the dean that when the bishops send me any packets, they must not write to me at Mr. Steele's; but direct for Steele, at his office at the Cockpit; and let the inclosed be directed for me; that mistake cost me eighteen pence the other day.

30. I dined with Stratford to day, but am not to see Mr. Harley till Wednesday: it is late, and I send this before there is occasion for the bell; because I would have Joe have his letter, and Parvisol too: which you must so contrive as not to cost them double postage. I can say no more, but that I am, &c.

## LETTER V.

LONDON, SEPT. 30, 1710.

HAVE not I brought myself into a fine *premunire* to begin writing letters in whole sheets, and now I dare not leave it off. I cannot tell whether you like these journal letters: I believe they would be dull to me to read them over; but, perhaps, little MD is pleased to know how Presto passes his time in her absence. I always begin my last the same day I ended the former. I told you where I dined to day at a tavern with Stratford: Lewis, who is a great favourite of Harley's, was to have been with us; but he was hurried to Hampton court, and sent his excuse, and that next Wednesday he would introduce me

me to Harley. It is good to see what a lamentable confession the whigs all make me of my ill usage: but I mind them not. I am already represented to Harley as a discontented person, that was used ill for not being whig enough; and I hope for good usage from him. The tories dryly tell me, I may make my fortune, if I please; but I do not understand them, or rather I do understand them.

Oct. 1. To day I dined at Molesworth's, the Florence envoy: and sat this evening with my friend Darteneuf*, whom you have heard me talk of; the greatest punster of this town next myself. Have you smoked the Tatler that I writ? it is much liked here, and I think it a pure one. To morrow I go with Delaval the Portugal envoy, to dine with lord Halifax near Hampton court. Your Manley's brother, a Parliament man here, has gotten an employment; and I am informed uses much interest to preserve his brother: and, to day, I spoke to the elder Frankland to engage his father, (postmaster here) and I hope he will be safe, although he is cruelly hated by all the tories of Ireland. I have almost finished my lampoon, and will print it for revenge on a certain great person†. It has cost me but three shillings in meat and drink since I came here, as thin as the town is. I laugh to see myself so disengaged in these revolutions. Well, I must leave off and go write to sir John Stanley, to desire him to engage lady Hyde, as my mistress to engage lord Hyde, in favour of Mr. Pratt.

* See Journal of March 22, 1710-11. N.

† The earl of Godolphin. D. S.

2. Lord

2. Lord Halifax was at Hampton Court at his lodgings, and I dined with him there with Methuen * and Delaval and the late attorney general. I went to the drawing room before dinner, (for the queen was at Hampton court) and expected to see nobody: but I met acquaintance enough. I walked in the gardens, saw the cartons of Raphael, and other things, and with great difficulty got from lord Halifax, who would have kept me to morrow to show me his house and park, and improvements. We left Hampton court at sun set, and got here in a chariot and two horses time enough by star light. That's something charms me mightily about London; that you go dine a dozen miles off in October, stay all day, and return so quickly: you cannot do any thing like this in Dublin †. I writ a second penny post letter to your mother, and hear nothing of her. Did I tell you that earl Berkeley ‡ died last Sunday was sennight, at Berkeley Castle, of a dropsy? Lord Halifax began a health to me to day: it was "the resurrection of the whigs;" which I refused unless he would add their reformation too: and I told him he was the only whig in England I loved, or had any good opinion of.

3. This morning Stella's sister came to me with a letter from her mother, who is at Sheen; but will soon be in town, and will call to see me: she gave

* Sir Paul Methuen, a very ingenious gentleman who was ambassador at the Court of Portugal. D. S.

† When this letter was written there were no turnpike roads in Ireland; but the case now is quite altered. D. S.

‡ See his epitaph by Dr. Swift, in a letter dated February 2, 1710-11. in vol. X. p. 166. and a completer copy in vol. XVI. p. 97.

me a bottle of palsy water, a small one, and desired I would send it you by the first convenience, as I will; and she promises a quart bottle of the same; your sister looked very well, and seems a good modest sort of girl. I went then to Mr. Lewis, first secretary to lord Dartmouth, and favourite to Mr. Harley, who is to introduce me to morrow morning. Lewis had with him one Mr. Dyot, a justice of peace, worth twenty thousand pounds, a commissioner of the stampoffice, and married to a sister of sir Philip Meadows, envoy to the emperor. I tell you this, because it is odds but this Mr. Dyot will be hanged *; for he is discovered to have counterfeited stamp paper, in which he was a commissioner: and, with his accomplices has cheated the queen of a hundred thousand pounds. You will hear of it before this come to you, but may be not so particularly; and it is a very odd accident in such a man. Smoke Presto writing news to MD. I dined to day with lord Mountjoy at Kensington, and walked from thence this evening to town like an emperor. Remember that yesterday, October 2, was a cruel hard frost with ice; and six days ago I was dying with heat. As thin as the town is, I have more dinners than ever, and am asked this month by some people, without being able to come for pre-engagements. Well, but I should write plainer, when I consider Stella cannot read, and Dingley is not so skilful at my ugly hand. I had, to night, a letter from Mr. Pratt, who tells me, Joe will have his money when there are trustees appointed by the lord lieutenant, for

* Richard Dyot was tried at the Old Bailey, January 13, 1710-11: and was acquitted; but on the 15th, a bill of indictment was found against him for a high misdemeanour. N.

receiving

receiving and disposing the linen fund; and whenever those trustees are appointed, I will solicit whoever is lord lieutenant, and am in no fear of succeeding. So pray tell or write him word, and bid him not be cast down; for Ned Southwell * and Mr. Addison both think Pratt in the right. Do not lose your money at Manley's to night, sirrahs.

4. After I had put out my candle last night, my landlady came into my room, with a servant of lord Halifax, to desire I would go dine with him at his house near Hampton court; but I sent him word I had business of great importance that hindered me, &c. And, to day, I was brought privately to Mr. Harley, who received me with the greatest respect and kindness imaginable: he has appointed me an hour on Saturday, at four, afternoon, when I will open my business to him; which expression I would not use if I were a woman. I know you smoked it: but I did not till I writ it. I dined to day at Mr. Delaval's, the envoy of Portugal, with Nic. Rowe the poet, and other friends; and I gave my lampoon to be printed. I have more mischief in my heart; and I think it shall go round with them all, as this hits, and I can find hints. I am certain I answered your 2d letter, and yet I do not find it here. I suppose it was in my 4th; and why N. 2d, 3d; is it not enough to say, as I do, 1, 2, 3? &c. I am going to work at another Tatler: I will be far enough but I say the same thing over two or three times, just as I do when I am talking to little MD; but what care I? they can read it as easily as I can write it: I think I have brought these lines pretty straight again. I fear it

* A privy counsellor, and secretary of state for Ireland. N.

will be long before I finish two sides at this rate. Pray, dear MD, when I occasionally give you a little commission mixed with my letters, do not forget it, as that to Morgan and Joe, &c. for I write just as I can remember, otherwise I would put them all together. I was to visit Mr. Sterne to day, and gave him your commission about handkerchiefs: that of chocolate I will do myself, and send it him when he goes, and you will pay me when *the givers bread*, &c. To night I will read a pamphlet, to amuse myself. God preserve your dear healths.

5. This morning Delaval came to see me, and we went to Kneller's * who was not in town. In the way we met the electors for parliament men: and the rabble came about our coach, crying a Colt, a Stanhope, &c. We were afraid of a dead cat, or our glasses broken, and so were always of their side. I dined again at Delaval's; and in the evening at the coffeehouse, heard sir Andrew Fountaine was come to town. This has been but an insipid sort of day, and I have nothing to remark upon it worth three pence: I hope MD had a better, with the dean, the bishop, or Mrs. Walls. Why, the reason you lost four and eight pence last night but one at Manley's, was because you played bad games; I took notice of six that you had ten to one against you; would any but a mad lady go out twice upon manilio, basto, and two small diamonds? Then in that game of spades, you blundered when you had ten ace; I never saw the like of you: and now you are in a huff because I tell you this. Well, here is two and eight pence halfpenny toward your loss.

* Sir Godfrey Kneller's, the painter. D. S.

6. Sir

6. Sir Andrew Fountaine came this morning, and caught me writing in bed. I went into the city with him; and we dined at the chophouse with Will Pate, the learned woollendraper: then we sauntered at chinashops and booksellers; went to the tavern, drank two pints of white wine, and never parted till ten: and now I am come home, and must copy out some papers I intend for Mr. Harley, whom I am to see, as I told you, to morrow afternoon: so that this night I shall say little to MD, but that I heartily wish myself with them, and will come as soon as I either fail, or compass my business. We now hear daily of elections; and in a list I saw yesterday of about twenty, there are seven or eight more tories than in the last parliament; so that I believe they need not fear a majority, with the help of those who will vote as the court pleases. But I have been told, that Mr. Harley himself would not let the tories be too numerous, for fear they should be insolent, and kick against him; and for that reason they have kept several whigs in employments, who expected to be turned out every day: as sir John Holland the comptroller, and many others. And so get you gone to your cards, and your claret and orange, at the dean's *, and I will go write.

7. I wonder when this letter will be finished: it must go by Tuesday, that is certain; and if I have one from MD before, I will not answer it, that is as certain too! It is now morning, and I did not finish my papers for Mr. Harley last night; for you must understand Presto was sleepy, and made blunders and blots. Very pretty that I must be writing

* Dr. Sterne. N.

to young women in a morning fresh and fasting, faith. Well, good morrow to you; and so I go to business, and lay aside this paper till night, sirrahs. —At night. Jack Howe told Harley, "that if there were a lower place in Hell than another, it was reserved for his porter, who tells lies so gravely, and with so civil a manner." This porter I have had to deal with, going this evening at four to visit Mr. Harley, by his own appointment. But the fellow told me no lie, though I suspected every word he said. He told me, "his master was just gone to dinner, with much company, and desired I would come an hour hence;" which I did, expecting to hear Mr. Harley was gone out; but they had just done dinner. Mr. Harley came out to me, brought me in, and presented me to his son-in-law, lord Doblane * (or some such name) and his own son, and among others, Will Penn the Quaker: we sat two hours drinking as good wine as you do; and two hours more he and I alone; where he heard me tell my business: entered into it with all kindness; asked for my powers, and read them; and read likewise a memorial I had drawn up, and put it in his poket to show the queen; told me the measures he would take; and, in short, said every thing I could wish: told me he must bring Mr. St. John (secretary of state) and me acquainted: and spoke so many things of personal kindness and esteem for me, that I am inclined half to believe what some friends have told me, That he would do every thing to bring me over. He has desired to dine with me (what a co-

* George Henry Hay, viscount Dupplin, eldest son to the earl of Kinnoul, to which title he afterwards succeeded. N.

mical

mical mistake was that!) I mean he has desired me to dine with him on Tuesday; and after four hours being with him, set me down at St. James's coffee-house, in a hackney coach. All this is odd and comical, if you consider him and me. He knew my christian name very well. I could not forbear saying thus much upon this matter, although you will think it tedious. But I will tell you; you must know, it is fatal to me to be a scoundrel and a prince the same day: for being to see him at four, I could not engage myself to dine at any friend's; so I went to Tooke, to give him a ballad and dine with him; but he was not at home: so I was forced to go to a blind chophouse, and dine for ten pence upon gill ale, bad broth, and three chops of mutton; and then go reeking from thence to the first minister of state. And now I am going in charity to send Steele a Tatler, who is very low of late. I think I am civiller than I used to be; and have not used the expression of "*you in* Ireland" and "*we in* England," as I did when I was here before, to your great indignation. They may talk of the *you know what* *; but, gad, if it had not been for that, I should never have been able to get the access I have had; and if that helps me to succeed, then that *same thing* will be serviceable to the church. But how far we must depend upon new friends, I have learnt by long practice, though I think among great ministers,

* These words plainly refer to some particular publication of Swift's, which he supposes induced the ministers to court him. It is certain, that after he had become intimate with the ministry, they freely acknowledged to him in conversation that he was the only man in England they were afraid of. D. S.

nisters, they are just as good as old ones. And so I think this important day has made a great hole in this side of the paper; and the fiddle faddles of to morrow and Monday will make up the rest; and, besides, I shall see Harley on Tuesday before this letter goes.

8. I must tell you a great piece of refinement of Harley. He charged me to come to him often; I told him I was loth to trouble him in so much business as he had, and desired I might have leave to come at his levee; which he immediately refused, and said, "That was not a place for friends to come to." It is now but morning, and I have got a foolish trick, I must say something to MD when I wake, and wish them a good morrow; for this is not a shaving day, Sunday, so I have time enough: but get you gone, you rogues, I must go write; yes, it will vex me to the blood if any of these long letters should miscarry: if they do, I will shrink to half sheets again; but then what will you do to make up the journal? there will be ten days of Presto's life lost; and that will be a sad thing, faith and troth. —At night. I was at a loss to day for a dinner, unless I would have gone a great way, so I dined with some friends that board hereabout, as a spunger; and this evening sir Andrew Fountaine would needs have me go to the tavern, where, for two bottles of wine, Portugal and Florence, among three of us, we had sixteen shillings to pay; but if ever he catches me so again, I will spend as many pounds: and therefore I have put it among my extraordinaries: but we had a neck of mutton dressed *à la Maintenon*, that the dog could not eat: and it is now twelve o'clock, and I must go sleep. I hope this letter

will go before I have MD's third. Do you believe me? and yet, faith, I long for MD's third too: and yet I would have it to say, that I write five for two. I am not fond at all of St. James's coffeehouse, as I used to be. I hope it will mend in winter; but now they are all out of town at elections, or not come from their country houses. Yesterday I was going with Dr. Garth to dine with Charles Main, near the Tower, who has an employment there: he is of Ireland: the bishop of Clogher knows him well: an honest goodnatured fellow, a thorough hearty laughter, mightily beloved by the men of wit: his mistress is never above a cook maid. And so, good night, &c.

9. I dined to day at sir John Stanley's; my lady Stanley is one of my favourites: I have as many here as the bishop of Killala has in Ireland. I am thinking what scurvy company I shall be to MD when I come back; they know every thing of me already: I will tell you no more, or I shall have nothing to say, no story to tell, nor any kind of thing. I was very uneasy last night with ugly, nasty, filthy wine, that turned sour on my stomach. I must go to the tavern! O, but I told you that before. To morrow I dine at Harley's, and will finish this letter on my return; but I can write no more now, because of the archbishop: faith it is true; for I am going now to write to him an account of what I have done in the business with Harley: and faith, young women, I will tell you what you must count upon, that I never will write one word on the third side in these long letters.

10. Poor MD's letter was lying so huddled up among papers I could not find it: I mean poor

Presto's

Presto's letter. Well, I dined with Mr. Harley to day, and hope some things will be done; but I must say no more: and this letter must be sent to the posthouse, and not by the bellman. I am to dine again there on Sunday next; I hope to some good issue. And so now, soon as ever I can in bed, I must begin my 6th to MD, as gravely as if I had not written a word this month: fine doings, faith. Methinks I do not write as I should, because I am not in bed: see the ugly wide lines. God Almighty ever bless you, &c.

Faith, this is a whole treatise: I will go reckon the lines on the other sides. I have reckoned them *.

## LETTER VI.

LONDON, OCT. 10, 1710.

So as I told you just now in the letter I sent half an hour ago, I dined with Mr. Harley to day, who presented me to the attorney general sir Simon Harcourt, with much compliment on all sides, &c. Harley told me he had shown my memorial to the queen, and seconded it very heartily; and he desires me to dine with him again on Sunday, when he promises to settle it with her majesty, before she names a governor; and I protest I am in hopes it will be done, all but the forms, by that time: for he loves

* Seventy-three lines in folio upon one page, and in a very small hand. D. S.

the

the church: this is a popular thing, and he would not have a governor share in it; and, besides, I am told by all hands, he has a mind to gain me over. But in the letter I writ last post (yesterday) to the archbishop I did not tell him a syllable of what Mr. Harley said to me last night, because he charged me to keep it secret: so I would not tell it to you, but that before this goes, I hope the secret will be over. I am now writing my poetical description of "a shower in London," and will send it to the Tatler *. This is the last sheet of a whole quire I have written since I came to town. Pray, now it comes into my head, will you, when you go to Mrs. Wall, contrive to know whether Mrs. Wesley be in town, and still at her brother's, and how she is in health, and whether she stays in town. I writ to her from Chester, to know what I should do with her note; and I believe the poor woman is afraid to write to me: so I must go to my business, &c.

11. To day at last I dined with lord Montrath, and carried lord Mountjoy and sir Andrew Fountaine with me; and was looking over them at ombre till eleven this evening like a fool: they played running ombre half crowns; and sir Andrew Fountaine won eight guineas of Mr. Coote: so I am come home late, and will say but little to MD this night. I have gotten half a bushel of coals, and Patrick, the extravagant whelp, had a fire ready for me; but I picked off the coals before I went to bed. It is a sign London is now an empty place, when it will not furnish me with matter for above five or six lines in a day. Did you smoke in my last how I told you the very

* See this in the tenth volume. N.

day

day and the place you were playing ombre? But I interlined and altered a little, after I had received a letter from Mr. Manley, that said you were at it in his house, while he was writing to me; but without his help I guessed within one day. Your town is certainly much more sociable than ours. I have not seen your mother yet, &c.

12. I dined to day with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addison, at the Devil Tavern, by Temple Bar, and Garth treated; and it is well I dine every day, else I should be longer making out my letters: for we are yet in a very dull state, only inquiring every day after new elections, where the tories carry it among the new members six to one. Mr. Addison's election * has passed easy and undisputed: and I believe if he had a mind to be chosen king, he would hardly be refused. An odd accident has happened at Colchester: one captain Lavallin coming from Flanders or Spain, found his wife with child by a clerk of Doctor's Commons, whose trade, you know, it is to prevent fornication: and this clerk was the very same fellow that made the discovery of Dyot's counterfeiting the stamp paper. Lavallin has been this fortnight hunting after the clerk to kill him; but the fellow was constantly employed at the treasury about the discovery he made: the wife had made a shift to patch up the business, alleging that the clerk had told her her husband was dead, and other excuses: but the other day somebody told Lavallin his wife had intrigues before he married her: upon which he goes down in a rage, shoots his wife through the head, then falls on his sword; and, to

* For Malmesbury; vice Farrington, deceased. N.

make

make the matter sure, at the same time discharges a pistol through his own head, and died on the spot, his wife surviving him about two hours; but in what circumstances of mind and body is terrible to imagine. I have finished my poem on the Shower, all but the beginning, and am going on with my Tatler. They have fixed about fifty things on me since I came: I have printed but three. One advantage I get by writing to you daily, or rather you get, is, that I remember not to write the same things twice; and yet I fear I have done it often already: but I will mind and confine myself to the accidents of the day; and so get you gone to ombre, and be good girls, and safe your money, and be rich against Presto comes, and write to me now and then: I am thinking it would be a pretty thing to hear something from saucy MD; but do not hurt your eyes, Stella, I charge you.

13. O Lord, here is but a trifle of my letter written yet; what shall Presto do for prittle prattle to entertain MD? The talk now grows fresher of the duke of Ormond for Ireland, though Mr. Addison says he hears it will be in commission, and lord Galway * one. These letters of mine are a sort of journal, where matters open by degrees; and, as I tell true or false, you will find by the event whether my intelligence be good; but I do not care two pence whether it be or no.—At night. To day I was all about St. Paul's, and up at the top like a fool, with sir Andrew Fountaine and two more; and spent seven shillings for my dinner like a puppy:

* A French protestant nobleman, who fled from France to avoid persecution on account of his religion. N.

this

this is the second time he has served me so; but I will never do it again, though all mankind should persuade me—unconsidering puppies! There is a young fellow here in town we are all fond of, and about a year or two come from the university, one Harrison, a little pretty fellow, with a great deal of wit, good sense, and good nature; has written some mighty pretty things; that in your 6th *Miscellanea*, about the Sprig of an Orange, is his: he has nothing to live on but being governor to one of the duke of Queensberry's sons for forty pounds a year. The fine fellows are always inviting him to the tavern, and make him pay his club. Henley is a great crony of his: they are often at the tavern at six or seven shillings reckoning, and always make the poor lad pay his full share. A colonel and a lord were at him and me the same way to night: I absolutely refused, and made Harrison lag behind, and persuaded him not to go to them. I tell you this, because I find all rich fellows have that humour of using all people without any consideration of their fortunes; but I will see them rot before they shall serve me so. Lord Halifax is always teazing me to go down to his country house, which will cost me a guinea to his servants and twelve shillings coach hire; and he shall be hanged first. Is not this a plaguy silly story? But I am vexed at the heart; for I love the young fellow, and am resolved to stir up people to do something for him: he is a whig, and I will put him upon some of my cast whigs; for I have done with them, and they have, I hope, done with this kingdom for our time. They were sure of the four members for London above all places, and they have lost three

three * in the four. Sir Richard Onslow, we hear, has lost for Surrey: and they are overthrown in most places, Lookee, gentlewomen, if I write long letters, I must write you news and stuff, unless I send you my verses; and some I dare not; and those on the Shower in London I have sent to the Tatler †, and you may see them in Ireland. I fancy you will smoke me in the Tatler ‡. I am going to write; for I believe I have told you the hint. I had a letter sent me to night from sir Matthew Dudley, and found it on my table when I came in. Because it is extraordinary, I will transcribe it from beginning to end. It is as follows ["Is the devil in you?" Oct. 13, 1710."] I would have answered every particular passage in it, only I wanted time. Here is enough for to night, such as it is, &c.

14. Is that tobacco at the top of the paper §, or what? I do not remember I slobbered. Lord, I dreamed of Stella, &c. so confusedly last night, and that we saw dean Bolton and Sterne go into a shop; and she bid me call them to her, and they proved to be two parsons I knew not; and I walked without till she was shifting, and such stuff, mixed with much melancholy and uneasiness, and things not as they should be, and I know not how; and it is now an ugly gloomy morning.—At night. Mr. Addison and I dined with Ned Southwell, and walked in the Park: and at the coffeehouse I found a letter from

* Sir William Ashurst, sir Gilbert Heathcote, and sir John Ward. N.

† In No. 238. See the verses in vol. XVI. p. 85. N.

‡ Perhaps No. 253; which will be found in vol. VI. N.

§ The upper part of the letter was a little besmeared with some such stuff; the mark is still on it. D. S.

the

the bishop of Clogher, and a packet from MD. I opened the bishop's letter; but put up MD's, and visited a lady just come to town, and am now got into bed, and going to open your little letter; and God send I may find MD well, and happy, and merry, and that they love Presto as they do fires. O, I will not open it yet! yes I will! no I will not; I am going; I cannot stay till I turn over *. What shall I do? my fingers itch; and I now have it in my left hand; and now I will open it this very moment. I have just got it, and am cracking the seal, and cannot imagine what is in it; I fear only some letter from a bishop, and it comes too late: I shall employ nobody's credit but my own. Well, I see though; Pshaw, it is from sir Andrew Fountaine: what, another! I fancy that is from Mrs. Barton; she told me she would write to me; but she writes a better hand than this: I wish you would inquire; it must be at Dawson's † office at the castle. I fear this is from Patty Rolt, by the scrawl. Well, I will read MD's letter. Ah, no; it is from poor lady Berkeley, to invite me to Berkeley castle this winter; and now it grieves my heart: she says she hopes my Lord is in a fair way of recovery ‡; poor lady. Well, now I go to MD's letter: faith it is all right; I hoped it was wrong. Your letter, No. 3, that I have now received, is dated Sept. 26, and Manley's letter that I had five day's ago, was dated Oct. 3, that is a fortnight difference: I doubt it has lain in Steele's office, and he forgot. Well, there is an end of that:

* That is, to the next page; for he is now within three lines of the bottom of the first. D. S.

† Joshua Dawson, esq. See vol. XVI. p. 86. F.

‡ Lord Berkeley was then dead. See p. 241. N.

he

he is turned out of his place; and you must desire those who send me packets, to enclose them in a paper directed to Mr. Addison, at St. James's coffeehouse: not common letters, but packets: the bishop of Clogher may mention it to the archbishop when he sees him. As for your letter, it makes me mad: flidikins, I have been the best boy in christendom, and you come with your two eggs a penny.—Well; but stay, I will look over my book; adad, I think there was a chasm between my No. 2 and No. 3. Faith I will not promise to write to you every week; but I will write every night, and when it is full I will send it; that will be once in ten days, and that will be often enough; and if you begin to take up the way of writing to Presto only because it is Tuesday, a Monday bedad it will grow a task; but write when you have a mind.—No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no—Agad, agad, agad, agad, agad, agad; no, poor Stellakins. Slids, I would the horse were in your—chamber. Have I not ordered Parvisol to obey your directions about him? and have not I said in my former letters, that you may pickle him, and boil him, if you will? what do you trouble me about your horses for? have I anything to do with them?—Revolutions, a hinderance to me in my business; revolutions—to me in my business? if it were not for the revolutions, I could do nothing at all; and now I have all hopes possible, though one is certain of nothing; but to morrow I am to have an answer, and am promised an effectual one. I suppose I have said enough in this and a former letter how I stand with new people; ten times better than ever I did with the old; forty times more caressed. I am to dine to morrow at

Mr. Harley's; and if he continues as he has begun, no man has been ever better treated by another. What you say about Stella's mother, I have spoken enough to it already. I believe she is not in town; for I have not yet seen her. My lampoon is cried up to the skies; but nobody suspects me for it, except sir Andrew Fountaine; at least they say nothing of it to me. Did not I tell you of a great man who received me very coldly? that is he, but say nothing; it was only a little revenge: I will remember to bring it over. The bishop of Clogher has smoked my Tatler *, about shortening of words, &c. But God so †! &c.

15. I will write plainer if I can remember it; for Stella must not spoil her eyes, and Dingley cannot read my hand very well; and I am afraid my letters are too long: then you must suppose one to be two, and read them at twice. I dined to day with Mr. Harley: Mr. Prior dined with us. He has left my memorial with the queen, who has consented to give the first-fruits, and twentieth parts, and will, we hope, declare it to morrow in the cabinet. But I beg you to tell it to no person alive; for so I am ordered till in publick: and I hope to get something of greater value. After dinner came in lord Peterborow: we renewed our acquaintance, and he grew mightily fond of me. They began to talk of a paper of verses called "Sid Hamet." Mr. Harley repeated part, and then pulled them out, and gave them to a gentleman at the table to read, though they had all read them often: lord Peterborow would let nobody

* No. 230, printed in vol. VI. N.

† This appears to be an interjection of surprise at the length of his journal. D. S.

read

read them but himself: so he did; and Mr. Harley bobbed me at every line to take notice of the beauties. Prior rallied lord Peterborow for author of them; and lord Peterborow said, he knew them to be his; and Prior then turned it upon me, and I on him. I am not guessed at all in town to be the author; yet so it is: but that is a secret only to you. Ten to one whether you see them in Ireland; yet here they run prodigiously. Harley presented me to lord president of Scotland, and Mr. Benson, lord of the treasury. Prior and I came away at nine, and sat at the Smyrna till eleven, receiving acquaintance.

16. This morning early I went in a chair, and Patrick before it, to Mr. Harley, to give him another copy of my memorial, as he desired; but he was full of business, going to the queen, and I could not see him; but he desired I would send up the paper, and excused himself upon his hurry. I was a little balked, but they tell me it is nothing. I shall judge by the next visit. I tipped his porter with a halfcrown; and so I am well there for a time at least. I dined at Stratford's in the city, and had burgundy and tokay; came back a foot like a scoundrel; then went to Mr. Addison and supped with lord Mountjoy, which made me sick all night. I forgot that I bought six pounds of chocolate for Stella, and a little wooden box: and I have a great piece of Brazil tobacco for Dingley, and a bottle of palsy water for Stella: all which, with the two handkerchiefs that Mr. Sterne has bought, and you must pay him for, will be put in the box directed to Mrs. Curry's, and sent by Dr. Hawkshaw, whom I have not seen; but Sterne has undertaken it. The chocolate is a present, madam, for Stella. Do not read

this, you little rogue, with your little eyes; but give it to Dingley, pray now; and I will write as plain as the skies: and let Dingley write Stella's part, and Stella dictate to her, when she apprehends her eyes, &c.

17. This letter should have gone this post, if I had not been taken up with business, and two nights being late out, so it must stay till Thursday. I dined to day with your Mr. Sterne, by invitation, and drank Irish wine *; but, before we parted, there came in the prince of puppies, colonel Edgworth †;

so

* Claret. D. S.

† It is reported of this colonel Ambrose Edgworth, that he once made a visit to one of his brothers, who lived at the distance of about one day's journey from his house, and that he travelled to see him with his led horse, portmantuas, &c. As soon as he arrived at his brother's, the portmantuas were unpacked, and three suits of fine clothes, one finer than another, hung upon chairs in his bedchamber, together with his nightgown and shaving plate disposed in their proper places. The next morning, upon his coming down to breakfast, with his boots on, his brother asked him where he proposed riding before dinner: I am going directly home, said the colonel. Lord! said his brother, I thought you intended to stay some time with us. No, replied the colonel, I cannot stay with you at present; I only just came to see you and my sister, and must return home this morning. And accordingly his clothes, &c. were packed up, and off he went. But what merit soever the colonel might have had to boast of, his son Talbot Edgworth excelled him by at least fifty bars length. Talbot never thought of any thing but fine clothes, splendid furniture for his horse, and exciting, as he flattered himself, universal admiration. In these pursuits he expended his whole income, which at best, was very inconsiderable: in other respects he cared not how he lived. To do him justice, he was an exceeding handsome fellow, well shaped, and of a good height, rather tall than of the middle size. He began very early in his life, even before he was of age, to shine forth

in

so I went away. This day came out the Tatler, made up wholly of my Shower and a preface to it. They say it is the best thing I ever writ, and I think so too. I suppose the bishop of Clogher will show it you. Pray tell me how you like it. Tooke is going on with my Miscellany, I would give a penny the letter to the bishop of Kilaloe was in it; it would do him honour. Could not you contrive to say you hear they are printing my things together; and that you wish the bookseller had that letter among the rest: but do not say any thing of it as from me. I forgot whether it was good or no; but only having heard it much commended, perhaps it may deserve it. Well, I have to morrow to furnish this letter in, and then I will send it next day. I am so vexed that you should write your third to me, when you had but my second, and I had written five, which now I hope you have all: and so I tell you, you are saucy, little, pretty, dear rogues, &c.

in the world, and continued to blaze during the whole reign of George the First. He bethought himself very happily of one extravagance, well suited to his disposition: he insisted upon an exclusive right to one board at Lucas's coffeehouse, where he might walk backward and forward, and exhibit his person to the gaze of all beholders: in which particular he was indulged almost universally: but now and then some arch fellow would usurp on his privilege, take possession of the board, meet him, and dispute his right; and when this happened to be the case, he would chafe, bluster, ask the gentleman his name, and immediately set him down in his tablebook, as a man that he would fight when he came to age. With regard to the female world, his common phrase was, They may look and die. In short, he was the jest of the men, and the contempt of the women. D. S.—This unhappy man being neglected by his relations in his lunacy, was taken into custody during his illness, and confined in Bridewell, Dublin, where he died. F.

18. To

18. To day I dined, by invitation, with Stratford and others, at a young merchant's in the city, with hermitage and tokay, and staid till nine, and am now come home. And that dog Patrick is abroad, and drinking, and I cannot get my nightgown. I have a mind to turn that puppy away: he has been drunk ten times in three weeks. But I had not time to say more; so good night, &c.

19. I am come home from dining in the city with Mr. Addison, at a merchant's: and just now, at the coffeehouse, we have notice that the duke of Ormond was this day declared lord lieutenant, at Hampton court, in council. I have not seen Mr. Harley since; but hope the affair is done about first-fruits. I will see him, if possible, to morrow morning; but this goes to night. I have sent a box to Mr. Sterne, to send to you by some friend; I have directed it for Mr. Curry, at his house; so you have warning when it comes, as I hope it will soon. The handkerchiefs will be put in some friend's pocket, not to pay custom. And so here ends my sixth, sent when I had but three of MD's: now I am beforehand, and will keep so; and God Almighty bless dearest MD, &c.

## LETTER VII.

LONDON, OCT. 19, 1710.

O FAITH, I am undone! this paper is larger than the other, and yet I am condemned to a sheet; but since it is MD, I did not value though I were condemned

condemned to a pair. I told you in a letter to day where I had been, and how the day past; and so, &c.

20. To day I went to Mr. Lewis, at the secretary's office, to know when I might see Mr. Harley; and by and by comes up Mr. Harley himself, and appoints me to dine with him to morrow. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and went to wait on the two lady Butlers; but the porter answered, they were not at home; the meaning was, the youngest, lady Mary *, is to be married to morrow to lord Ashburnham, the best match now in England, twelve thousand pounds a year, and abundance of money. Tell me how my Shower is liked in Ireland: I never knew any thing pass better here. I spent the evening with Wortley Montague and Mr. Addison, over a bottle of Irish wine. Do they know any thing in Ireland of my greatness among the tories? Every body reproaches me of it here; but I value them not. Have you heard of the verses about the Rod of Sid Hamet? Say nothing of them for your life. Hardly any body suspects me for them, only they think no body but Prior or I could write them. But I doubt they have not reached you. There is likewise a ballad, full of puns on the Westminster election †, that cost me half an hour: it runs, though it be good for nothing. But this is likewise a secret to all but MD. If you have them not, I will bring them over.

21. I got MD's fourth to day at the coffeehouse.

* Youngest daughter of the duke of Ormond. See an account of her death and character in the Journal of June 5, and June 5, 1710-11: and of her sister in June 21, 1710. N.

† See before, p. 243. N.

God

God Almighty bless poor Stella, and her eyes and head: What shall we do to cure them, poor dear life? Your disorders are a pull back for your good qualities. Would to Heaven I were this minute shaving your poor dear head, either here or there. Pray do not write, nor read this letter nor any thing else, and I will write plainer for Dingley to read, from henceforward, though my pen is apt to ramble when I think who I am writing to. I will not answer your letter until I tell you that I dined this day with Mr. Harley, who presented me to the earl of Sterling, a Scotch lord; and in the evening came in lord Peterborow. I staid till nine before Mr. Harley would let me go, or tell me any thing of my affair. He says the queen has now granted the first-fruits, and twentieth parts; but he will not yet give me leave to write to the archbishop, because the queen designs to signify it to the bishops in Ireland in form, and to take notice, that it was done upon a memorial from me, which Mr. Harley tells me, he does to make it look more respectful to me, &c. and I am to see him on Tuesday. I know not whether I told you, that in my memorial which was given to the queen, I begged for two thousand pounds a year more, though it was not in my commission; but that Mr. Harley says cannot yet be done, and that he and I must talk of it farther; however, I have started it, and it may follow in time. Pray say nothing of the first-fruits, being granted, unless I give leave at the bottom of this. I believe never any thing was compassed so soon, and purely done by my personal credit with Mr. Harley, who is so excessively obliging, that I know not what to make of it, unless to show the rascals of the other party

that

that they used a man unworthily, who had deserved better. The memorial given to the queen from me speaks with great plainness of lord Wharton. I believe this business is as important to you as the convocation disputes from Tisdal *. I hope in a month or two all the forms of settling this matter will be over, and then I shall have nothing to do here. I will only add one foolish thing more, because it is just come into my head. When this thing is made known, tell me impartially whether they give any of the merit to me, or no; for I am sure I have so much, that I will never take it upon me.—Insolent sluts! because I say Dublin, Ireland, therefore you must say London, England: that is Stella's malice †. Well, for that I will not answer your letter till to morrow day; and so, and so, I will go write something else, and it will not be much; for it is late.

22. I was this morning with Mr. Lewis, the under secretary to lord Dartmouth, two hours talking politicks, and contriving to keep Steele in his office of stamped paper: he has lost his place of Gazetteer, three hundred pounds a year, for writing a Tatler, some months ago, against Mr. Harley, who

* These words, notwithsanding their great obscurity at present, were very clear and intelligible to Mrs. Johnson: they referred to conversations, which passed between her and Dr. Tisdal seven or eight years before; when the doctor, who was not only a learned and faithful divine, but a zealous church tory, frequently entertained her with convocation disputes. D. S. See a letter dated April 20, 1704. N.

† There is a particular compliment to Stella couched in these words. Stella was herself an Englishwoman, born at Richmond in Surry, nevertheless she respected the interest and the honour of Ireland, where she had lived for some years, with a generous patriotic spirit. D. S.

gave it him at first, and raised the salary from sixty to three hundred pounds. This was devilish ungrateful; and Lewis was telling me the particulars: but I had a hint given me, that I might save him in the other employment; and leave was give me to clear matters with Steele. Well, I dined with sir Matthew Dudley, and in the evening went to sit with Mr. Addison, and offer the matter at distance to him, as the discreeter person; but found party had so possessed him, that he talked as if he suspected me, and would not fall in with any thing I said. So I stopped short in my overture, and we parted very dryly; and I shall say nothing to Steele, and let them do as they will; but if things stand as they are, he will certainly lose it, unless I save him; and therefore I will not speak to him, that I may not report to his disadvantage. Is not this vexatious; and is there so much in the proverb of proffered service? When shall I grow wise? I endeavoured to act in the most exact points of honour and conscience, and my nearest friends will not understand it so. What must a man expect from his enemies? this would vex me, but it shall not; and so I bid you good night, &c.

23. I know it is neither wit nor diversion to tell you every day where I dine, neither do I write it to fill my letter; but I fancy I shall some time or other, have the curiosity of seeing some particulars how I passed my life when I was absent from MD this time; and so I tell you now that I dined to day at Molesworth's the Florence envoy, then went to the coffeehouse, where I behaved myself coldly enough to Mr. Addison, and so came home to scribble. We dine together to morrow and next day, by invitation;

invitation; but I shall not alter my behaviour to him, till he begs my pardon, or else we shall grow bare acquaintance. I am weary of friends, and friendships are all monsters, but MD's.

24. I forgot to tell you that last night I went to Mr. Harley's, hoping—faith I am blundering, for it was this very night at six; and I hoped he would have told me all things were done and granted; but he was abroad, and came home ill, and was gone to bed much out of order, unless the porter lied. I dined to day at sir Matthew Dudley's with Mr. Addison, &c.

25. I was to day to see the duke of Ormond; and coming out met lord Berkeley of Stratton, who told me that Mrs. Temple, the widow, died last Saturday, which, I suppose, is much to the outward grief and inward joy of the family. I dined to day with Mr. Addison, and Steele, and a sister of Mr. Addison, who is married to one mons. Sartre *, a Frenchman, prebendary of Westminster, who has a delicious house and garden; yet I thought it was a sort of monastick life in those cloisters, and I liked Laracor better. Addison's sister is a sort of a wit very like him. I am not fond of her, &c.

26. I was to day to see Mr. Congreve, who is almost blind with cataracts growing on his eyes; and his case is, that he must wait two or three years, until the cataracts are riper, and till he is quite blind, and then he must have them couched; and besides he is never rid of the gout, yet he looks young and fresh, and is as cheerful as ever. He is younger by

* Mr. Sartre died September 30, 1713. His widow (afterward married to Daniel Combes, esq.) died March 2, 1750. N.

three

three years or more than I *, and I am twenty years younger than he. He gave me a pain in the great toe, by mentioning the gout. I find such suspicions frequently, but they go off again. I had a second letter from Mr. Morgan: for which I thank you: I wish you were whipped for forgetting to send him that answer I desired you in one of my former, " that I could do nothing for him of what he desired, having no credit at all," &c. Go, be far enough, you negligent baggages. I have had also a letter from Parvisol, with an account how many livings are set, and that they are fallen, since last year, sixty pounds. A comfortable piece of news! He tells me plainly that he finds you have no mind to part with the horse, because you sent for him at the same time you sent him my letter; so that I know not what must be done. It is a sad thing that Stella must have her own horse, whether Parvisol will or not! So now to answer your letter that I had three or four days ago. I am not now in bed, but am come home by eight; and it being warm I write up. I never writ to the bishop of Killala, which, I suppose, was the reason he had not my letter. I have not time, that is the short of it.—As fond as the dean is of my letter, he has not written to me. I would only know whether dean Bolton † paid him the

* Congreve was born in the year 1672: consequently he was between four and five years younger than Dr. Swift. D. S.

† This gentleman, as well as Dr. Swift, was one of the chaplains to lord Berkeley, when lord lieutenant; and was promised to the deanery of Derry, which had been previously promised to Dr. Swift; but Mr. Bushe, the principal secretary, for weighty reasons best known to himself, laid Dr. Swift aside, unless he would pay him a large sum, which the doctor refused with the utmost

the twenty pounds; and for the rest, he may kiss ———. And that you may ask him, because I am in pain about it, that dean Bolton is such a whipster. It is the most obliging thing in the world in dean Sterne to be so kind to you. I believe he knows it will please me, and makes up that way, his other usage. No, we have had none of your snow, but a little one morning: yet I think it was great snow, for an hour or so, but no longer. I had heard of Will Crowe's death before, but not the foolish circumstance that hastened his end. No, I have taken care that captain Pratt shall not suffer by lord Anglesea's death. I will try some contrivance to get a copy of my picture from Jervis. I will make sir Andrew Fountaine buy one as for himself, and I will pay him again and take it, that is, provided I have money to spare when I leave this. —Poor John? is he gone? and madam Parvisol has been in town? Humm. Why Tighe and I, when he comes, shall not take any notice of each other; I would not do it much in this town, though we had not fallen out.—I was to day at Mr. Sterne's lodging; he was not within, and Mr. Leigh is not come to town, but I will do Dingley's errand when I see him. What do I know whether china be dear or no? I once took a fancy of resolving to grow mad for it, but now it is off: I suppose I told you so in some former letter. And so you only want some salad dishes, and plates, and, &c. Yes, yes, you shall. I suppose you have named as much as will

utmost contempt and scorn. He was afterward promoted to the archbishopric of Cashell. He was one of the most eloquent speakers of his time, and was a very learned man, especially in church history. F.

cost

cost five pounds.—Now to Stella's little Postscript; and I am almost crazed that you vex yourself for not writing. Cannot you dictate to Dingley, and not strain your little dear eyes? I am sure it is the grief of my soul to think you are out of order. Pray be quiet, and if you will write shut your eyes, and write just a line and no more, thus [how do you do, Mrs. Stella?] that was written with my eyes shut. Faith I think it is better than when they are open *, and then Dingley may stand by, and tell you when you go too high or too low.—My letters of business, with packets, if there be any more occasion for such, must be enclosed to Mr. Addison, at St. James's coffeehouse: but I hope to hear, as soon as I see Mr. Harley, that the main difficulties are over, and that the rest will be but form.—Take two or three nutgalls? Take two or three—galls! Stop your receipt in your —— I have no need on't. Here is a clutter! Well so much for your letter, which I will now put up in my letter partition in my cabinet, as I always do every letter as soon as I answer it. Method is good in all things, order governs the world. The devil is the author of confusion. A general of an army, a minister of state; to descend lower, a gardener, a weaver, &c. That may make a fine observation, if you think it worth finishing; but I have not time. Is not this a terrible long piece for one evening? I dined to day with Patty Rolt at my cousin Leach's, with a pox, in the city; he is a printer, and prints the Postman, oh, oh, and is my cousin, God knows how, and he married Mrs. Baby Aires of Leceister;

* It is actually better written, and in a plainer hand. D. S.

and my cousin Thomson was with us; and my cousin Leach offers to bring me acquainted with the author of the Postman: and says, "he does not doubt but the gentleman will be glad of my acquaintance, and that he is a very ingenious man, and a great scholar, and has been beyond sea." But I was modest, and said, "May be the gentleman was shy, and not fond of new acquaintance;" and so put it off: and I wish you could hear me repeating all I have said of this in its proper tone, just as I am writing it. It is all with the same cadence with Oh hoo! or as when little girls say, "I have got an apple, miss, and I won't give you some!" It is plaguy twelve-penny weather this last week, and has cost me ten shillings in coach and chair hire. If the fellow that has your money will pay it, let me beg you to buy Bank Stock with it, which is fallen near thirty *per cent.* and pays eight pounds *per cent.* and you have the principal when you please: it will certainly soon rise. I would to God lady Giffard would put in the four hundred pounds she owes you, and take the five *per cent.* common interest, and give you the remainder. I will speak to your mother about it when I see her. I am resolved to buy three hundred pounds of it for myself, and take up what I have in Ireland; I have a contrivance for it, that I hope will do, by making a friend of mine buy it as for myself, and I will pay him when I get in my money. I hope Stratford will do me that kindness. I will ask him to morrow or next day.

27. Mr. Rowe the poet desired me to dine with him to day. I went to his office (he is under secretary in Mr. Addison's place that he had in England) and there was Mr. Prior; and they both fell commending

commending my Shower beyond any thing that has been written of the kind? there never was such a Shower since Danae's, &c. You must tell me how it is liked among you. I dined with Rowe; Prior could not come: and after dinner we went to a blind tavern, where Congreve, sir Richard Temple, East-court, and Charles Main were over a bowl of bad punch. The knight sent for six flasks of his own wine for me, and we staid till twelve. But now my head continues pretty well, I have left off my drinking, and only take a spoonful mixed with water, for fear of the gout, or some ugly distemper; and now, because it is late, I will, &c.

28. Garth and Addison and I dined to day at a hedge tavern; then I went to Mr. Harley, but he was denied or not at home; so I fear I shall not hear my business is done before this goes. Then I visited lord Pembroke who is just come to town, and we were very merry talking of old things, and I hit him with one pun. Then I went to the ladies Butler, and the son of a whore of a porter denied them: so I sent them a threatening message by another lady, for not excepting me always to the porter. I was weary of the coffeehouse, and Ford desired me to sit with him at next door, which I did like a fool, chattering till twelve, and now am got into bed. I am afraid the new ministry is at a terrible loss about money: the whigs talk so it would give one the spleen: I am afraid of meeting Mr. Harley out of humour. They think he will never carry through this undertaking, God knows what will become of it. I should be terribly vexed to see things come round again: it will ruin the church and clergy for ever; but I hope for better. I will send this on

Tcusday, whether I hear any farther news of my affair or not.

29. Mr. Addison and I dined to day with lord Mountjoy; which is all the adventures of this day. —I chatted a while to night in the coffeehouse, this being a full night; and now am come home to write some business.

30. I dined to day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and sent a letter to poor Mrs. Long, who writes to us, but is God knows where, and will not tell any body the place of her residence. I came home early, and must go write.

31. The month ends with a fine day; and I have been walking and visiting Lewis, and concerting where to see Mr. Harley. I have no news to send you. Aire, they say, is taken, though the Whitehall letters this morning say quite the contrary; it is good if it be true. I dined with Mr. Addison and Dick Stuart, lord Mountjoy's brother; a treat of Addison's. They were half fuddled, but not I; for I mixed water with my wine, and left them together between nine and ten; and I must send this by the bellman, which vexes me, but I will put it off no longer. Pray God it does not miscarry. I seldom do so; but I can put off little MD. no longer. Pray give the under note to Mrs. Brent.

I am a pretty gentleman; and you lose all your money at cards, sirrah Stella. I found you out; I did so.

I am staying before I can fold up this letter, till that ugly *D* is dry in the last line but one. Do not you see it? O Lord I am loth to leave you, faith— but it must be so, till next time, pox take that *D*; I will blot it, to dry it.

## LETTER VIII.

LONDON, OCTOBER 31, 1710.

So now I have sent my seventh to your fourth, young women; and now I will tell you what I would not in my last, that this morning, sitting in my bed, I had a fit of giddiness: the room turned round for about a minute, and then it went off, leaving me sickish; but not very: and so I passed the day as I told you; but I would not end a letter with telling you this, because it might vex you: and I hope in God I shall have no more of it, I saw Dr. Cockburn to day, and he promises so send me the pills that did me good last year, and likewise has promised me an oil for my ear, that he has been making for that ailment for somebody else.

Nov. 1. I wish MD a merry new year. You know this is the first day of it with us. I had no giddiness to day, but I drank brandy, and have bought a pint for two shillings. I sat up the night before my giddiness pretty late, and writ very much; so I will impute it to that. But I never eat fruit, nor drink ale, but drink better wine than you do, as I did to day with Mr. Addison at lord Mountjoy's: then went at five to see Mr. Harley, who could not see me for much company; but sent me his excuse, and desired I would dine with him on Friday; and then I expect some answer to this business, which must either be soon done, or begun again; and then the duke of Ormond and his people will interfere for their honour, and do nothing. I came home at six, and

and spent my time in my chamber, without going to the coffeehouse, which I grow weary of; and I studied at leisure, writ not above forty lines, some inventions of my own, and some hints, and read not at all, and this because I would take care of Presto, for fear little MD should be angry.

2. I took my four pills last night, and they lay an hour in my throat, and so they will do to night. I suppose I could swallow four affronts as easily. I dined with Dr. Cockburn to day, and came home at seven; but Mr. Ford has been with me till just now, and it is near eleven. I have had no giddiness to day. Mr. Dopping I have seen, and he tells me coldly, my Shower is "liked well enough;" there is your Irish judgment. I writ this post to the bishop of Clogher. It is now just a fortnight since I heard from you. I must have you write once a fortnight, and then I will allow for wind and weather. How goes ombre? does Mrs. Walls win constantly, as she used to do; and Mrs. Stoyte? I have not thought of her this long time; how does she? I find we have a cargo of Irish coming for London: I am sorry for it; but I never go near them. And Tighe is landed; but Mrs. Wesley, they say, is going home to her husband, like a fool. Well, little monkies mine, I must go write: and so good night.

3. I ought to read these letters I write, after I have done; for looking over thus much I found two or three literal mistakes, which should not be when the hand is so bad. But I hope it does not puzzle little Dingley to read, for I think I mend: but methinks when I write plain, I do not know how, but we are not alone, all the world can see us. A bad

scrawl is so snug, it looks like a PMD *. We have scurvy Tatlers of late, so pray do not suspect me. I have one or two hints I design to send him, and never any more: he does not deserve it. He is governed by his wife most abominably, as bad as ——. I never saw her since I came; nor has he ever made me an invitation; either he dares not, or is such a thoughtless Tisdall fellow, that he never minds it. So what care I for his wit, for he is the worst company in the world, till he has a bottle of wine in his head. I cannot write straighter in bed, so you must be content.—At night in bed. Stay, let me see where is this letter to MD among these papers? oh! here. Well, I will go on now; but I am very busy (smoke the new pen). I dined with Mr. Harley to day, and am invited there again on Sunday. I have now leave to write to the primate and archbishop of Dublin, that the queen has granted the first fruits; but they are to take no notice of it, till a letter is sent them by the queen's order from lord Dartmouth, secretary of state, to signify it. The bishops are to be made a corporation to dispose of the revenue, &c. and I shall write to the archbishop of Dublin to morrow (I have had no giddiness to day) I know not whether they will have any occasion for me longer to be here; nor can I judge till I see what letter the queen sends to the bishops, and what they will do upon it. If dispatch be used, it may be done in six weeks; but I cannot judge. They sent me to day a new commission †, signed by the primate and arch-

* PMD. This cypher stands for Presto, Stella, and Dingley; as much as to say, it looks like us three quite retired from all the rest of the world. D. S.

† See this in vol. X. dated October 24, 1710. N.

bishop of Dublin, and promise me letters to the two archbishops here; but mine a— for it all. The thing is done, and has been so these ten days; though I had only leave to tell it to day. I had this day likewise a letter from the bishop of Clogher, who complains of my not writing; and what vexes me, says he knows you have long letters from me every week. Why do you tell him so? it is not right, faith: but I will not be angry with MD at a distance. I writ to him last post, before I had his, and will write again soon, since I see he expects it, and that lord and lady Mountjoy put him off upon me to give themselves ease. Lastly, I had this day a letter from a certain naughty rogue called MD, and it was N° 5, which I shall not answer to night, I thank you. No, faith, I have other fish to fry; but to morrow or next day will be time enough. I have put MD's commissions in a memorandum paper. I think I have done all before, and remember nothing but this to day about glasses and spectacles and spectacle cases. I have no commission from Stella, but the chocolate and handkerchiefs; and those are bought, and I expect they will be soon sent. I have been with, and sent to, Mr. Sterne, two or three times to know, but he was not within. Odds my life, what am I doing? I must go write and do business.

4. I dined to day at Kensington, with Addison, Steele, &c. came home, and writ a short letter to the archbishop of Dublin, to let him know the queen has granted the thing, &c. I writ in the coffee-house, for I staid at Kensington till nine, and am plaguy weary; for colonel Proud was very ill company, and I will never be of a party with him again; and

and I drank punch, and that and ill company has made me hot.

5. I was with Mr. Harley from dinner to seven this night, and went to the coffeehouse, where Dr. d'Avenant would fain have had me gone and drink a bottle of wine at his house hard by, with Dr. Chamberlain; but the puppy used so many words that I was afraid of his company; and though we promised to come at eight, I sent a messenger to him, that Chamberlain was going to a patient, and therefore we would put it off till another time: so he, and the comptroller, and I were prevailed on, by sir Matthew Dudley, to go to his house, where I staid till twelve, and left them. D'Avenant has been teasing me to look over some of his writings that he is going to publish; but the rogue is so fond of his own productions, that I hear he will not part with a syllable; and he has lately put out a foolish pamphlet, called, "the third part of Tom Double;" to make his court to the tories, whom he had left.

6. I was to day gambling in the city to see Patty Rolt, who is going to Kingston, where she lodges; but to say the truth, I had a mind for a walk to exercise myself, and happened to be disengaged: for dinners are ten times more plentiful with me here than ever, or than in Dublin. I will not answer your letter yet, because I am busy. I hope to send this before I have another from MD: it would be a sad thing to answer two letters together, as MD does from Presto. But when the two sides are full, away the letter shall go, that is certain, like it or not like it; and that will be about three days hence, for the answering night will be a long one.

7. I

7. I dined to day at sir Richard Temple's, with Congreve, Vanbrugh, lieutenant-general Farrington, &c. Vanbrugh, I believe I told you, had a long quarrel with me about those verses on his house *; but we were very civil and cold. Lady Marlborough used to tease him with them, which had made him angry, though he be a good natured fellow. It was a thanksgiving day, and I was at court, where the queen past by us with all tories about her; not one whig: Buckingham, Rochester, Leeds, Shrewsbury, Berkeley of Stratton, lord keeper Harcourt, Mr. Harley, lord Pembroke, &c. and I have seen her without one tory. The queen made me a curtsy. and said, in a sort of familiar way to Presto, How does MD? I considered she was a queen, and so excused her. I do not miss the whigs at court; but have as many acquaintances there as formerly.

8. Here is a do and a clutter! I must now answer MD's fifth; but first you must know I dined at the Portugal envoy's to day, with Addison, Vanbrugh, admiral Wager, sir Richard Temple, Methuen, &c. I was weary of their company, and stole away at five, and came home like a good boy, and studied till ten, and had a fire; O ho! and now am in bed. I have no fire place in my bed chamber; but it is very warm weather when one is in bed. Your fine cap, madam Dingley, is too little, and too hot: I will have that fur taken off; I wish it were far enough; and my old velvet cap is good for nothing. Is it velvet under the fur? I was feeling, but cannot find: if it be, it will do without it, else I will face it: but then I must buy new velvet: but may be I may

* See these in vol. XVI. N.

beg

beg a piece. What shall I do? well, now to rogue MD's letter. God be thanked for Stella's eyes mending; and God send it holds; but faith you writ too much at a time: better write less, or write it at ten times. Yes, faith, a long letter in a morning from a dear friend, is a dear thing. I smoke a compliment, little mischievous girls, I do so. But who are those *wiggs* that think I am turned tory? Do you mean whigs? Which *wiggs* and what do you mean? I know nothing of Raymond, and only had one letter from him a little after I came here. [Pray remember Morgan.] Raymond is indeed like to have much influence over me in London, and to share much of my conversation. I shall, no doubt, introduce him to Harley, and lord keeper, and the secretary of state. The Tatler upon Ithuriel's spear is not mine, madam. What a puzzle there is between you and your judgment! In general you may be sometimes sure of things, as that about *style*, because it is what I have frequently spoken of; but guessing is mine a—; and I defy mankind, if I please. Why, I writ a pamphlet when I was last in London, that you and a thousand have seen, and never guessed it to be mine *. Could you have guessed the Shower in Town to be mine? How chance you did not see that before your last letter went; but I suppose you in Ireland did not think it worth mentioning. Nor am I suspected for the lampoon: only Harley said he smoked me, (have I told you so before?) and some others knew it. It is called the Rod of Sid Hamet. And I have written several other things that I hear

* Probably on "Taste in Reading," addressed to sir Andrew Fountaine. N.

commended,

commended, and nobody suspects me for them; nor you shall not know till I see you again. What do you mean "that boards near me, that I dine with now and then?" I know no such person: I do not dine with boarders. What the pox! you know whom I have dined with every day since I left you, better than I do. What do you mean, sirrah? Slids, my ailment has been over these two months almost. Impudence, if you vex me, I will give ten shillings a week for my lodging; for I am almost stunk out of this with the sink, and it helps me to verses in my Shower. Well, madam Dingley, what say you to the world to come? What ballad? Why go look, it was not good for much: have patience till I come back; patience is a gay think as, &c. I hear nothing of lord Mountjoy's coming for Ireland. When is Stella's birth day? in March? Lord bless me, my turn at Christ Church! it is so natural to hear you write about that, I believe you have done it a hundred times; it is as fresh in my mind, the verger coming to you; and why to you? would he have you preach for me? O, pox on your spelling of Latin. *Jonsonilus atque*, that is the way. How did the dean get that name by the end? It was you betrayed me: not I, faith; I will not break his head. Your mother is still in the country, I suppose, for she promised to see me when she came to town. I writ to her four days ago, to desire her to break it to lady Giffard, to put some money for you in the Bank, which was then fallen thirty *per cent.* Would to God mine had been here, I should have gained one hundred pounds, and got as good interest as in Ireland, and much securer. I would fain have borrowed three hundred pounds; but money is so scarce here

here, there is no borrowing, by this fall of stocks. It is rising now, and I knew it would: it fell from one hundred and twenty-nine to ninety-six. I have not heard since from your mother. Do you think I would be so unkind not to see her, that you desire me in a style so melancholy? Mrs. Raymond you say is with child: I am sorry for it, and so is, I believe, her husband. Mr. Harley speaks all the kind things to me in the world; and I believe, would serve me, if I were to stay here; but I reckon in time the duke of Ormond may give me some addition to Laracor. Why should the whigs think I came to England to leave them? Sure my journey was no secret! I protest sincerely, I did all I could to hinder it, as the dean can tell you, although now I do not repent it. But who the devil cares what they think? Am I under obligations in the least to any of them all? Rot them for ungrateful dogs; I will make them repent their usage before I leave this place. They say here the same thing of my leaving the whigs; but they own they cannot blame me, considering the treatment I have had. I will take care of your spectacles, as I told you before, and of the bishop of Killala's; but I will not write to him, I have not time. What do you mean by my fourth, madam *Dinglibus?* Does not Stella say you have had my fifth, goody blunder; you frighted me till I looked back, Well, this is enough for one night. Pray give my humble service to Mrs. Stoyte and her sister, Kate is it or Sarah? I have forgot her name, faith. I think I will even (and to Mrs. Walls and the archdeacon) send this to morrow: no, faith, that will be in ten days from the last. I will keep it till Saturday, though I write no more. But what if

a letter from MD should come in the mean time? why then I would only say, "Madam, I have received your sixth letter; your most humble servant to command, Presto;" and so conclude. Well, now I will write and think a little, and so to bed, and dream of MD.

9. I have my mouth full of water, and was going to spit it out, because I reasoned with myself—How could I write when my mouth was full? Have not you done things like that, reasoned wrong at first thinking? Well, I was to see Mr. Lewis this morning, and am to dine a few days hence, as he tells me, with Mr. secretary St. John; and I must contrive to see Harley soon again, to hasten this business from the queen. I dined to day at lord Montrath's, with lord Mountjoy, &c. but the wine was not good, so I came away, staid at the coffeehouse till seven, then came home to my fire, the maidenhead of my second half bushel, and am now in bed at eleven, as usual. It is mighty warm, yet I fear I shall catch cold this wet weather, if I sit an evening in my room after coming from warm places: and I must make much of myself, because MD is not here to take care of Presto; and I am full of business, writing, &c. and do not care for the coffeehouse; and so this serves for altogether, not to tell it you over and over, as silly people do; but Presto is a wiser man, faith, than so, let me tell you, gentlewomen. See, I am got to the third side; but, faith, I will not do that often; but I must say something early to day, till the letter is done, and on Saturday it shall go; so I must save something till to morrow, till to morrow and next day.

10. O

10. O Lord, I would this letter was with you with all my heart: if it should miscarry, what a deal would be lost? I forgot to leave a gap in the last line but one for the seal, like a puppy; but I should have allowed for "Night, good night." But when I am taking leave, I cannot leave a bit, faith; but I fancy the seal will not come there. I dined to day at lady Lucy's, where they ran down my Shower; and said Sid Hamet was the silliest poem they ever read, and told Prior so, whom they thought to be the author of it. Do not you wonder I never dined there before? But I am too busy, and they live too far off; and, besides, I do not like women so much as I did. [MD you must know, are not women.] I supped to night at Addison's, with Garth, Steele, and Mr. Dopping; and am come home late. Lewis has sent to me to desire I will dine with some company I shall like. I suppose it is Mr. secretary St. John's appointment. I had a letter just now from Raymond, who is at Bristol, and says he will be at London in a fortnight, and leave his wife behind him; and desires any lodging in the house where I am: but that must not be. I shall not know what to do with him in town: to be sure I will not present him to any acquaintance of mine, and he will live a delicate life, a parson and a perfect stranger! *Paaast twelvve o'clock*, and so good night, &c. O! but I forgot, Jemmy Leigh is come to town; says he has brought Dingley's things, and will send them by the first convenience. My parcel, I hear, is not sent yet. He thinks of going for Ireland in a month, &c. I cannot write to morrow, because—what, because of the archbishop; because

because I will seal my letter early; because I am engaged from noon till night; because of many kinds of things; and yet I will write one or two words to morrow morning, to keep up my journal constant, and at night I will begin the ninth.

11. Morning, by candlelight. You must know that I am in my nightgown every morning between six and seven, and Patrick is forced to ply me fifty times before I can get on my nightgown; and so now I will take my leave of my own dear MD, for this letter, and begin my next when I come home at night. God Almighty bless and protect dearest MD. Farewell, &c.

This letter's as long as a sermon, faith.

## LETTER IX.

LONDON, NOV. 11, 1710.

I DINED to day, by invitation, with the secretary of state, Mr. St. John. Mr. Harley came in to us before dinner, and made me his excuses for not dining with us, because he was to receive people who came to propose advancing money to the government: there dined with us only Mr. Lewis, and Dr. Freind, that writ lord Peterborow's actions in Spain. I staid with them till just now, between ten and eleven, and was forced again to give my eighth to the bellman, which I did with my own hands, rather than keep it till next post. The secretary used me with all the kindness in the world. Prior came

came in after dinner; and, upon an occasion, he [the secretary] said, the best thing he ever read is not yours, but Dr. Swift's on Vanbrugh; which I do not reckon so very good neither. But Prior was damped until I stuffed him with two or three compliments. I am thinking what a veneration we used to have for sir William Temple, because he might have been secretary of state at fifty; and here is a young fellow, hardly thirty, in that employment. His father is a man of pleasure, that walks the Mall, and frequents St. James's coffeehouse, and the chocolate-houses, and the young son is principal secretary of state. Is there not something very odd in that? He told me, among other things, that Mr. Harley complained "he could keep nothing from me, I had the way so much of getting into him." I knew that was a refinement; and so I told him, and it was so: indeed it is hard to see these great men use me like one who was their betters, and the puppies with you in Ireland hardly regarding me: but there are some reasons for all this, which I will tell you when me meet. At coming home I saw a letter from your mother, in answer to one I sent her two days ago. It seems she is in town; but cannot come out in the morning, just as you said, and God knows when I shall be at leisure in an afternoon: for if I should send her a pennypost letter, and afterward not be able to meet her, it would vex me; and, besides, the days are short, and why she cannot come early in a morning before she is wanted, I cannot imagine. I will desire her to let lady Giffard know that she hears I am in town, and that she would go to see me to inquire after you. I wonder she will confine herself so much to that old beast's humour.

humour. You know I cannot in honour see lady Giffard, and consequently not go into her house. This I think is enough for the first time.

12. And how could you write with such thin paper? (I forgot to say this in my former.) Cannot you get thicker? Why that is a common caution that writing masters give their scholars; you must have heard it a hundred times. It is this,

> "If paper be thin,
> Ink will slip in;
> But if it be thick,
> You may write with a stick."

I had a letter to day from poor Mrs. Long, giving me an account of her present life, obscure in a remote country town *, and how easy she is under it. Poor creature! it is just such an alteration in life, as if Presto should be banished from MD, and condemned to converse with Mrs. Raymond. I dined to day with Ford, sir Richard Levinge, &c. at a place where they board, hard by. I was lazy, and not very well, sitting so long with company yesterday. I have been very busy writing this evening at home, and had a fire: I am spending my second half bushel of coals; and now am in bed, and it is late.

13. I dined to day in the city, and then went to christen Will Frankland's child; and lady Falconbridge † was one of the godmothers: this is a daughter of Oliver Cromwell, and extremely like him by his pictures that I have seen. I staid till almost eleven, and am now come home and gone to bed.

* She was then at Lynn Regis in Norfolk. D. S.

† This old lady died March 14, 1712-13. N.

My

My business in the city was to thank Stratford for a kindness he has done me, which now I will tell you. I found bank stock was fallen thirty four in the hundred, and was mighty desirous to buy it; but I was a little too late for the cheapest time, being hindered by business here; for I was so wise to guess to a day when it would fall. My project was this: I had three hundred pounds in Ireland; and so I writ Mr. Stratford in the city, to desire he would buy me three hundred pounds in bank stock, and that he should keep the papers, and that I would be bound to pay him for them; and if it should rise or fall, I would take my chance, and pay him interest in the mean time. I showed my letter to one or two people, who understand those things; and they said, "money was so hard to be got here, that no man would do it for me." However, Stratford, who is the most generous man alive, has done it: but it cost one hundred pounds and a half, that is ten shillings, so that three hundred pounds cost me three hundred pounds and thirty shillings. This was done about a week ago, and I can have five pounds for my bargain already. Before it fell it was one hundred and thirty pounds, and we are sure it will be the same again. I told you I writ to your mother, to desire that lady Giffard would do the same with what she owes you; but she tells your mother she has no money. I would to God all you had in the world was there. Whenever you lend money take this rule, to have two people bound, who have both visible fortunes; for they will hardly die together; and when one dies, you fall upon the other, and make him add another security: and if Rathburn (now I have his name) pays you in

in your money, let me know, and I will direct Parvisol accordingly: however, he shall wait on you and know. So, ladies, enough of business for one night. *Paaaaast twelvvve o'clock!* I must only add, that after a long fit of rainy weather, it has been fair two or three days, and is this day grown cold and frosty; so that you must give poor little Presto leave to have a fire in his chamber morning and evening too, and he will do as much for you.

14. What, has your chancellor lost his senses, like Will Crowe? I forgot to tell Dingley, that I was yesterday at Ludgate, bespeaking the spectacles at the great shop there, and shall have them in a day or two. This has been an insipid day, I dined with Mrs Vanhomrigh, and came gravely home, after just visiting the coffeehouse. Sir Richard Cox, they say, is sure of going over lord chancellor, who is as arrant a puppy as ever eat bread: but the Duke of Ormond has a natural affection to puppies, which is a thousand pities, being none himself. I have been amusing myself at home till now, and in bed bid you good night.

15. I have been visiting this morning, but nobody was at home, secretary St. John, sir Thomas Hanmer, sir chancellor Cox-comb, &c. I attended the Duke of Ormond with about fifty other Irish gentlemen at Skinner's hall, where the Londonderry society laid out three hundred pounds to treat us and his grace with a dinner. Three great tables with the dessert laid in mighty figure. Sir Richard Levintz * and I got discreetly to the head of the second

* Speaker of the house of commons, and lord chief justice of the queen's bench, in Ireland. N.

table, to avoid the croud at the first: but it was so cold, and so confounded a noise with the trumpets and hautboys, that I grew weary, and stole away before the second course came on; so I can give you no account of it, which is a thousand pities. I called at Ludgate for Dingley's glasses, and shall have them in a day or two; and I doubt it will cost me thirty shillings for a microscope, but not without Stella's permission; for I remember she is a *virtuoso*. Shall I buy it or no? It is not the great bulky ones, nor the common little ones, to impale a louse (saving your presence) upon a needle's point; but of a more exact sort, and clearer to the sight, with all its equipage in a little trunk that you may carry in your pocket. Tell me, sirrah, shall I buy it or not for you? I came home straight, &c.

16. I dined to day in the city with Mr. Manley, who invited Mr. Addison and me, and some other friends, to his lodging, and entertained us very handsomely. I returned with Mr. Addison, and loitered till nine in the coffeehouse, where I am hardly known by going so seldom. I am here soliciting for Trounce; you know him: he was gunner in the former yacht, and would fain be so in the present one: if you remember him, a good lusty fresh-coloured fellow. Shall I stay till I get another letter from MD before I close up this? Mr. Addison and I meet a little seldomer than formerly, although we are still at bottom as good friends as ever; but differ a little about party.

17. To day I went to Lewis at the secretary's office, where I saw and spoke to Mr. Harley, who promised, in a few days, to finish the rest of my business. I reproached him for putting me on the necessity

necessity of minding him of it, and rallied him, &c. which he took very well. I dined to day with one Mr. Gore, elder brother to a young merchant of my acquaintance, and Stratford, and my other friend merchants dined with us, where I staid late, drinking claret and burgundy, and am just got to bed, and will say no more, but that it now begins to be time to have a letter from my own little MD; for the last I had above a fortnight ago, and the date was old too.

18. To day I dined with Lewis and Prior at an eating house, but with Lewis's wine. Lewis went away, and Prior and I sat on, where we complimented one another for an hour or two upon our mutual wit and poetry. Coming home at seven, a gentleman unknown stopped me in the Pall Mall, and asked my advice; said "he had been to see the queen (who was just come to town) and the people in waiting would not let him see her; that he had two hundred thousand men ready to serve her in the war; that he knew the queen perfectly well, and had an apartment at court, and if she heard he was there, she would send for him immediately; that she owed him two hundred thousand pounds," &c. and he desired my opinion, "whether he should go try again whether he could see her; or, because perhaps she was weary after her journey, whether he had not better stay still to morrow." I had a mind to get rid of my companion, and begged him of all love to wait on her immediately; for that, to my knowledge, the queen would admit him; that this was an affair of great importance, and required dispatch; and I instructed him to let me know the success of his business, and come to the Smyrna coffeehouse, where I would wait for him till mid-

night; and so ended this adventure. I would have fain given the man half a crown; but was afraid to offer it him, lest he should be offended; for, beside his money, he said he had a thousand pounds a year. I came home not early, and so, madams both, good night, &c.

19. I dined to day with poor lord Mountjoy, who is ill of the gout; and this evening I christened our coffeeman Elliot's child: where the rogue had a most noble supper, and Steele and I sat among some scurvy company over a bowl of punch, so that I am come home late, young women, and cannot stay to write to little rogues.

20. I loitered at home, and dined with sir Andrew Fountaine, at his lodging, and then came home: a silly day.

21. I was visiting all this morning, and then went to the secretary's office, and found Mr. Harley, with whom I dined; and secretary St. John, &c. and Harley promised in a very few days to finish what remains of my business. Prior was of the company, and we all dine at the secretary's to morrow. I saw Stella's mother this morning: she came early, and we talked an hour. I wish you would propose to lady Giffard to take the three hundred pounds out of her hands, and give her common interest for life, and security that you would pay her: the bishop of Clogher, or any friend, would be security for you, if you gave them counter security; and it may be argued, that it will pass better to be in your hands than hers in case of mortality, &c. Your mother says, if you write she will second it; and you may write to your mother, and then it will come from her. She tells me lady Giffard has a mind to see me, by her discourse; but I told her what

what to say with a vengeance. She told lady Giffard she was going to see me: she looks extremely well. I am writing in my bed like a tiger, and so good night, &c.

22. I dined with secretary St. John, and lord Dartmouth, who is the other secretary, dined with us, and lord Orrery and Prior. &c. Harley called, but could not dine with us, and would have had me away while I was at dinner; but I did not like the company he was to have. We staid till eight, and I called at the coffeehouse, and looked where the letters lie; but no letter directed for Mr. Presto: at last I saw a letter to Mr. Addison and it looked like a rogue's hand, so I made the fellow give it me, and opened it before him, and saw three letters all for myself: so, truly, I put them in my pocket, and came home to my lodging. Well, and so you shall hear: well, and so I found one of them in Dingley's hand, and the other in Stella's, and the third in Domville's. Well, so you shall hear: so, said I to myself, what now, two letters from MD together? But I thought there was something in the wind! so I opened one, and I opened the other; and so you shall hear, one was from Walls. Well, but the other was from my own dear MD; yes it was. O faith, have you received my seventh, young women, already? Then I must send this to morrow, else there will be old doings at our house, faith.—Well, I will not answer your letter in this: no faith, catch me at that, and I never saw the like. Well; but as to Walls, tell him (with service to him and wife, &c.) that, I have no imagination of Mr. Pratt's losing his place: and while Pratt continues, Clements is in no danger;

danger; and I have already engaged lord Hyde he speaks of, for Pratt and twenty others; but if such a thing should happen, I will do what I can. I have above ten businesses of other people's now on my hands, and, I believe, shall miscarry in half. It is your sixth I now have received. I writ last post to the bishop of Clogher again. Shall I send this to morrow? Well, I will to oblige MD. Which would you rather, a short letter every week, or a long one every fortnight? A long one; well, it shall be done, and so good night. Well but is this a long one? No, I warrant you: too long for naughty girls.

23. I only ask, have you got both the ten pounds, or only the first; I hope you mean both. Pray be good housewives; and I beg you to walk when you can for health. Have you the horse in town? and do you ever ride him? how often? confess. *Ahhh*, sirrah, have I caught you? Can you contrive to let Mrs. Fenton know, that the request she has made me in her letter, I will use what credit I have to bring about, although I hear it is very difficult, and I doubt I shall not succeed. Cox is not to be your chancellor: all joined against him. I have been supping with lord Peterborow, at his house, with Prior, Lewis, and Dr. Freind. It is the ramblingest lying rogue on earth. Dr. Raymond is come to town: it is late, and so I bid you good night.

24. I tell you, pretty management: Ned Southwell told me the other day, he had a letter from the bishops of Ireland, with an address to the duke of Ormond, to intercede with the queen, to take off the first-fruits. I dined with him to day, and

saw

saw it, with another letter to him from the bishop of Kildare to call upon me for the papers, &c. and I had last post one from the archbishop of Dublin, telling me the reason of this proceeding; that upon hearing the duke of Ormond was declared lord lieutenant, they met, and the bishops were for this project, and talked coldly of my being solicitor, as one that was favoured by the other party, &c. but desired that I would still solicit. Now, the wisdom of this is admirable; for I had given the archbishop an account of my reception from Mr. Harley, and how he had spoken to the queen, and promised it should be done; but Mr. Harley ordered me to tell no person alive. Some time after he gave me leave to let the primate and archbishop know that the queen had remitted the first-fruits; and that in a short time they should have an account of it in form from lord Dartmouth, secretary of state. So while their letter was on the road to the duke of Ormond and Southwell, mine was going to them with an account of the thing being done. I writ a very warm answer to the archbishop immediately, and showed my resentment, as I ought, against the bishops, only in good manners excepting himself *. I wonder what they will say when they hear the thing is done. I was yesterday forced to tell Southwell so, that the queen had done it, &c. for he said my lord duke would think of it some months hence when he was going for Ireland; and he had it three years in doing formerly, without any success. I give you free leave to say, on occasion, that it is done, and that Mr. Harley pre-

* See this Letter, dated Nov. 23. 1710, in vol. X. N.

vailed

vailed on the queen to do it, &c. as you please. As I hope to live, I despise the credit of it, out of an excess of pride, and desire you will not give me the least merit when you talk of it; but I would vex the bishops, and have it spread that Mr. Harley had done it: pray do so. Your mother sent me last night a parcel of wax candles, and a bandbox full of small plumcakes. I thought it had been something for you; and, without opening them, sent answer by the maid that brought them, that I would take care to send the things, &c. but I will write her thanks. Is this a long letter, sirrahs? Now, are you satisfied? I have had no fit since the first: I drink brandy every morning, and take pills every night. Never fear, I an't vexed at this puppy business of the bishops, although I was a little at first. I will tell you my reward: Mr. Harley will think he has done me a favour; the duke of Ormond, perhaps, that I have put a neglect on him; and the bishops in Ireland, that I have done nothing at all. So goes the world. But I have got above all this, and, perhaps, I have better reason for it than they know: and so you shall hear no more of first-fruits, dukes, Harleys, archbishops, and Southwells.

I have slipped off Raymond upon some of his countrymen to show him the town, &c. and I lend him Patrick. He desires to sit with me in the evenings; upon which I have given Patrick positive orders that I am not within at evenings.

## LETTER X.

LONDON, NOV. 25, 1710.

I WILL tell you something that is plaguy silly: I had forgot to say on the 23d in my last, where I dined; and because I had done it constantly, I thought it was a great omission, and was going to interline it; but at last the silliness of it made me cry *pshah*, and I let it alone. I was to day to see the parliament meet; but only saw a great crowd: and Ford and I went to see the tombs at Westminster, and sauntered so long I was forced to go to an eatinghouse for my dinner. Bromley is chosen speaker, *nemine contradicente*: Do you understand those two words? and Pompey, colonel Hill's black, designs to stand speaker for the footmen. I am engaged to use my interest for him, and have spoken to Patrick to get him some votes. We are now all impatient for the queen's speech, what she will say about removing the ministry, &c. I have got a cold, and I do not know how; but got it I have, and am hoarse: I do not know whether it will grow better or worse. What is that to you? I will not answer your letter to night. I will keep you a little longer in suspense: I cannot send it. Your mother's cakes are very good, and one of them serves me for breakfast, and so I will go sleep like a good boy.

26. I have got a cruel cold, and staid within all this day in my nightgown, and dined on sixpennyworth of victuals, and read and writ, and was denied to every body. Dr. Raymond called often, and I was denied;

denied; and at last, when I was weary, I let him come up, and asked him, without consequence, "How Patrick denied me, and whether he had the art of it?" So by this means he shall be used to have me denied to him; otherwise he would be a plaguy trouble and hindrance to me: he has sat with me two hours, and drank a pint of ale cost me five pence, and smoked his pipe, and it is now past eleven that he is just gone. Well, my eighth is with you now, young women, and your seventh to me is somewhere in a postboy's bag: and so go to your gang of deans, and Stoytes, and Walls, and lose your money; go, sauceboxes, and so good night and be happy, dear rogues. O, but your box was sent to Dr. Hawkshaw by Sterne, and you will have it with Hawkshaw, and spectacles, &c. &c.

27. To day Mr. Harley met me in the court of requests, and whispered me to dine with him. At dinner I told him what those bishops had done, and the difficulty I was under. He bid me never trouble myself; he would tell the duke of Ormond the business was done, and that he need not concern himself about it. So now I am easy, and they may hang themselves for a parcel of insolent ungrateful rascals. I suppose I told you in my last, how they sent an address to the duke of Ormond, and a letter to Southwell, to call on me for the papers, after the thing was over; but they had not received my letter: though the archbishop might, by what I writ to him, have expected it would be done. Well, there is an end of that; and in a little time the queen will send them notice, &c. And so the methods will be settled; and then I shall think of returning, although the

the baseness of those bishops makes me love Ireland less than I did.

28. Lord Halifax sent to invite me to dinner, where I staid till six, and crossed him in all his whig talk, and made him often come over to me. I know he makes court to the new men, although he affects to talk like a whig. I had a letter to day from the bishop of Clogher; but I writ to him lately, that I would obey his commands to the duke of Ormond. He says I bid him read the London *Shaver*, and that you both swore it was *Shaver*, and not Shower. You all lie, and you are puppies, and cannot read Presto's hand. The bishop is out entirely in his conjectures of my share in the Tatlers.—I have other things to mind, and of much greater importance *, else I have little to do to be acquainted with a new ministry, who consider me a little more than Irish bishops do.

29. Now for your saucy good dear letter: let me see, what does it say? Come then. I dined to day with Ford, and went home early; he debauched me to his chamber again with a bottle of wine till twelve: so good night. I cannot write an answer now, you rogues.

30. To day I have been visiting, which I had long neglected; and I dined with Mrs. Barton alone; and sauntered at the coffeehouse till past eight, and have been busy till eleven, and now I will answer your letter, saucebox. Well, let me see now again. My wax candle's almost out, but however I will begin. Well then, do not be so tedious, Mr. Presto; what can you say to MD's letter? Make haste, have done with your preambles—Why, I say

* He was writting the Examiner at this time. N.

I am

I am glad you are so often abroad; your mother thinks it is want of exercise hurts you, and so do I. (She called here to night, but I was not within, that is by the by). Sure you do not deceive me, Stella, when you say you are in better health than you were these three weeks; for Dr. Raymond told me yesterday, that Smyth of the Blind Quay had been telling Mr. Leigh, that he left you extremely ill; and in short, spoke so, that he almost put poor Leigh into tears, and would have made me run distracted; though your letter is dated the 11th instant, and I saw Smyth in the city above a fortnight ago, as I passed by in a coach. Pray, pray, do not write, Stella, until you are mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty well in your eyes, and are sure it won't do you the least hurt. Or come, I will tell you what; you, mistress Stella, shall write your share at five or six sittings, one sitting a day; and then comes Dingley all together, and then Stella a little crumb toward the end, to let us see she remembers Presto; and then conclude with something handsome and genteel, as "your most humble cumdumble," or, &c. O Lord! does Patrick write of my not coming till spring? insolent man! he know my secrets? No; as my lord mayor said, "No; if I thought my shirt knew," &c. Faith, I will come as soon as it is any way proper for me to come; but, to say the truth, I am at present a little involved with the present ministry in some certain things (which I tell you as a secret). As soon as ever I can clear my hands, I will stay no longer: for I hope the first-fruit business will be soon over in all its forms. But, to say the truth, the present ministry have a difficult task, and want me, &c. Perhaps they may be just

as grateful as others: but, according to the best judgment I have, they are pursuing the true interest of the publick; and therefore I am glad to contribute what is in my power. For God's sake, not a word of this to any alive.—Your chancellor? why, madam, I can tell you he has been dead this fortnight. Faith, I could hardly forbear our little language about a nasty dead chancellor, as you may see by the blot *. Ploughing? A pox plough them; they will plough me to nothing. But have you got your money, both the ten pounds? How durst he pay the second so soon? Pray be good housewives.—Ay, well, and Joe; why, I had a letter lately from Joe, desiring I would take some care of their poor town †, who, he says, will lose their liberties. To which I desired Dr. Raymond would return answer; That the town had behaved themselves so ill to me, so little regarded the advice I gave them, and disagreed so much among themselves, that I was resolved never to have more to do with them; but that whatsoever personal kindness I could do to Joe, should be done. Pray, when you happen to see Joe, tell him this, lest Raymond should have blundered or forgotten. Poor Mrs. Wesley—Why these *poligies* ‡ for being abroad? Why should you be at home at all, until Stella is

* To make this intelligible, it is necessary to observe, that the words *tac, fortnight*, in the preceding sentence, were first written in what he calls their *little language*, and afterward scratched out and written plain. It must be confessed, this little language, which passed current between Swift and Stella, has occasioned infinite trouble in the revisal of these papers. D. S.

† Trim. D. S.

‡ So written for *apologies*. D. S.

quite

quite well?—So, here is mistress Stella again with her two eggs, &c. My Shower admired with you; why the bishop of Clogher says, he has seen something of mine of the same sort, better than the Shower. I suppose he means the Morning; but it is not half so good. I want your judgment of things, and not your country's. How does MD like it? and do they taste it *all?* &c.* I am glad dean Bolton has paid the twenty pounds. Why should not I chide the bishop of Clogher for writing to the archbishop of Cashel, without sending the letter first to me? It does not signify a ——; for he has no credit at court. Stuff—they are all puppies. I will break your head in good earnest, young woman, for your nasty jest about Mrs. Barton. Unlucky sluttikin, what a word is there! Faith, I was thinking yesterday, when I was with her, whether she could break them or no†, and it quite spoiled my imagination. Mrs. Wall, does Stella win as she pretends? No indeed, doctor; she loses always, and will play so ventersomely, how can she win? See here now; are not you an impudent lying slut? Do, open Domville's letter; what does it signify, if you have a mind? Yes, faith, you write smartly with your eyes shut; all was well but the *w*. See how I can do it; *madam Stella your humble servant* ‡. O, but one may look whether

* He certainly means the ridicule of triplets in particular. D. S.

† This jest is lost, whatever it was, for want of MD's letter. D. S.

‡ Here he wrote with his eyes shut, and the writing is somewhat crooked, although as well in other respects as if his eyes had been open. D. S.

one

one goes crooked or no, and so write on. I will tell you what you may do; you may write with your eyes half shut, just as when one is going to sleep: I have done so for two or thee lines now; it is but just seeing enough to go straight.—Now, madam Dingley, I think I bid you tell Mr. Walls, that in case there be occasion I will serve his friend as far as I can; but I hope there will be none. Yet I believe you will have a new parliament; but I care not whether you have or no a better. You are mistaken in all your conjectures about the Tatlers. I have given him one or two hints, and you have heard me talk about the shilling. Faith, these answering letters are very long ones: you have taken up almost the room of a week in journals; and I will tell you what, I saw fellows wearing crosses to day *, and I wondered what was the matter; but just this minute I recollect it is little Presto's birthday; and I was resolved these three days to remember it when it came, but could not. Pray, drink my health to day at dinner; do you rogues. Do you like Sid Hamet's Rod? Do you understand it all? Well, now at last I have done with your letter, and so I will lay me down to sleep, and about fair maids; and I hope merry maids all.

Dec. 1. Morning. I wish Smyth were hanged. I was dreaming the most melancholy things in the world of poor Stella, and was grieving and crying all night.—Pshah, it is foolish: I will rise and divert myself; so good morrow, and God of his infinite mercy keep and protect you. The bishop of Clogher's letter is dated Nov. 21. He says, you

* St. Andrew's day. D. S.

thought

thought of going with him to Clogher. I am heartily glad of it, and wish you would ride there, and Dingley go in a coach. I have had no fit since my first, although sometimes my head is not quite in good order.—At night. I was this morning to visit Mr. Pratt, who is come over with poor sick lord Shelburn; they made me dine with them, and there I staid, like a booby, till eight, looking over them at ombre, and then came home. Lord Shelburn's giddiness is turned into a colick, and he looks miserably.

2. Steele, the rogue, has done the impudentest thing in the world; he said something in a Tatler, that we ought to use the word Great Britain, and not England, in common conversation, as, the finest lady in Great Britain, &c. Upon this Rowe, Prior, and I sent him a letter, turning this into ridicule. He has to day printed the letter, and signed it J. S. M. P. and N. R. the first letters of our names *. Congreve told me to day, he smoked it immediately. Congreve and I and sir Charles Wager dined to day at Delaval's, the Portugal envoy; and I staid there till eight, and came home, and am now writing to you before I do business, because that dog Patrick is not at home, and the fire is not made, and I am not in my gear. Pox take him!—I was looking by chance at the top of this side, and find I make plaguy mistakes in words; so that you must fence against that as well as bad writing, Faith, I cannot nor will not read what I have written. (Pox of this puppy!) Well, I will leave you till I am got to bed, and then I will say a word or two.—Well, it is now almost

* See this Tatler in vol. VI. N.

twelve,

twelve, and I have been busy ever since, by a fire too, (I have my coals by half a bushel at a time, I will assure you) and now I am got to bed. Well, and what have you to say to Presto now he is abed? Come now, let us hear your speeches. No, it is a lie, I am not sleepy yet. Let us sit up a little longer, and talk. Well, where have you been to day, that you are but just this minute come home in a coach? What have you lost? Pay the coachman, Stella. No, faith, not I, he will grumble.—What new acquaintance have you got? come, let us hear. I have made Delaval promise to send me some Brazil tobacco from Portugal for you, madam Dingley. I hope you will have your chocolate and spectacles before this comes to you.

3. Pshaw, I must be writing to those dear saucy brats every night, whether I will or no, let me have what business I will, or come home ever so late, or be ever so sleepy; but an old saying, and a true one, be you lords, or be you earls, you must write to naughty girls. I was to day at court, and saw Raymond among the beefeaters, staying to see the queen; so I put him in a better station, made two or three dozen of bows, and went to church, and then to court again, to pick up a dinner, as I did with sir John Stanley, and then we went to visit lord Mountjoy, and just now left him; and it is near eleven at night, young women, and methinks this letter comes pretty near to the bottom, and it is but eight days since the date, and do not think I will write on the other side, I thank you for nothing. Faith, if I would use you to letters on sheets as broad as this room, you would always expect them from me. O, faith, I know you well enough; but

an old saying, &c. "Two sides in a sheet, and one in a street." I think that is but a silly old saying, and so I will go to sleep, and do you so too.

4. I dined to day with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and then came home, and studied till evening. No adventure at all to day.

5. So I went to the Court of Requests (we have had the devil and all of rain by the by) to pick up a dinner; and Henley made me go dine with him and one colonel Brag at a tavern, cost me money, faith. Congreve was to be there, but came not. I came with Henley to the coffeehouse, where lord Salisbury seemed mighty desirous to talk with me; and while he was wriggling himself into my favour, that dog Henley asked me aloud, whether I would go to see lord Somers as I had promised (which was a lie) and all to vex poor lord Salisbury, who is a high tory. He played two or three other such tricks, and I was forced to leave my lord, and I came home at seven, and have been writing ever since, and will now go to bed. The other day I saw Jack Temple in the Court of Requests: it was the first time of seeing him; so we talked two or three careless words, and parted. Is it true that your recorder and mayor, and fanatick aldermen *, a month or two ago, at a solemn feast, drank Mr. Harley's, lord Rochester's, and other tory healths? Let me know: it was confidently said here.—The scoundrels! It shall not do, Tom.

* The aldermen of Dublin were fanatical in those days; but, about twenty years after the date of this letter, the Protestant party so far prevailed, that they have since that period kept out fanaticks of all denominations. D. S.

6. When

6. When is this letter to go, I wonder: hearkee, young women, tell me that? Saturday next for certain, and not before; then it will be just a fortnight; time enough for naughty girls, and long enough for two letters, faith. Congreve and Delaval have at last prevailed on sir Godfrey Kneller to entreat me to let him draw my picture for nothing; but I know not yet when I shall sit.—It is such monstrous rainy weather, that there is no doing with it. Secretary St. John sent to me this morning, that my dining with him to day was put off till to morrow; so I peaceably sat with my neighbour Ford, dined with him, and came home at six, and am now in bed as usual; and now it is time to have another letter from MD, yet I would not have it till this goes: for that would look like two letters for one. Is it not whimsical that the dean has never once written to me? And I find the archbishop very silent to that letter I sent him with an account that the business was done. I believe he knows not what to write or say; and I have since written twice to him, both times with a vengeance. Well, go to bed, sirrahs, and so will I. But have you lost to day? Three shillings. O fy, O fy.

7. No, I will not send this letter to-day, nor till Saturday, faith; and I am so afraid of one from MD between this and that: if it comes I will just say I received a letter, and that is all. I dined to day with Mr. secretary St. John, where were lord Anglesea, sir Thomas Hanmer, Prior, Freind, &c. and then made a debauch after nine at Prior's house, and have eaten cold pie, and I hate the thoughts of it,

and I am full, and I do not like it, and I will go to bed, and it is late, and so good night.

8. To day I dined with Mr. Harley and Prior; but Mr. St. John did not come, though he promised: he chid me for not seeing him oftener. Here is a damned libellous pamphlet come out against lord Wharton, giving the character first, and then telling some of his actions: the character is very well, but the facts indifferent. It has been sent by dozens to several gentlemen's lodgings, and I had one or two of them, but nobody knows the author or printer. We are terribly afraid of the plague; they say it is at Newcastle. I begged Mr. Harley for the love of God to take some care about it, or we are all ruined. There have been orders for all ships from the Baltick to pass their quarantine before they land; but they neglect it. You remember I have been afraid these two years.

9. O faith, you are a saucy rogue. I have had your sixth letter just now, before this is gone; but I will not answer a word of it, only that I never was giddy since my first fit, but I have had a cold just a fortnight, and cough with it still morning and evening; but it will go off. It is, however, such abominable weather that no creature can walk. They say here three of your commissioners will be turned out, Ogle, South, and St. Quintain, and that Dick Stuart and Ludlow will be two of the new ones. I am a little soliciting for another; it is poor lord Abercorn, but that is a secret, I mean, that I befriend him is a secret; but I believe it is too late, by his own fault and ill fortune. I dined with him to day. I am heartily sorry you do not go to Clogher, faith, I am;

I am; and so God Almighty protect poor dear, dear, dearest MD. Farewell till to night. I will begin my eleventh to night; so I am always writing to little MD.

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## LETTER XI.

LONDON, DEC. 9, 1710.

So, young women, I have just sent my tenth to the postoffice, and, as I told you, have received your seventh (faith I am afraid I mistook, and said your sixth, and then we shall be all in confusion this month.) Well, I told you I dined with lord Abercorn to day, and that is enough till by and by; for I must go write idle things; and twittle twattle. What is here to do with your little MD's? and so I put this by for a while. It is now late, and I can only say MD is a dear saucy rogue, and what then, Presto loves them the better.

10. This son of a b—— Patrick is out of the way, and I can do nothing; am forced to borrow coals: it is now six o'clock, and I am come home after a pure walk in the Park; delicate weather, begun only to day. A terrible storm last night: we hear one of your packet boats is cast away, and young beau Swift in it, and general Sankey: I know not the truth; you will before me. Raymond talks of leaving the town in a few days, and going in a month to Ireland, for fear his wife should be too far gone, and forced to be brought to bed here. I think he is in the right: but perhaps this packet boat will

fright him. He has no relish for London; and I do not wonder at it. He has got some Templars from Ireland that show him the town. I do not let him see me above twice a week, and that only while I am dressing in the morning.—So now the puppy's come in, and I have got my own ink, but a new pen; and so now you are rogues and sauceboxes till I go to bed; for I must go study, sirrahs. Now I think of it, tell the bishop of Clogher he shall not cheat me of one inch of my bell metal. You know it is nothing but to save the town money; and Enniskilling can afford it better than Laracor; he shall have but one thousand five hundred weight. I have been reading, &c. as usual, and am now going to bed; and I find this day's article is long enough; so get you gone till to morrow and then. I dined with sir Matthew Dudley.

11. I am come again as yesterday, and the puppy had again locked up my ink, notwithstanding all I said to him yesterday; but he is come home a little after me, so all is well: they are lighting my fire, and I will go study. The fair weather is gone again and it has rained all day. I do not like this open weather, though some say it is healthy. They say it is a false report about the plague at Newcastle. I have no news to day: I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, to desire them to buy me a scarf; and lady Abercorn is to buy me another, to see who does best; mine is all in rags. I saw the duke of Richmond yesterday at court again; but would not speak to him: I believe we are fallen out. I am now in bed; and it has rained all this evening, like wildfire. Have you so much rain in your town? Raymond was in a fright, as I expected, upon the news of this shipwreck;

shipwreck; but I persuaded him, and he leaves this town in a week. I got him acquainted with sir Robert Raymond, the solicitor general, who owns him to be of his family; and I believe it may do him a kindness, by being recommended to your new lord chancellor.—I had a letter from Mrs. Long, that has quite turned my stomach against her: no less than two nasty jests in it with dashes to suppose them. She is corrupted in that country town * with vile conversation.—I will not answer your letter till I have leisure: so let this go on as it will, what care I? what cares saucy Presto?

12. I was to day at the secretary's office with Lewis, and in came lord Rivers, who took Lewis out and whispered him; and then came up to me to desire my acquaintance, &c. so we bowed and complimented a while, and parted; and I dined with Phil. Savage †, and his Irish club, at their boarding place; and passing an evening scurvily enough, did not come home till eight. Mr. Addison and I hardly meet once a fortnight: his parliament ‡ and my different friendships keep us asunder. Sir Matthew Dudley turned away his butler yesterday morning, and at night the poor fellow died suddenly in the streets: Was not it an odd event? But what care you; but then I knew the butler.—Why, it seems your packet boat is not lost: pshah, how silly that is, when I had already gone through the forms, and said it was a sad thing, and that I was sorry for it. But when must I answer this letter of our MD's?

* Lynn Regis. D. S.

† Chancellor of the exchequer in Ireland. D. S.

‡ *i. e.* His attendance in parliament. D. S.

Here

Here it is, lies between this paper on the other side the leaf: one of these odd come shortlies I will consider, so good night.

13. Morning. I am to go trapesing with lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt to see sights all this day: they engaged me yesterday morning at tea. You hear the havock making in the army: Meredyth, Macartney, and colonel Honeywood, are obliged to sell their commands at half value, and leave the army, for drinking destruction to the present ministry, and dressing up a hat on a stick, and calling it Harley; then drinking a glass with one hand, and discharging a pistol with the other at the mawkin, wishing it were Harley himself: and a hundred other such pretty tricks, as inflaming their soldiers, and foreign ministers, against the late changes at court. Cadogan * has had a little paring: his mother told me yesterday he had lost the place of envoy: but I hope they will go no farther with him, for he was not at those mu-

* William Cadogan, esq., was quarter master general in 1701; colonel of a regiment of horse in 1703; brigadier general in 1704; plenipotentiary to the Spanish Netherlands and major general in 1706; lieutenant general in 1709; on the accession of king George, master of the robes, and colonel of the second regiment of horse guards; knight of the Thistle in 1715; a governor of the Isle of Wight, and plenipotentiary to Holland in 1716; created lord Cadogan, June 21, that year; baron Oakley, viscount Caversham, and earl Cadogan, April 17, 1718. On the death of the duke of Marlborough in 1722, he was master general of the ordnance, and colonel of the first regiment of foot guards. He died July 17, 1726.—No officer was ever so much relied on by the duke of Marlborough as general Cadogan. He had the care of marking out almost every camp during the war in the Netherlands and Germany; which he executed so skilfully, that, it was observed, the duke was never surprised or attacked in his camp during the whole war. N.

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tinous meeings. Well, these saucy jades take up so much of my time, with writing to them in a morning: but faith I am glad to see you whenever I can: a little snap and away; so hold your tongue, for I must rise: not a word for your life. How *nowww?* so very well; stay till I come home, and then, perhaps, you may hear farther from me. And where will you go to day, for I cannot be with you for these ladies? It is a rainy ugly day. I would have you send for Walls, and go to the dean's; but do not play small games when you lose. You will be ruined by Manilio, Basto, the queen, and two small trumps in red. I confess it is a good hand against the player; but then there are Spadilio, Punto, the king, strong trumps against you, which, with one trump more, are three tricks ten ace: for suppose you play your Manilio—O, silly, how I prate and cannot get away from this MD in a morning. Go, get you gone, dear naughty girls, and let me rise. There, Patrick locked up my ink again the third time last night: the rogue gets the better of me; but I will rise in spite of you, sirrahs.—At night. Lady Kerry, Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Cadogan, and I, in one coach; Lady Kerry's son and his governor, and two gentlemen, in another; maids and misses, and little master (lord Shelburn's children) in a third, all hackneys, set out at ten o'clock this morning from lord Shelburn's house in Piccadilly to the Tower, and saw all the sights, lions, &c.; then to Bedlam; then dined at the chophouse behind the exchange; then to Gresham College (but the keeper was not at home) and concluded the night at the puppetshow, whence we came home safe at night, and I left them. The ladies were all in mobs; how do you call it? undressed; and it was

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the rainiest day that ever dripped; and I am weary, and it is now past eleven.

14. Stay, I will answer some of your letter this morning in bed: let me see; come and appear, little letter. Here I am, says he, and what say you to Mrs. MD this morning fresh and fasting? who dares think MD negligent? I allow them a fortnight, and they give it me. I could fill a letter in a week; but it is longer every day, and so I keep it a fortnight, and then it is cheaper by one half. I have never been giddy, dear Stella, since that morning: I have taken a whole box of pills, and kecked at them every night, and drank a pint of brandy at mornings.—O then, you kept Presto's little birthday: would to God I had been with you. I forgot it, as I told you before. *Re*diculous, madam; I suppose you mean ridiculous: let me have no more of that; it is the author of the Atalantis's spelling. I have mended it in your letter. And can Stella read this writing without hurting her dear eyes? O, faith, I am afraid not. Have a care of those eyes, pray, pray, pretty Stella.—It is well enough what you observe, That if I writ better, perhaps you would not read so well, being used to this manner; it is an alphabet you are used to: you know such a pothook makes a letter; and you know what letter; and so and so.—I will swear he told me so, and that they were long letters too; but I told him it was a gasconade of yours, &c. I am talking of the bishop of Clogher, how he forgot. Turn over *. I had not room on the other side to say that, so I

* He seems to have written these words in a whim, for the sake of what follows. D. S.

did

did it on this: I fancy that is a good Irish blunder. Ah, why do not you go down to Clogher nauti-nautinautidear girls; I dare not say *nauti* without dear: O, faith, you govern me. But, seriously, I am sorry you do not go, as far as I can judge at this distance. No, we would get you another horse, I will make Parvisol get you one. I always doubted that horse of yours: prithee sell him, and let it be a present to me. My heart aches when I think you ride him. Order Parvisol to sell him, and that you are to return me the money: I shall never be easy until he is out of your hands. Faith, I have dreamed five or six times of horses tumbling since I had your letter. If he cannot sell him, let him run this winter. Faith, if I was near you, I would whip your —— to some tune, for your grave saucy answer about the dean and Jonsonibus; I would, young women. And did the dean preach for me? very well. Why, would they have me stand here and preach to them? No, the Tatler of the Shilling was not mine, more than the hint, and two or three general heads for it. I have much more important business on my hands: and, besides, the ministry hate to think that I should help him, and have made reproaches on it; and I frankly told them, I would do it no more. This is a secret though, madam Stella. You win eight shillings? You win eight fiddlesticks. Faith, you say nothing of what you lose, young women. —I hope Manley is in no great danger; for Ned Southwell is his friend, and so is sir Thomas Frankland; and his brother John Manley stands up heartily for him. On the other side, all the gentlemen of Ireland here are furiously against him. Now, mistress Dingley, are not you an impudent slut to expect a letter

letter next packet from Presto, when you confess yourself, that you had so lately two letters in four days? unreasonable baggage! No, little Dingley, I am always in bed by twelve; I mean my candle's out by twelve, and I take great care of myself. Pray let every body know, upon occasion, that Mr. Harley got the first-fruits from the queen for the clergy of Ireland, and that nothing remains but the forms, &c. So you say the dean and you dined at Stoyte's, and Mrs. Stoyte was in raptures that I remembered her. I must do it but seldom, or it will take off her rapture.—But, what now, you saucy sluts, all this written in a morning, and I must rise and go abroad. Pray stay till night: do not think I will squander mornings upon you, pray good madam. Faith, if I go on longer in this trick of writing in the mornings I shall be afraid of leaving it off, and think you expect it, and be in awe. Good morrow, sirrahs, I will rise.—At night. I went to day to the Court of Requests (I will not answer the rest of your letter yet, that by the way) in hopes to dine with Mr. Harley: but lord Dupplin, his son-in-law, told me he did not dine at home; so I was at a loss, until I met with Mr. secretary St. John, and went home and dined with him, where he told me of a good bite. Lord Rivers told me two days ago, that he was resolved to come Sunday fortnight next to hear me preach before the queen. I assured him the day was not yet fixed, and I knew nothing of it. To day the secretary told me, that his father, (sir Harry St. John,) and lord Rivers, were to be at St. James's church, to hear me preach there; and were assured I was to preach: so there will be another bite; for I know nothing of the matter, but

that

that Mr. Harley and St. John are resolved I must preach before the queen, and the secretary of state has told me he will give me three weeks warning; but I desired to be excused, which he will not. St. John, "You shall not be excused." However, I hope they will forget it; for if it should happen, all the puppies hereabouts will throng to hear me, and expect something wonderful, and be plaguily balked; for I shall preach plain honest stuff*. I staid with St. John till eight, and then came home, and Patrick desired leave to go abroad, and by and by comes up the girl to tell me a gentleman was below in a coach who had a bill to pay me; so I let him come up, and who should it be but Mr. Addison and Sam Dopping, to haul me out to supper, where I have staid till twelve. If Patrick had been at home, I should have escaped this; for I have taught him to deny me almost as well as Mr. Harley's porter.—Where did I leave off in MD's letter? let me see. So, now I have it. You are pleased to say, madam Dingley, that those that go for England, can never tell when to come back. Do you mean this as a reflection upon Presto, madam? sauceboxes, I will come back as soon as I can, this is his common phrase and I hope with some advantage, unless all ministries be alike, as perhaps they may. I hope Hawkshaw is in Dublin before now, and that you have your things, and like your spectacles; if you do not, you shall have better. I hope Dingley's tobacco did not spoil Stella's chocolate, and that all is safe: pray let me know. Mr. Ad-

* The ministry never could prevail upon Dr. Swift to preach before the queen. D. S.

dison

dison and I are different as black and white, and I believe our friendship will go off, by this damned business of party: he cannot bear seeing me fall in so with this ministry; but I love him still as well as ever, though we seldom meet.—Hussy, Stella, you jest about poor Congreve's eyes; you do so, hussy; but I will bang your bones, faith.—Yes, Steele was a little while in prison, or at least in a spunginghouse, some time before I came, but not since.—Pox on your convocation, and your Lamberts *; they write with a vengeance! I suppose you think it a piece of affectation in me to wish your Irish folks would not like my Shower: but you are mistaken. I should be glad to have the general applause there as I have here (though I say it) but I have only that of one or two, and therefore I would have none at all, but let you all be in the wrong. I do not know, that is not what I would say; but I am so tosticated with supper and stuff that I cannot express myself—What you say of Sid Hamet is well enough; that an enemy should like it, and a friend not; and that telling the author would make both change their opinions. Why did not you tell Griffyth that you fancied there was something in it of my manner; but first spur up his commendation to the height, as we served my poor uncle about the sconce that I mended. Well, I desired you to give what I intended for an answer to Mrs. Fenton, to save her postage, and myself trouble; and I hope I have done it if you have not.

* Dr. Lambert was chaplain to lord Wharton. He was censured in the lower house of convocation of Ireland as author of a libelling letter. N.

15. Lord, what a long day's writing was yesterday's answer to your letter, sirrahs! I dined to day with Lewis and Ford, whom I have brought acquainted. Lewis told me a pure thing. I had been hankering with Mr. Harley to save Steele his other employment, and have a little mercy on him, and I had been saying the same thing to Lewis, who is Mr. Harley's chief favourite. Lewis tells Mr. Harley how kindly I should take it, if he would be reconciled to Steele, &c. Mr. Harley, on my account, falls in with it, and appoints Steele a time to let him attend him, which Steele accepts with great submission, but never comes, nor sends any excuse. Whether it was blundering, sullenness, insolence, or rancour of party, I cannot tell; but I shall trouble myself no more about him. I believe Addison hindered him out of mere spite, being grated to the soul to think he should ever want my help to save his friend; yet now he is soliciting me to make another of his friends queen's secretary at Geneva; and I will do it if I can, it is poor Pastoral Philips.

16. O, why did you leave my picture behind you at the other lodgings? Forgot it? well; but pray remember it now, and do not roll it up, do you hear, but hang it carefully in some part of your room, where chairs and candles, and mopsticks will not spoil it, sirrahs. No truly, I will not be godfather to goody Walls this bout, and I hope she will have no more. There will be no quiet, nor cards, for this child. I hope it will die the day after the christening. Mr. Harley gave me a paper, with an account of the sentence you speak of against the

the lads that defaced the statue *, and that Ingoldsby reprieved that part of it standing before the statue. I hope it was never executed. We have got your Broderick out; Doyne is to succeed him, and Cox Doyne. And so there is an end of your letter; it is all answered, and now I must go on upon my own stock; go on, did I say? why I have written enough; but this is too soon to send it yet, young women; faith I dare not use you to it, you will always expect it; what remains shall be only short journals of a day, and so I will rise; for this morning.—At night. I dined with my opposite neighbour, Darteneuf, and I was soliciting this day, to present the bishop of Clogher, vice chancellor †; but it will not do; they are all set against him, and the Duke of Ormond, they say, has resolved to dispose of it somewhere

* An equestrian statue of king William III. in College Green, Dublin. It was common in the days of party, for wild young students of the university of Dublin to play several tricks with this statue. Sometimes in their frolicks they would set a mawkin behind the effigies of the king; sometimes dress up the horse and rider with bows and sheaves of straw; but their infernal sin was that of whipping the truncheon out of the rider's hand, and thereby leaving the poor statue defenceless. For these and the like freaks, many young gentlemen where in former days expelled the university. But, in aftertimes, there was ample amends made to the statue for these affronts; if wheeling round its pedestal with all gravity and solemnity, then alighting from coaches, falling down upon the knees, and drinking to the glorious and immortal memory of the dead, with eyes lifted up to the statue, could express the gratitude and devotion of its adorers. It is said, that what originally gave the students offence, was the site of the statue; the front of it being directed to the city, and the back diametrically opposite to the great and beautiful entrance of the college. D. S.

† Of the university of Dublin. D. S.

else.

else. Well; little saucy rogues, do not stay out too late to night, because it is Saturday night, and young women should come home soon then.

17. I went to court to seek a dinner, but the queen was not at church, she has got a touch of the gout; so the court was thin, and I went to the coffeehouse; and sir Thomas Frankland and his eldest son and I went and dined with his son William. I talked a great deal to sir Thomas about Manley, and find he is his good friend, and so has Ned Southwell been, and I hope he will be safe though all the Irish folks here are his mortal enemies. There was a devilish bite to day. They had it, I know not how, that I was to preach this morning at St. James's church, and abundance went, among the rest lord Radnor, who never is abroad till three in the afternoon. I walked all the way home from Hatton Garden at six, by moonlight, a delicate night. Raymond called at nine, but I was denied, and now I am in bed between eleven and twelve, just going to sleep, and dream of my own dear roguish impudent pretty MD.

18. You will now have short days works, just a few lines to tell you where I am, and what I am doing; only I will keep room for the last day to tell you news, if there be any worth sending. I have been sometimes like to do it at the top of my letter, until I remark it would be old before it reached you. I was hunting to dine with Mr. Harley to day, but could not find him; and so I dined with honest Dr. Cockburn, and came home at six, and was taken out to next door by Dopping and Ford, to drink bad claret and oranges, and we let Raymond come to us, who talks of leaving the

town to morrow, but I believe will stay a day or two longer. It is now late, and I will say no more, but end this line with bidding my own dear saucy MD good night, &c.

19. I am come down proud stomach in one instance, for I went to day to see the duke of Buckingham; but came too late; then I visited Mrs. Parton, and thought to have dined with some of the ministry; but it rained, and Mrs. Vanhomrigh was nigh, and I took the opportunity of paying her for a scarf she bought me, and dined there; at four I went to congratulate with lord Shelburn, for the death of poor lady Shelburn dowager; he was at his country house; and returned while I was there, and had not heard of it, and he took it very well. I am now come home before six, and find a packet from the bishop of Clogher, with one enclosed to the duke of Ormond, which is ten days earlier dated than another I had from Parvisol; however, it is no matter, for the duke has already disposed of the vice chancellorship to the archbishop of Tuam *, and I could not help it, for it is a thing wholly you know in the duke's power; and I find the bishop has enemies about the duke. I writ this while Patrick is folding up my scarf, and doing up the fire (for I keep a fire, it costs me twelve pence a week) and so be quiet till I am gone to bed, and then sit down by me a little, and we will talk a few words more. Well; now MD is at my bedside; and now what shall we say? How does Mrs. Stoyte? What had the dean for supper? How much did Mrs.

* Dr. John Vesey, bishop of Limerick, June 11, 1672; translated to Tuam, March 18, 1678. He died in 1716. N. Walls.

Walls win? Poor lady Shelburn! Well, go get you to bed, sirrahs.

20. Morning. I was up this morning early, and shaved by candlelight, and write this by the fire-side. Poor Raymond just came in and took his leave of me; he is summoned by high order from his wife, but pretends he has had enough of London. I was a little melancholy to part with him; he goes to Bristol, where they are to be with his merchant brother, and now thinks of staying till May; so she must be brought to bed in England. He was so easy and manageable, that I almost repent I suffered him to see me so seldom. But he is gone, and will save Patrick some lies in a week: Patrick is grown admirable at it, and will make his fortune. How now, sirrah, must I write in a morning to your impudence?

Stay till night,
And then I'll write
In black and white,
By candlelight
Of wax so bright,
It helps the sight,
A bite a bite!
Marry come up, Mrs. Boldface.

At night. Dr. Raymond came back, and goes to morrow. I did not come home till eleven, and found him here to take leave of me. I went to the Court of Requests, thinking to find Mr. Harley and dine with him; and refused Henley, and every body, and at last knew not where to go, and met Jemmy Leigh by chance, and was just in the same way, so I dined at his lodging on a beefsteak, and drank your health, then left him and went to the tavern with

Ben Tooke and Portlack, the duke of Ormond's secretary, drinking nasty white wine till eleven. I am sick and ashamed of it, &c.

21. I met that beast Ferris, lord Berkeley's steward formerly; I walked with him a turn in the Park, and that scoundrel dog is as happy as an emperor, has married a wife with a considerable estate in land and houses about this town, and lives at his ease at Hammersmith. See your confounded sect.—Well; I had the same luck to day with Mr. Harley; it was a lovely day, and went by water into the city, and dined with Stratford at a merchant's house, and walked home with as great a dunce as Ferris, I mean colonel Caufield, and came home by eight, and now am in bed, and going to sleep for a wager, and will send this letter on Saturday, or so; but first I will wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year, and pray God we may never keep them asunder again.

22. Morning. I am going now to Mr. Harley's levee on purpose to vex him; I will say I had no other way of seeing him, &c. Patrick says, it is a dark morning, and that the duke of Argyle is to be knighted to day, the booby means installed, at Windsor. But I must rise, for this is a shaving day, and Patrick says there is a good fire; I wish MD were by it, or I by MD's.—At night. I forgot to tell you, madam Dingley, that I paid nine shillings for your glass and spectacles, of which three were for the bishop's case; I am sorry I did not buy you such another case, but if you like it, I will bring one over with me, pray tell me: the glass to read was four shillings, the spectacles two. And have you had your chocolate? Leigh says, he sent the petticoat

petticoat by one Mr. Spencer. Pray have you no farther commissions for me? I paid the glassman but last night, and he would have made me a present of the microscope worth thirty shillings, and would have sent it home with me; I thought the deuce was in the man: he said, "I could do him more service than that was worth," &c. I refused his present, but promised him all service I could do him; and so now I am obliged in honour to recommend him to every body.—At night. I went to Mr. Harley's levee? he came and asked me, what had I to do there, and bid me come and dine with him on a family dinner; which I did, and it was the first time I ever saw his lady and daughter; at five my lord keeper came in: I told Mr. Harley, he had formerly presented me to sir Simon Harcourt, but now must to my lord keeper, so he laughed, &c.

23. Morning. This letter goes to night without fail; I hope there is none from you yet at the coffee-house: I will send and see by and by; and let you know, and so, and so. Patrick goes to see for a letter: what will you lay, is there one from MD or no; No, I say; done for sixpence. Why has the dean never once written to me? I won sixpence; I won sixpence; there is not one letter to Presto. Good morrow, dear sirrahs: Stratford and I dine to day with lord Mountjoy. God Almighty preserve and bless you; farewell, &c.

I have been dining at lord Mountjoy's; and am come to study: our news from Spain this post takes off some of our fears. The parliament is prorogued to day, or adjourned rather till after the holidays. Bank stock is 105, so I may get 12l. for my bargain already. Patrick the puppy is abroad, and how shall I send

I send this letter? Good night, little dears both, and be happy, and remember your poor Presto, that wants you sadly, as hope saved. Let me go study, naughty girls, and do not keep me at the bottom of the paper. O faith, if you knew what lies on my hands constantly *, you would wonder to see how I could write such long letters; but we will talk of that some other time. Good night again, and God bless dear MD with his best blessing, yes, yes, and Dingley and Stella and me too, &c.

Ask the bishop of Clogher about the pun I sent him of lord Stawell's brother; it will be a pure bite. This letter has 199 lines in it, besides all postscripts; I had a curiosity to reckon.

There is a long letter for you.

It is longer than a sermon, faith.

I had another letter from Mrs. Fenton, who says you were with her. I hope you did not go on purpose. I will answer her letter soon; it is about some money in lady Giffard's hands.

They say you have had eight packets due to you; so pray, madams, do not blame Presto, but the wind.

My humble service to Mrs. Walls, and Mrs. Stoyte; I missed the former a good while.

## LETTER XII.

LONDON, DEC. 23, 1710.

I HAVE sent my 11th to night as usual, and begin the dozenth, and told you I dined with Stratford

* Writing the Examiner. D. S.

at

at lord Mountjoy's, and I will tell you no more at present, guess for why; because I am going to mind things, and mighty affairs, not your nasty first-fruits; I let them alone till Mr. Harley gets the queen's letter; but other things of greater moment, that you shall know one day, when the ducks have eaten up all the dirt. So sit still a while just by me while I am studying, and do not say a word, I charge you, and when I am going to bed, I will take you along, and talk with you a little while: so there, sit there.—Come then, let us see what we have to say to these saucy brats, that will not let us go sleep at past eleven. Why, I am a little impatient to know how you do; but that I take it for a standing maxim, that when you are silent, all is pretty well, because that is the way I will deal with you; and if there was any thing you ought to know now, I would write by the first post, although I had written but the day before. Remember this, young women, and God Almighty preserve you both, and make us happy together; and tell me how accounts stand between us, that you may be paid long before it is due, not to want. I will return no more money while I stay, so that you need not be in pain to be paid; but let me know at least a month before you can want. Observe this, do you hear, little dear sirrahs, and love Presto as Presto loves MD, &c.

24. You will have a merrier Christmas eve than we here. I went up to court before church, and in one of the rooms, there being but little company, a fellow in a red coat without a sword came up to me, and after words of course asked me how the ladies did. I asked, what ladies? He said, "Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson." "Very well," said I,

" when I heard from them last: and pray when came you from thence, sir?" He said, " I never was in Ireland;" and just at that word lord Winchelsea comes up to me, and the man went off. As I went out I saw him again, and recollected him, it was Vedeau with a pox: I then went and made my apologies, " that my head was full of something I had to say to lord Winchelsea," &c. and I asked after his wife, and so all was well, and he inquired after my lodging, because he had some favour to desire of me in Ireland, to recommend somebody to somebody, I know not what it is. When I came from church I went up to court again, where sir Edmund Bacon told me the bad news from Spain, which you will hear before this reaches you; as we have it now, we are undone there, and it was odd to see the whole countenances of the court changed so in two hours. Lady Mountjoy carried me home to dinner, where I staid not long after, and came home early, and now am got into bed, for you must always write to your MD's in bed, that is a maxim. Mr. White and Mr. Red, write to MD when abed; Mr. Black and Mr. Brown, write to MD when you are down; Mr. Oak and Mr. Willow, write to MD on your pillow.—What is this? faith I smell fire; what can it be; this house has a thousand stinks in it. I think to leave it on Thursday, and lodge over the way. Faith I must rise, and look at my chimney, for the smell grows stronger, stay—I have been up, and in my room, and found all safe, only a mouse within the fender to warm himself, which I could not catch. I smelt nothing there, but now in my bed chamber I smell it again; I believe I have singed the woollen curtains, and that is all, though I cannot smoke it.

Presto's

Presto's plaguy silly to night; is not he? Yes, and so he be. Ay, but if I should wake and see fire? Well; I will venture; so good night, &c.

25. Pray, young women, if I write so much as this every day, how will this paper hold a fortnight's work, and answer one of yours into the bargain? You never think of this, but let me go on like a simpleton. I wish you a merry Christmas, and many, many a one with poor Presto at some pretty place. I was at church to day by eight, and received the sacrament, and came home by ten; then went to court at two, it was collar day, that is, when the knights of the garter wear their collars; but the queen staid so late at sacrament, that I came back, and dined with my neighbour Ford, because all people dine at home on this day. This is likewise a *collar day* all over England in every house, at least where there is brawn: that is very well—I tell you a good pun; a fellow hard by pretends to cure agues, and has set out a sign, and spells it *egoes*; a gentleman and I observing it, he said, How does that fellow pretend to cure agues? I said, I did not know, but I was sure it was not by a *spell*. This is admirable. And so you asked the bishop about that pun of lord Stawell's brother. Bite. Have I caught you, young women? Must you pretend to ask after roguish puns, and Latin ones too? O but you smoke me, and did not ask the bishop. O you are a fool, and you did. I met Vedeau again at court to day, and I observed he had a sword on; I fancy he was broke, and has got a commission, but I never asked him. Vedeau I think his name is, yet Parvisol's man is Vedel, that is true. Bank stock will fall like stockfish by this bad news, and two days ago I could have

got 12l. by my bargain; but do not intend to sell, and in time it will rise. It is odd, that my lord Peterborow foretold this loss two months ago, one night at Mr. Harley's, when I was there; he bid us count upon it, that Stanhope would lose Spain before Christmas; that he would venture his head upon it, and gave us reasons; and though Mr. Harley argued the contrary, he still held his opinion. I was telling my lord Anglesea this at court this morning, and a gentleman by said, he had heard my lord Peterborow affirm the same thing. I have heard wise folks say, "An ill tongue may do much." And it is an old saying, "Once I guessed right, and I got credit by it; Thrice I guessed wrong, and I kept my credit on." No, it is you are sorry, not I.

26. By the lord Harry I shall be undone here with Christmas boxes. The rogues at the coffee-house have raised their tax, every one giving a crown, and I gave mine for shame, besides a great many half crowns to great men's porters, &c. I went to day by water into the city, and dined with no less a man than the city printer*. There is an intimacy† between us, built upon reasons that you shall know when I see you: but the rain caught me within twelve penny length of home. I called at Mr. Harley's, who was not within, dropped my half-crown with his porter, drove to the coffee-house, where the rain kept me till nine. I had letters to day from the archbishop of Dublin, and Mr. Bernage; the latter sends me a melancholy account of lady Shelburn's death, and his own disappoint-

* Mr. John Barber, afterward lord mayor. N.

† Mr. Barber was then printing the Examiner. N.

ments,

ments, and would gladly be a captain; if I can help him, I will.

27. Morning. I bespoke a lodging over the way for to morrow, and the dog let it yesterday to another; I gave him no earnest, so it seems he could do it; Patrick would have had me give him earnest to bind him; but I would not. So I must go saunter to day for a lodging somewhere else. Did you ever see so open a winter in England? We have not had two frosty days; but it pays it off in rain: we have not had three fair days these six weeks. O faith, I dreamed mightily of MD last night; but so confused I cannot tell a word. I have made Ford acquainted with Lewis, and to day we dined together; in the evening I called at one or two neighbours, hoping to spend a Christmas evening; but none were at home, they were all gone to be merry with others. I have often observed this, that in merry times every body is abroad: where the deuce are they? So I went to the coffeehouse, and talked with Mr. Addison an hour, who at last remembered to give me two letters, which I cannot answer to night, nor to morrow neither, I can assure you, young women, count upon that. I have other things to do than to answer naughty girls, an old saying and true. Letters from MD's must not be answered in ten days: it is but bad rhyme, &c.

28. To day I had a message from sir Thomas Hanmer to dine with him; the famous Dr. Smalridge* was of the company, and we sat till six, and I came home to my new lodgings in St. Alban street,

* Then canon of Christ Church. He was afterward successively dean of Carlisle 1711, dean of Christ Church 1713, and in 1714 bishop of Bristol. N.

where

where I pay the same rent (eight shillings a week) for an apartment two pair of stairs; but I have the use of the parlour to receive persons of quality, and I am got into my new bed, &c.

29. Sir Andrew Fountaine has been very ill this week; and sent to me early this morning to have prayers, which you know is the last thing. I found the doctors and all in despair about him. I read prayers to him, found he had settled all things; and when I came out the nurse asked me, whether I thought it possible he could live; for the doctors thought not. I said, I believed he would live; for I found the seeds of life in him, which I observe seldom fail (and I found them in poor dearest Stella, when she was ill many years ago); and to night I was with him again, and he was mightily recovered, and I hope he will do well, and the doctor approved my reasons; but if he should die, I should come off scurvily. The secretary of state (Mr. St. John) sent to me to dine with him; Mr. Harley and lord Peterborow dined there too, and at night came lord Rivers. Lord Peterborow goes to Vienna in a day or two; he has promised to make me write to him. Mr. Harley went away at six, but we staid till seven. I took the secretary aside, and complained to him of Mr. Harley, that he had got the queen to grant the first-fruits, promised to bring me to her, and get her letter to the bishops of Ireland; but the last part he had not done in six weeks, and I was in danger to lose reputation, &c. He took the matter right, desired me to be with him on Sunday morning, and promises me to finish the affair in four days; so I shall know in a little time what I have to trust to.—It is nine o'clock, and I must

must go study, you little rogues; and so good night, &c.

30. Morning. The weather grows cold, you sauceboxes. Sir Andrew Fountaine, they bring me word, is better. I will go rise, for my hands are starving while I write in bed.—Night. Now sir Andrew Fountaine is recovering, he desires to be at ease; for I called in the morning to read prayers, but he had given orders not to be disturbed. I have lost a legacy by his living; for he told me he had left me a picture and some books, &c. I called to see my quondam neighbour Ford (do you know what *quondam* is, though?) and he engaged me to dine with him; for he always dines at home on opera days. I came home at six, writ to the archbishop, then studied till past eleven, and stole to bed, to write to MD these few lines to let you know I am in good health at the present writing hereof, and hope in God MD is so too. I wonder I never write politicks to you: I could make you the profoundest politician in all the lane.—Well, but when shall we answer this letter N° 8, of MD's? Not till next year, faith. O Lord—bo—but that will be a Monday next. Cod's so, is it? and so it is, never saw the like.—I made a pun the other day to Ben Portlack about a pair of drawers. "Poh," said he, "that is mine a —— all over." Pray, pray, Dingley, let me go sleep; pray, pray, Stella, let me go slumber, and put out my wax candle.

31. Morning. It is now seven, and I have got a fire, but am writing abed in my bedchamber. It is not shaving day, so I shall be ready early to go before church to Mr. St. John, and to morrow I will answer our MD's letter. Would you answer MD's

MD's letter, on new year's day you will do it better: For when the year with MD 'gins, it without MD never lins. (These proverbs have always old words in them; *lins* is leaves off.) But if on new year you write nones, MD then will bang your bones.—But Patrick says I must rise.—Night. I was early this morning with secretary St. John, and gave him a memorial to get the queen's letter for the first-fruits, who has promised to do it in a very few days. He told me he had been with the duke of Marlborough, who was lamenting his former wrong steps in joining with the whigs, and said he was worn out with age, fatigues, and misfortunes. I swear it pitied me; and I really think they will not do well in too much mortifying that man, although indeed it is his own fault. He is covetous as Hell, and ambitious as the prince of it: he would fain have been general for life, and has broken all endeavours for peace, to keep his greatness and get money. He told the queen "he was neither covetous nor ambitious." She said, "if she could have conveniently turned about, she would have laughed, and could hardly forbear it in his face." He fell in with all the abominable measures of the late ministry, because they gratified him for their own designs. Yet he has been a successful general, and I hope he will continue his command. O Lord, smoke the politicks to MD. Well; but if you like them, I will scatter a little now and then, and mine are all fresh from the chief hands. Well, I dined with Mr. Harley, and came away at six: there was much company, and I was not merry at all. Mr. Harley made me read a paper of verses of Prior's. I read them plain without any fine manner, and Prior swore I should

should never read any of his again; but he would be revenged, and read some of mine as bad. I excused myself, and said, I was famous for reading verses the worst in the world*, and that every body snatched them from me when I offered to begin. So we laughed. —Sir Andrew Fountaine still continues ill. He is plagued with some sort of bile.

January 1. Morning. I wish my dearest pretty Dingley and Stella a happy new year, and health, and mirth, and good stomachs, and Fr's company. Faith, I did not know how to write Fr. I wondered what was the matter; but now I remember I always write Pdfr.† Patrick wishes me a happy new year, and desires I would rise, for it is a good fire, and faith it is cold. I was so politick last night with MD, never saw the like. Get the Examiners, and read them; the last nine or ten are full of the reasons for the late change, and of the abuse of the late ministry; and the great men assure me they are all true. They are written by their encouragement and direction. I must rise and go see sir Andrew Fountaine; but perhaps to night I may answer MD's letter: so good morrow, my mistresses all, good morrow. I wish you both a merry new year, roast beef, minced pies, and good strong beer, and me a share of your good cheer. That I was there, or you were here, and you are a little saucy dear.—Good morrow again, dear sirrahs, one cannot rise for your play.—At night. I went this morning to visit lady Kerry and lord Shelburn, and they made me dine with them. Sir Andrew Fountaine is better.

* Although it be said in jest, there is some truth in [illegible]. D. S.
† Presto. D. S.

And

And now let us come and see what this saucy dear letter of MD says. Come out, letter, come out from between the sheets; here it is underneath, and it will not come out. Come out again, I say: so there. Here it is. What says Presto to me, pray? says it. Come, and let me answer for you to your ladies. Hold up your head then, like a good letter. There. Pray, how have you got up with Presto? Madam Stella. You write your eighth when you receive mine: now I write my twelfth, when I receive your eighth. Do not you allow for what are upon the road, simpleton? what say you to that? And so you kept Presto's little birthday, I warrant: would to God I had been at the health, rather than here, where I have no manner of pleasure, nothing but eternal business upon my hands. I shall grow wise in time; but no more of that: only I say Amen with my heart and vitals, that we may never be asunder again ten days together while poor Presto lives. ——————————————— I cannot be merry so near any splenetick talk; so I made that long line, and now all is well again. Yes, you are a pretending slut, indeed, with your fourth and fifth in the margin, and your journal, and every thing. Wind—we saw no wind here, nothing at all extraordinary at any time. We had it once when you had it not. But an old saying and a true; I hate all winds, before and behind, from cheeks with eyes, or from blind. Your chimney fall down! God preserve you. I suppose you only mean a brick or two: but that is a damned lie of your chimney being carried to the next house with the wind. Do not put such things upon us; those matters will not pass here; keep a little to possibilities. My lord Hertford

Hertford* would have been ashamed of such a stretch. You should take care of what company you converse with: when one gets that faculty, it is hard to break one's self of it. Jemmy Leigh talks of going over; but *quando?* I do not know when he will go. O, now you had my ninth, now you are come up with me; marry come up with you, indeed. I know all that business of lady S. Will nobody cut that D——y's throat? Five hundred pounds do you call poor pay for living three months the life of a king? they say she died with grief, partly, being forced to appear as witness in court about some squabble among their servants.—The bishop of Clogher showed you a pamphlet. Well, but you must not give your mind to believe those things; people will say any thing. The character is here reckoned admirable, but most of the facts are trifles. It was first printed privately here; and then some bold cur ventured to do it publicly, and sold two thousand in two days: who the author is must remain uncertain. Do you pretend to know, impudence? how durst you think so? Pox on your parliaments: the archbishop has told me of it; but we do not vouchsafe to know any thing of it here. No, no, no more giddiness yet; thank you, Stella, for asking after it; thank you; God Almighty bless you for your kindness to poor Presto. You write to lady Giffard and your mother upon what I advise, when it is too late. But yet I fancy this bad news will bring down stocks so low, that one might buy to great advantage. I design to venture going to see your mother some day when lady Gif-

* Son to the duke of Somerset. N.

fard is abroad. Well, keep your Rathburn and stuff. I thought he was to pay in your money upon his houses to be flung down about the what do you call it.—Well, madam Dingley, I sent your enclosed to Bristol, but have not heard from Raymond since he went. Come, come young women, I keep a good fire; it costs me twelve pence a week, and I fear something more; vex me, and I will have one in my bed chamber too. No, did not I tell you but just now, we have no high winds here. Have you forgot already?—Now you are at it again, silly Stella; why does your mother say, my candles are scandalous? they are good sixes in the pound, and she said I was extravagant enough to burn them by daylight. I never burn fewer at a time than one. What would people have? the D— burst Hawkshaw. He told me he had not the box, and the next day Sterne * told me he had sent it a fortnight ago; Patrick could not find him the other day, but he shall to morrow: dear life and heart, do you tease me? does Stella tease Presto? that palsy water was in the box: it was too big for a packet, and I was afraid of its breaking. Leigh was not in town then, or I would not have trusted it to Sterne, whom yet I have befriended enough to do me more kindness than that. I will never rest till you have it, or till it is in a way for you to have it. Poor dear rogue, naughty to think it teases me: how could I ever forgive myself for neglecting any thing that related to your health? sure I were a devil if I did!.... ..... See how far I am forced to

* Enoch Sterne, esq. clerk to the house of lords in Ireland, and collector of Wicklow. N.

stand

stand from Stella, because I am afraid she thinks Poor Presto has not been careful about her little things; I am sure I bought them immediately according to order, and packed them up with my own hands, and sent them to Sterne, and was six times with him about sending them away. I am glad you are pleased with your glasses. I have got another velvet cap, a new one lord Herbert bought and presented me one morning I was at breakfast with him, where he was as merry and easy as ever I saw him, yet had received a challenge half an hour before, and half an hour after fought a duel. It was about ten days ago. You are mistaken in your guesses about Tatlers: I did neither write that on Noses, nor Religion, nor do I send him of late any hints at all. —Indeed, Stella, when I read your letter, I was not uneasy at all; but when I came to answer the particulars, and found that you had not received your box, it grated me to the heart, because I thought through your little words, that you imagined I had not taken the care I ought. But there has been some blunder in this matter, which I will know to morrow and write to Sterne, for fear he should not be within.—And pray, pray, Presto, pray now do.— No, Raymond was not above four times with me while he staid, and then only while I was dressing. Mrs. Fenton * has written me another letter about some money of hers in Lady Giffard's hands, that is intrusted to me by my mother, not to come to her husband. I send my letters constantly every fortnight, and if you will have them oftener you may, but then they will be the shorter. Pray, let

* Sister to Dr. Swift. D. S.

Parvisol sell the horse. I think I spoke to you of it in a former letter: I am glad you are rid of him, and was in pain while I thought you rode him: but if he would buy you another, or any body else, and that you could be often able to ride, why do not you do it?

2. I went this morning early to the secretary of state, Mr. St. John, and he told me from Mr. Harley, that the warrant was now drawn, in order for a patent for the first-fruits: it must pass through several offices, and take up some time, because in things the queen gives, they are always considerate; but that he assures me it is granted and done, and past all dispute, and desires I will not be in any pain at all. I will write again to the archbishop to morrow, and tell him this, and I desire you will say it on occasion. From the secretary I went to Mr. Sterne, who said he would write to you to night, and that the box must be at Chester, and that some friend of his goes very soon, and will carry it over. I dined with Mr. secretary St. John, and at six went to Darteneuf's house to drink punch with him, and Mr. Addison, and little Harrison, a young poet whose fortune I am making. Steele was to have been there, but came not, nor never did twice, since I knew him, to any appointment. I staid till past eleven, and am now in bed. Steele's last Tatler * came out to day. You will see it before this comes to you, and how he takes leave of the world. He never told so much as Mr. Addison of it, who was surprised as much as I; but to say the truth, it was time, for he

* Steele (having rendered the Tatler obnoxious for party meddling) dropped it, and began the Spectator on a new and different plan. D. S.

grew cruel dull and dry. To my knowledge he had several good hints to go upon; but he was so lazy and weary of the work, that he would not improve them. I think I will send this after * to morrow: shall I before it is full, Dingley?

3. Lord Peterborow yesterday called me into a barber's shop, and there we talked deep politicks: he desired me to dine with him to day at the Globe in the Strand; he said he would show me so clearly how to get Spain, that I could not possibly doubt it. I went to day accordingly, and saw him among half a dozen lawyers and attornies and hang-dogs, signing deeds and stuff before his journey; for he goes to morrow to Vienna. I sat among that scurvy company till after four, but heard nothing of Spain; only I find, by what he told me before, that he fears he shall do no good in his present journey. We are to be mighty constant correspondents. So I took my leave of him, and called at sir Andrew Fountaine's, who mends much. I came home, an't please you, at six, and have been studying till now past eleven.

4. Morning. Morrow, little dears. O, faith, I have been dreaming; I was to be put in prison, I do not know why, and I was so afraid of a black dungeon; and then all I had been inquiring yesterday of sir Andrew Fountaine's sickness I thought was of poor Stella. The worst of dreams is, that one wakes just in the humour they leave one. Shall I send this to day? with all my heart: it is two days within the fortnight; but may be MD are in haste to have a round dozen, and then how are you

* *After* is interlined. D. S.

come

come up to me in your eighth young women? but you indeed ought to write twice slower than I, because there are two of you; I own that.—Well then, I will seal up this letter by my morning candle, and carry it into the city with me, where I go to dine, and put it in the post office with my own fair hands. So, let me see whether I have any news to tell MD. They say, they will very soon make some inquiries into the corruptions of the late ministry; and they must do it, to justify their turning them out. Atterbury we think is to be the dean of Christchurch in Oxford; but the college would rather have Smalridge.—What is all this to you? what care you for Atterburys and Smalridges? No, you are for nothing but Presto, faith. So I will rise and bid you farewell; yet I am loth to do so, because there is a great bit of paper yet to talk upon; but Dingley will have it so: yes, says she, make your journals shorter, and send them oftener; and so I will. And I have cheated you another way too; for this is clipped paper, and holds at least six lines less than the former ones. I will tell you a good thing I said to my lord Carteret. "So," says he, "my lord —— came up to me, and asked me," &c. "No," said I, "my lord —— never did, nor ever can *come up to you*." We all pun here sometimes. Lord Carteret set down Prior the other day in his chariot, and Prior thanked him for his *charity*; that was fit for Dilly*. I do not remember I heard one good one from the ministry, which is really a shame. Henley is gone to the country for Christmas. The puppy comes here

* Dillon Ashe, D. S.

without

without his wife, and keeps no house, and would have me dine with him at eatinghouses; but I have only done it once, and will do it no more. He had not seen me for some time in the coffeehouse, and asking after me, desired lord Herbert to tell me, I was a beast for ever after the order of Melchisedec. Did you ever read the Scripture? It is only changing the word *priest* to *beast.*—I think I am *bewhiched* to write so much in a morning to you, little MD. Let me go, will you? and I will come again to night in a fine clean sheet of paper; but I can nor will stay no longer now; no, I will not, for all your wheedling: no, no, look off, do not smile at me, and say, "Pray, pray, Presto, write a little more." Ah! you are a wheedling slut, you be so. Nay, but prithee turn about and let me go, do: it is a good girl and do. O faith, my morning candle is just out, and I must go now in spite of my teeth; for my bed chamber is dark with curtains, and I am at the wrong side. So farewell, &c. &c.

I am in the dark almost: I must have another candle, when I am up, to seal this; but I will fold it up in the dark, and make what you can of this, for I can only see this paper I am writing upon. Service to Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Stoyte.

God Almighty bless you, &c. What I am doing I cannot see; but I will fold it up, and not look on it again.

## LETTER XIII.

LONDON, JAN. 4, 1710-11.

I WAS going into the city, where I dined, and put my 12th with my own fair hands into the postoffice as I came back, which was not till nine this night. I dined with people that you never heard of, nor is it worth your while to know, an authoress and a printer *. I walked home for exercise, and at eleven got into bed, and all the while I was undressing myself, there was I speaking monkey things in air, just as if MD had been by, and did not recollect myself till I got into bed. I writ last night to the archbishop, and told him the warrant was drawn for the first-fruits, and I told him lord Peterborow was set out for his journey to Vienna; but it seems the lords have addressed to have him stay to be examined about Spanish affairs, upon this defeat there, and to know where the fault lay, &c. So I writ to the archbishop a lie; and I think it was not a sin.

5. Mr. secretary St. John sent for me this morning so early, that I was forced to go without shaving, which put me quite out of method: I called at Mr. Ford's and desired him to lend me a shaving, and so made a shift to get into order again. Lord! here is an impertinence; sir Andrew Fountaine's mother and sister are come above a hundred miles from Worcester to see him before he died. They got

* Mrs. Manley and Mr. Barber.

here

here but yesterday, and he must have been past hopes, or past fears, before they could reach him. I fell a scolding when I heard they were coming; and the people about him wondered at me, and said "What a mighty content it would be on both sides to die when they were with him!" I knew the mother; she is the greatest Overdo upon earth, and the sister, they say, is worse; the poor man will relapse again among them. Here was the scoundrel brother always crying in the outer room till sir Andrew was in danger, and the dog was to have all his estate if he died; and it is an ignorant, worthless, scoundrel rake: and the nurses were comforting him, and desiring he would not take on so. I dined to day the first time with Ophy Butler, and his wife; and you supped with the dean, and lost two and twenty pence at cards. And so Mrs. Walls is brought to bed of a girl, who died two days after it was christened; and betwixt you and me, she is not very sorry: she loves her ease and diversions too well to be troubled with children. I will go to bed.

6. Morning. I went last night to put some coals on my fire after Patrick was gone to bed; and there I saw in a closet a poor linnet he has bought to bring over to Dingley: it cost him sixpence, and is as tame as a dormouse. I believe he does not know he is a bird: where you put him, there he stands, and seems to have neither hope nor fear; I suppose in a week he will die of the spleen. Patrick advised with me before he bought him. I laid fairly before him the greatness of the sum, and the rashness of the attempt; showed how impossible it was to carry him safe over the salt sea: but he would not take my council, and he will repent it.

It

It is very cold this morning in bed, and I hear there is a good fire in the room without, what do you call it, the dining-room. I hope it will be good weather, and so let me rise, sirrahs, do so.—At night. I was this morning to visit the dean, or Mr. Prolocutor, I think you call him, do not you? Why should not I go to the Dean's as well as you? *A little black man of pretty near fifty?* Ay, the same. *A good pleasant man?* Ay, the same. *Cunning enough?* Yes. *One that understands his own interest?* As well as any body. How comes it MD and I do not meet there sometimes? A very good face, and abundance of wit; do you know his lady? O Lord! whom do you mean *? I mean Dr. Atterbury †, dean of Carlisle and prolocutor. Pshaw, Presto, you are a fool; I thought you had meant our dean of St. Patrick's.—Silly, silly, silly, you are silly, both are silly, every kind of thing is silly. As I walked into the city, I was stopped with clusters of boys and wenches buzzing about the cake-shops like flies. There had the fools let out their shops two yards forward into the streets, all spread with great cakes frothed with sugar, and stuck with streamers of tinsel. And then I went to Bateman's the bookseller ‡, and laid out eight and forty shillings

* Dr. Sterne, dean of St. Patrick's, was not a married man, which seems to have been the cause of this surprise in MD. D. S.

† Whom Swift very artfully characterizes in the sentences printed in *Italics*. N.

‡ Mr. Bateman, who lived in Little Britain, dealt principally in old books. He never would suffer any person whatever to look into one book in his shop; and, when asked a reason for it, would say, "I suppose you may be a physician or an author, and want some

lings for books. I bought three little volumes of Lucian in French for our Stella, and so, and so. Then I went to Garraway's to meet Stratford, and dine with him; but it was an idle day with the merchants, and he was gone to our end of the town: so I dined with sir Thomas Frankland at the post-office, and we drank your Manley's health. It was in a newspaper that he was turned out; but secretary St. John told me it was false, only, that newswriter is a plaguy tory. I have not seen one bit of Christmas merriment.

7. Morning. Your new lord chancellor * sets out to morrow for Ireland: I never saw him. He carries over one Trapp a parson as his chaplain, a sort of pretender to wit, a second rate pamphleteer for the cause, whom they pay by sending him to Ireland. I never saw Trapp neither. I met Tighe and your Smyth of Lovet's yesterday by the Exchange. Tighe and I took no notice of each other: but I stopped Smyth, and told him of the box that lies for you at Chester, because he says he goes very soon to Ireland. I think this week: and I will send this morning to Sterne, to take measures with Smyth; so good morrow, sirrahs, and let me rise, pray. I took up this paper when I came in at evening, I mean this minute, and then said I, No, no, indeed, MD, you must stay, and then was laying it aside, but could not for my heart, though I am very busy, till I just ask you how you do since

some recipe or quotation; and, if you buy it, I will engage it to be perfect before you leave me, but not after; as I have suffered by leaves being torn out, and the books returned, to my very great loss and prejudice." F.

* Sir Constantine Phipps. N.

morning;

morning; by and by we shall talk more, so let me lay you softly down, little paper, till then; so there —now to business; there, I say, get you gone; no, I will not push you neither, but hand you on one side—So—Now I am got into bed, I will talk with you. Mr. secretary St. John sent for me this morning in all haste; but I would not lose my shaving for fear of missing church. I went to court, which is of late always very full, and young Manley and I dined at sir Matthew Dudley's. I must talk politicks, I protest I am afraid we shall all be embroiled with parties. The whigs, now they are fallen, are the most malicious toads in the world. We have had now a second misfortune, the loss of several Virginia ships. I fear people will begin to think that nothing thrives under this ministry: and if the ministry can once be rendered odious to the people, the parliament may be chosen whig or tory as the queen pleases. Then I think our friends press a little too hard on the duke of Marlborough. The country members * are violent to have past faults inquired into, and they have reason; but I do not observe the ministry to be very fond of it. In my opinion we have nothing to save us but a peace, and I am sure we cannot have such a one as we hoped, and then the whigs will bawl what they would have done had they continued in power. I tell the ministry this as much as I dare, and shall venture to say a little more to them, especially about the duke of Marlborough, who, as the whigs give out, will lay down his command; and I ques-

* These were afterward called the October Club. See Feb. 18, 1710-11. D. S.

tion,

tion whether ever any wise state laid aside a general who had been successful nine years together, whom the enemy so much dread, and his own soldiers cannot but believe must always conquer; and you know that in war opinion is nine parts in ten. The ministry hear me always with appearance of regard, and much kindness; but I doubt they let personal quarrels mingle too much with their proceedings. Meantime, they seem to value all this as nothing, and are as easy and merry as if they had nothing in their hearts or upon their shoulders, like physicians, who endeavour to cure, but feel no grief, whatever the patient suffers. Pshaw, what is all this? Do you know one thing, that I find I can write politicks to you much easier than to any body alive. But I swear my head is full, and I wish I were at Laracor with my dear charming MD, &c.

8. Morning. Methinks, young women, I have made a great progress in four days. At the bottom of this side already, and no letter come yet from MD. (That word interlined is morning.) I find I have been writing state affairs to MD. How do they relish it? Why, any thing that comes from Presto is welcome; though really, to confess the truth, if they had their choice, not to disguise the matter, they had rather, &c. Now, Presto, I must tell you, you grow silly, says Stella. That is but one body's opinion, madam. I promised to be with Mr. secretary St. John this morning; but I am lazy and will not go, because I had a letter from him yesterday to desire I would dine there to day, I shall be chid; but what care I? Here has been Mrs. South with me, just come from sir Andrew Fountaine,

Fountaine, and going to market. He is still in a fever, and may live or die. His mother and sister are now come up and in the house, so there is a lurry. I gave Mrs. South half a pistole for a new year's gift. So good morrow, dears both, till anon. —At night. Lord, I have been with Mr. secretary from dinner till eight; and though I drank wine and water, I am so hot! Lady Stanley came to visit Mrs. St. John, and sent up for me, to make up a quarrel with Mrs. St. John, whom I never yet saw; and do you think that devil of a secretary would not let me go, but kept me by main force, though I told him I was in love with his lady, and it was a shame to keep back a lover, &c. But all would not do; so at last I was forced to break away, but never went up, it was then too late; and here I am, and have a great deal to do to night, though it be nine o'clock; but one must say something to these naughty MDs, else there will be no quiet.

9. To day Ford and I set apart to go into the city to buy books; but we only had a scurvy dinner at an alehouse, and he made me go to the tavern, and drink Florence, four and sixpence a flask; damned wine! so I spent my money, which I seldom do, and past an insipid day, and saw nobody, and it is now ten o'clock, and I have nothing to say, but that it is a fortnight to morrow since I had a letter from MD, but if I have it time enough to answer here, it is well enough, otherwise woe betide you, faith; I will go to the toyman's here just in Pall Mall, and he sells great hugeous batoons; yes, faith, and so he does. Does not he, Dingley? Yes, faith. Do not lose your money this Christmas.

10. I

10. I must go this morning to Mr. secretary St. John. I promised yesterday, but failed, so I cannot write any more till night to poor dear MD. —At night. O faith, Dingley, I had company in the morning, and could not go where I designed, and I had a basket from Raymond at Bristol, with six bottles of wine, and a pound of chocolate, and some tobacco to snuff; and he writ under, the carriage was paid; but he lied, or I am cheated, or there is a mistake; and he has written to me so confusedly about things, that Lucifer could not understand him. This wine is to be drank with Harley's brother and Sir Robert Raymond, solicitor general, in order to recommend the doctor to your new lord chancellor, who left this place on Monday, and Raymond says he is hasting to Chester to go with him.—I suppose he leaves his wife behind; for when he left London he had no thoughts of stirring till summer. So I suppose he will be with you before this. Ford came and desired I would dine with him, because it was opera day, which I did, and sent excuses to lord Shelburn who had invited me.

11. I am setting up a new Tatler, little Harrison, whom I have mentioned to you. Others have put him on it, and I encourage him; and he was with me this morning and evening, showing me his first, which comes out on Saturday. I doubt he will not succeed, for I do not much approve his manner; but the scheme is Mr. secretary St. John's and mine, and would have done well enough in good hands. I recommended him to a printer, whom I sent for, and settled the matter between them this evening.

evening. Harrison has just left me, and I am tired with correcting his trash.

12. I was this morning upon some business with Mr. secretary St. John, and he made me promise to dine with him, which otherwise I would have done with Mr. Harley, whom I have not been with these ten days. I cannot but think they have mighty difficulties upon them; yet I always find them as easy and disengaged as schoolboys on a holiday. arley has the procuring of five or six millions on his shoulders, and the whigs will not lend a groat; which is the only reason of the fall of stocks: for they are like quakers and fanaticks, that will only deal among themselves, while all others deal indifferently with them. Lady Marlborough offers, if they will let her keep her employments, never to come into the queen's presence. The whigs say the duke of Marlborough will serve no more; but I hope and think otherwise. I would to Heaven I were this minute with MD at Dublin; for I am weary of politicks, that give me such melancholy prospects.

13. O faith, I had an ugly giddy fit last night in my chamber, and I have got a new box of pills to take, and hope I shall have no more this good while. I would not tell you before, because it would vex you, little rogues; but now it is over. I dined to day with lord Shelburn, and to day little Harrison's new Tatler came out: there is not much in it, but I hope he will mend. You must understand that upon Steele's leaving off, there were two or three scrub Tatlers came out, and one of them holds on still, and to day it advertised against Harrison's;

rison's; and so there must be disputes which are genuine, like the straps for razors. I am afraid the little toad has not the true vein for it. I will tell you a copy of verses. When Mr. St. John was turned out from being secretary at war, three years ago, he retired into the country: there he was talking of something he would have written over his summerhouse, and a gentleman gave him these verses:

> From business and the noisy world retir'd,
> Nor vex'd by love, nor by ambition fir'd;
> Gently I wait the call of Charon's boat,
> Still drinking like a fish, and ——— like a goat.

He swore to me he could hardly bear the jest; for he pretended to retire like a philosopher, though he was but twenty-eight years old: and I believe the thing was true; for he had been a thorough rake. I think the grave three lines do introduce the last well enough. Od so, but I will go sleep; I sleep early now.

14. O faith, young women, I want a letter from MD; it is now nineteen days since I had the last: and where have I room to answer it, pray? I hope I shall send this away without any answer at all; for I will hasten it, and away it goes on Tuesday, by which time this side will be full. I will send it two days sooner on purpose out of spite, and the very next day after, you must know, your letter will come, and then it is too late, and I will so laugh, never saw the like! It is spring with us already. I ate asparagus the other day. Did you ever see such a frostless winter? Sir Andrew Fountaine lies still extremely ill; it costs him ten guineas a-day to doctors, surgeons, and apothecaries, and has done so

these three weeks. I dined to day with Mr. Ford; he sometimes chooses to dine at home, and I am content to dine with him: and at night I called at the coffeehouse, where I had not been a week, and talked coldly a while with Mr. Addison; all our friendship and dearness are off; we are civil acquaintance, talk words of course, of when we shall meet, and that is all. I have not been at any house with him these six weeks: the other day we were to have dined together at the comptroller's; but I sent my excuses, being engaged to the secretary of state. Is not it odd? But I think he has used me ill, and I have used him too well, at least his friend Steele.

15. It has cost me three guineas to day for a periwig. I am undone! It was made by a Leicester lad, who married Mr. Worrell's daughter, where my mother lodged; so I thought it would be cheap, and especially since he lives in the city. Well, London lickpenny: I find it true. I have given Harrison hints for another Tatler to morrow. The jackanapes wants a right taste; I doubt he will not do. I dined with my friend Lewis of the secretary's office, and am got home early, because I have much business to do; but before I begin I must needs say something to MD, faith—No, faith, I lie, it is but nineteen days to day since my last from MD. I have got Mr. Harley to promise, that whatever changes are made in the council, the bishop of Clogher shall not be removed, and he has got a memorial accordingly. I will let the bishop know so much in a post or two. This is a secret; but I know he has enemies, and they shall not be gratified, if they designed any such thing, which perhaps they might; for some changes there will be made.

So

So drink up your claret, and be quiet, and do not lose your money.

16. Morning. Faith I will send this letter to day to shame you, if I have not one from MD before night, that is certain. Will not you grumble for want of the third side, pray now? Yes, I warrant you; yes, yes, you shall have the third, you shall so, when you can catch it, some other time: when you be writing girls. O faith, I think I will not stay till night, but seal up this just now, and carry it in my pocket, and whip it into the postoffice as I come home at evening. I am going out early this morning.—Patrick's bills for coal and candles, &c. come sometimes to three shillings a week; I keep very good fires, though the weather be warm. Ireland will never be happy till you get smallcoal likewise; nothing so easy, so convenient, so cheap, so pretty for lighting a fire. My service to Mrs. Stoyte and Walls, has she a boy or a girl? A girl, *hmm*; and died in a week, *hmmm*, and was poor Stella forced to stand for godmother?—Let me know how accounts stand, that you may have your money betimes. There is four months for my lodging, that must be thought on too: and so go dine with Manley, and lose your money, do extragavant sluttikin, but do not fret.—It will be just three weeks when I have the next letter, that is to morrow. Farewell, dearest beloved MD, and love poor, poor Presto, who has not had one happy day since he left you, as hope saved—It is the last sally I will ever make, but I hope it will turn to some account. I have done more for these, and I think they are more honest than the last; however, I

will not be disappointed. I would made MD and me easy; and I never desired more.—Farewell, &c. &c.

## LETTER XIV.

LONDON, JANUARY 16, 1710-11.

O FAITH, young women, I have sent my letter N. 13, without one crumb of an answer to any of MD's, there is for you now; and yet Presto ben't angry faith, not a bit, only he will begin to be in pain, next Irish post, except he sees MD's little hand writing in the glass frame at the bar of St. James's coffeehouse, where Presto would never go but for that purpose. Presto's at home, God help him, every night from six till bedtime, and has as little enjoyment or pleasure in life at present as any body in the world, although in full favour with all the ministry. As hope saved, nothing gives Presto any sort of dream of happiness but a letter now and then from his own dearest MD. I love the expectation of it, and when it does not come, I comfort myself, that I have it yet to be happy with. Yes faith, and when I write to MD, I am happy too, it is just as if methinks you were here and I prating to you, and telling you where I have been: "Well, says you, Presto, come, where have you been to day? come, let's hear now." And so then I answer; Ford and I were visiting Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Prior, and Prior has

has given me a fine Plautus, and then Ford would have had me dine at his lodgings, and so I would not; and so I dined with him at an eatinghouse; which I have not done five times since I came here; and so I came home, after visiting sir Andrew Fountaine's mother and sister, and sir Andrew Fountaine is mending, though slowly.

17. I was making, this morning, some general visits, and at twelve I called at the coffeehouse for a letter from MD: so the man said, he had given it to Patrick; then I went to the Court of Requests and Treasury, to find Mr. Harley, and after some time spent in mutual reproaches, I promised to dine with him; I staid there till seven, then called at Sterne's and Leigh's to talk about your box, and to have it sent by Smyth; Sterne says he has been making inquiries, and will set things right as soon as possible. I suppose it lies at Chester, at least I hope so, and only wants a lift over to you. Here has little Harrison been to complain, that the printer I recommended to him for his Tatler, is a coxcomb; and yet to see how things will happen; for this very printer is my cousin, his name is Dryden Leach; did you never hear of Dryden Leach, he that prints the Postman? he acted Oroonoko, he is in love with miss Crosse.—Well, so I came home to read my letter from Stella, but the dog Patrick was abroad; at last he came, and I got my letter: I found another hand had superscribed it; when I opened it I found it written all in French, and subscribed Bernage: faith I was ready to fling it at Patrick's head. Bernage tells me, he had been to desire your recommendation to me to make him a captain, and your cautious

cautious answer, " That he had as much power with " me as you," was a notable one; if you were here, I would present you to the ministry as a person of ability. Bernage should let me know where to write to him; this is the second letter I have had without any direction; however, I beg I may not have a third, but that you will ask him, and send me how I shall direct to him. In the mean time, tell him, that if regiments are to be raised here, as he says, I will speak to George Granville, secretary at war, to make him a captain; and use what other interest I conveniently can. I think that is enough, and so tell him, and do not trouble me with his letters when I expect them from MD; do you hear, young women, write to Presto.

18. I was this morning with Mr. secretary St. John, and we were to dine at Mr. Harley's alone, about some business of importance; but there were two or three gentlemen there. Mr. secretary and I went together from his office to Mr. Harley's, and thought to have been very wise; but the deuce a bit, the company staid, and more came, and Harley went away at seven, and the secretary and I staid with the rest of the company till eleven; I would then have had him come away, but he was in for it; and though he swore he would come away at that flask, there I left him. I wonder at the civility of these people; when he saw I would drink no more, he would always pass the bottle by me, and yet I could not keep the toad from drinking himself, nor he would not let me go neither, nor Masham, who was with us. When I got home, I found a parcel directed to me, and opening it, I found a pamphlet written

written entirely against myself, not by name, but against something I writ*: it is pretty civil and affects to be so, and I think I will take no notice of it; it is against something written very lately; and indeed I know not what to say, nor do I care: and so you are a saucy rogue for losing your money to day at Stoyte's; to let that bungler beat you, fy, Stella, are not you ashamed? well, I forgive you this once, never do so again; no, *noooo*. Kiss and be friends, sirrah.—Come, let me go asleep, I go earlier to bed than formerly; and have not been out so late these two months; but the secretary was in a drinking humour. So good night, *myownlittledearsaucyinsolentrogues*.

19. Then you read that long word in the last line, no †, faith have not you. Well when will this letter come from our MD? to morrow or next day without fail; yes faith, and so it is coming. This was an insipid snowy day, no walking day, and I dined gravely with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and came home, and am now got to bed a little after ten; I remember old Culpepper's maxim. Would you have a settled head, you must go early to bed; I tell you and I tell it again, you must be in bed at ten.

20. And so I went to day with my new wig, *o hoao*, to visit lady Worsley, whom I had not seen before, although she was near a month in town. Then I walked in the Park to find Mr. Ford, whom I had promised to meet, and coming down the Mall, who should come toward me but Patrick, and gives me five letters out of his pocket. I read the

* Probably against the character of lord Wharton. N.

† In that word there were some puzzling characters. D. S.

superscription of the first, *Pshoh*, said I; of the second, *pshoh* again; of the third, *pshah, pshah, pshah*; of the fourth, *a gad, a gad, a gad, I am* in *a rage*; of the fifth and last, *O hoooa*; ay marry this is something, this is our MD, so truly we opened it, I think immediately, and it began the most impudently in the world, thus; "Dear Presto, we are even thus far." "Now we are even," quoth Stephen, when he gave his wife six blows for one. I received your ninth four days after I had sent my thirteenth. But I will reckon with you anon about that, young women. Why did not you recant at the end of your letter when you got your eleventh, tell me that huzzies base, were we even then, were we, sirrah? but I will not answer your letter now, I will keep it for another time. We had a great deal of snow to day, and it is terrible cold. I dined with Ford, because it was his opera day and snowed, so I did not care to stir farther. I will send to morrow to Smyth.

21. Morning. It has snowed terribly all night, and is vengeance cold. I am not yet up, but cannot write long; my hands will freeze. "Is there a good fire, Patrick?" "Yes, sir:" "then I will rise, come take away the candle." You must know I write on the dark side of my bed chamber, and am forced to have a candle till I rise, for the bed stands between me and the window, and I keep the curtains shut this cold weather. "So pray let me rise, and, Patrick, here take away the candle."—At night. We are now here in high frost and snow, the largest fire can hardly keep us warm. It is very ugly walking, a baker's boy broke his thigh yesterday. I walk slow, make short steps, and never tread on my heel. It is

a good proverb the Devonshire people have; "Walk fast in snow, in frost walk slow, and still as you go, tread on your toe; when frost and snow are both together, sit by the fire and spare shoe leather." I dined to day with Dr. Cockburn, but will not do so again in haste, he has generally such a parcel of Scots with him.

22. Morning. Starving, starving, *uth, uth, uth, uth, uth.*—Do not you remember I used to come into your chamber, and turn Stella out of her chair, and rake up the fire in a cold morning, and cry *uth, uth, uth?* &c. O faith I must rise, my hand is so cold I can write no more. So good morrow, sirrahs. —At night. I went this morning to lady Giffard's house, and saw your mother, and made her give me a pint bottle of palsy water, which I brought home in my pocket; and sealed and tied up in a paper, and sent it to Mr. Smyth, who goes to morrow for Ireland, and sent a letter to him to desire his care of it, and that he would inquire at Chester about the box. He was not within, so the bottle and letter were left for him at his lodgings, with strict orders to give them to him; and I will send Patrick in a day or two, to know whether it was given, &c. Dr. Stratford and I dined to day with Mr. Stratford in the city, by appointment: but I chose to walk there for exercise in the frost. But the weather had *given* a little, as you women call it, so it was something slobbery. I did not get home till nine, and now I am in bed to break your head.

23. Morning. They tell me it freezes again, but it is not so cold as yesterday: so now I will answer a bit of your letter.—At night. O faith, I was just going to answer some of our MD's letters this

this morning, when a printer came in about some business, and staid an hour; so I rose, and then came in Ben Tooke, and then I shaved and scribbled, and it was such a terrible day I could not stir out till one, and then I called at Mrs. Barton's, and we went to lady Worsley's, where we were to dine by appointment. The earl of Berkeley is going to be married to lady Louisa Lenox, the duke of Richmond's daughter. I writ this night to dean Sterne, and bid him tell you all about the bottle of palsy water by Smyth, and to morrow morning I will say something to your letter.

24. Morning. Come now to your letter. As for your being even with me, I have spoken to that already. So now, my dearly beloved, let us proceed to the next. You are always grumbling that you have not letters fast enough, surely we shall have your tenth *; and yet before you end your letter, you own you have my eleventh.—And why did not MD go into the country with the bishop of Clogher? faith such a journey would have done you good; Stella should have rid, and Dingley gone in the coach. The bishop of Kilmore † I know nothing of; he is old, and may die: he lives in some obscure corner, for I never hear of him. As for my old friends ‡, if you mean the whigs, I never see them,

* These are the words of MD. D. S.

† Dr. Edward Wetenhall, 1699—1714. N.

‡ Swift appears from several other passages about this period, to have been severely mortified by the ingratitude of his former patrons, the lords Somers, Halifax, and Wharton; and was actually introduced to Mr. Harley as "one extremely ill used by "the last ministry, after some obligations, because he refused to "go certain lengths they would have him;" which was in some sort Mr. Harley's own case. D. S.

as you may find by my journals, except lord Halifax, and him very seldom; lord Somers never since the first visit, for he has been a false deceitful r****l. My new friends are very kind, and I have promises enough, but I do not count upon them, and besides my pretences are very young to them. However, we will see what may be done, and if nothing at all, I shall not be disappointed; although perhaps poor MD may, and then I shall be sorrier for their sakes than my own.—Talk of a merry Christmas, (why did you write it so then, young women? sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander) I have wished you all that two or three letters ago. Good lack; and your news, that Mr. St. John is going to Holland; he has no such thoughts to quit the great station he is in, nor if he had, could I be spared to go with him. So faith, politick madam Stella, you come with your two eggs a penny, &c. Well, madam Dingley, and so Mrs. Stoyte invites you, and so you stay at Donnybrook*, and so you could not write. You are plaguy exact in your journals from Dec. 25, to Jan. 4th. Well, Smyth and the palsy water I have handled already, and he does not lodge (or rather did not, for poor man now he is gone) at Mr. Jesse's and all that stuff; but we found his lodging, and I went to Stella's mother on my own head, for I never remembered it was in the letter to desire another bottle; but I was so fretted, so *tosticated*, and so impatient, that Stella should have her water (I mean decently, don't be rogues) and so vexed with Sterne's carelessness.—Pray God Stella's illness may not return. If they come seldom, they

* About a mile from Dublin. D. S.

begin

begin to be weary; I judge by myself; for when I seldom visit, I grow weary of my acquaintance.—Leave a good deal of my tenth unanswered—Impudent slut, when did you ever answer my tenth, or ninth, or any other number? or who desires you to answer, provided you write? I defy the D— to answer my letters; sometimes there may be one or two things I should be glad you would answer, but I forget them, and you never think of them. I shall never love answering letters again, if you talk of answering. Answering, quotha; pretty answerers truly.—As for the pamphlet you speak of, and call it scandalous, and that one Mr. Presto is said to write it, hear my answer. Fy, child, you must not mind what every idle body tells you.—I believe you lie, and that the dogs were not crying it when you said so; come, tell truth. I am sorry you go to St. Mary's* so soon, you will be as poor as rats; that place will drain you with a vengeance: besides, I would have you think of being in the country in summer. Indeed, Stella, pippins produced plentifully; Parvisol could not send from Laracor: there were about half a score, I would be glad to know whether they were good for any thing.—Mrs. Wells at Donnybrook with you; why, is not she brought to bed? Well, well, well, Dingley, pray be satisfied! you talk as if you were angry about the bishop's not offering you conveniences for the journey; and so he should. What sort of Christmas? why I have had no Christmas at all; and has it really been Christmas of late? I never once thought of it. My service to Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine, and let Catherine

* MD's lodgings, opposite to St. Mary's church in Stafford street. D. S.

get

get the coffee ready against I come, and not have so much care on her countenance; for all will go well.—Mr. Bernage, Mr. Bernage—Mr. Fiddlenage! —I have had three letters from him now successively; he sends no directions, and how the D—shall I write to him? I would have burnt his last, if I had not seen Stella's hand at the bottom: his request is all nonsense. How can I assist him in buying? and if he be ordered to go to Spain, go he must, or else sell, and I believe one can hardly sell, at such a juncture. If he had staid, and new regiments raised, I would have used my endeavour to have had him removed; although I have no credit that way, or very little: but if the regiment goes, he ought to go too; he has had great indulgence, and opportunities of saving; and I have urged him to it a hundred times. What can I do? Whenever it lies in my power to do him a good office, I will do it. Pray draw up this into a handsome speech, and represent it to him from me, and that I would write, if I knew where to direct to him; and so I have told you, and desired you will tell him, fifty times. Yes, madam Stella, I think I can read your long concluding word, but you cannot read mine after bidding you good night. And yet, methinks, I mend extremely in my writing; but when Stella's eyes are well, I hope to write as bad as ever.—So now I have answered your letter, and mine is an answer; for I lay yours before me, and I look and write, and write and look, and look, and write again.—So good morrow, madams both, and I will go rise, for I must rise; for I take pills at night, and so I must rise early, I do not know why.

25. Morn-

25. Morning. I did not tell you how I past my time yesterday, nor bid you good night, and there was good reason. I went in the morning to secretary St. John about some business; he had got a great whig with him; a creature of the duke of Marlborough, who is a go-between to make peace between the duke and the ministry; so he came out of his closet; and after a few words, desired I would dine with him at three, but Mr. Lewis staid till six before he came; and there we sat talking, and the time slipped so, that at last, when I was positive to go, it was past two o'clock: so I came home and went straight to bed. He would never let me look at his watch, and I could not imagine it above twelve when he went away. So I bid you good night for last night, and now I bid you good morrow, and I am still in bed, though it be near ten, but I must rise.

26, 27, 28, 29, 30. I have been so lazy and negligent these last four days that I could not write to MD. My head is not in order, and yet it is not absolutely ill, but giddyish, and makes me listless; I walk every day, and take drops of Dr. Cockburn, and I have just done a box of pills, and to day lady Kerry sent me some of her bitter drink, which I design to take twice a day, and hope I shall grow better. I wish I were with MD, I long for spring and good weather, and then I will come over. My riding in Ireland keeps me well. I am very temperate, and eat of the easiest meats, as I am directed, and hope the malignity will go off; but one fit shakes me a long time. I dined to day with lord Mountjoy, yesterday at Mr. Stone's in the city, on Sunday

Sunday at Vanhomrigh's, Saturday with Ford, and Friday I think at Vanhomrigh's, and that is all the journal I can send MD, for I was so lazy while I was well, that I could not write. I thought to have sent this to night, but it is ten, and I will go to bed, and write on the other side to Parvisol to morrow, and send it on Thursday; and so good night my dears, and love Presto, and be healthy, and Presto will be so too, &c.

Cut off these notes handsomely, do you hear, sirrahs, and give Mrs. Brent hers, and keep yours till you see Parvisol, and then make up the letter to him, and send it him by the first opportunity, and so God Almighty bless you both, here and ever, and poor Presto.

What, I warrant you thought at first that these last lines were another letter.

Dingley, Pray pay Stella six fishes, and place them to the account of your humble servant, Presto.

Stella, Pray pay Dingley six fishes, and place them to the account of your humble servant, Presto.

There's bills of exchange for you.

## LETTER XV.

LONDON, JAN. 31, 1710-11.

I AM to send you my fourteenth to morrow, but my head having some little disorder, confounds all my journals. I was early this morning with Mr. secretary St. John about some business, so I could not scribble my morning lines to MD. They are here

here intending to tax all little printed penny papers a halfpenny every halfsheet, which will utterly ruin Grub street, and I am endeavouring to prevent it. Besides, I was forwarding an impeachment against a certain great Person; that was two of my businesses with the secretary, were they not worthy ones? It was Ford's birth day, and I refused the secretary and dined with Ford. We are here in as smart a frost for the time as I have seen; delicate walking weather, and the Canal and Rosamond's Pond full of the rabble sliding and with skates, if you know what those are. Patrick's bird's water freezes in the gallipot, and my hands in bed.

Feb. 1. I was this morning with poor lady Kerry who is much worse in her head than I. She sends me bottles of her bitter, and we are so fond of one another, because our ailments are the same; do not you know that, madam Stell? have not I seen you conning ailments with Joe's wife* and some others, sirrah? I walked into the city to dine, because of the walk, for we must take care of Presto's health you know, because of poor little MD. But I walked plaguy carefully, for fear of sliding against my will; but I am very busy.

2. This morning Mr. Ford came to me to walk into the city, where he had business, and then to buy books at Bateman's; and I laid out one pound five shillings for a Strabo and Aristophanes, and I have now got books enough to make me another shelf, and I will have more, or it shall cost me a fall; and so as we came back, we drank a flask of right French wine at Ben Tooke's chamber; and when I

* Mrs. Beaumont. D. S.

had

had got home, Mrs. Vanhomrigh sent me word her eldest daughter was taken suddenly very ill, and desired I would come and see her; I went, and found it was a silly trick of Mrs. Armstrong, lady Lucy's sister, who, with Moll Stanhope, was visiting there: however, I rattled off the daughter.

3. To day I went and dined at lady Lucy's, where you know I have not been this long time; they are plaguy whigs, especially the sister Armstrong, the most insupportable of all women pretending to wit, without any taste. She was running down the last Examiner, the prettiest I had read, with a character of the present minsitry.—I left them at five, and come home. But I forgot to tell you, that this morning my cousin Dryden Leach the printer, came to me with a heavy complaint, that Harrison the new Tatler had turned him off, and taken the last Tatler's printers again. He vowed revenge; I answered gravely, and so he left me, and I have ordered Patrick to deny me to him from henceforth; and at night comes a letter from Harrison, telling me the same thing, and excused his doing it without my notice, because he would bear all the blame; and in his Tatler of this day he tells you the story, how he has taken his old officers, and there is a most humble letter from Morphew and Lilly to beg his pardon, &c. And lastly, this morning Ford sent me two letters from the coffeehouse, (where I hardly ever go) one from the archbishop of Dublin, and and the other from ————. Who do you think the other was from! —— I will tell you, because you are friends; why then it was, faith it was from my own dear little MD, N. 10. O, but will not answer it now, no nooooh, I will keep it between the two

sheets; here it is, just under: O, I lifted up the sheet and saw it there; lie still, you shall not be answered yet, little letter; for I must go to bed, and take care of my head.

4. I avoid going to church yet for fear of my head, though it has been much better these last five or six days, since I have taken lady Kerry's bitter. Our frost holds like a dragon. I went to Mr. Addison's, and dined with him at his lodgings; I had not seen him these three weeks. We are grown common acquaintance: yet what have not I done for his friend Steele? Mr. Harley reproached me the last time I saw him, that to please me he would be reconciled to Steele, and had promised and appointed to see him, and that Steele never came. Harrison whom Mr. Addison recommended to me, I have introduced to the secretary of state, who has promised me to take care of him; and I have represented Addison himself so to the ministry, that they think and talk in his favour, though they hated him before.——Well; he is now in my debt, and there is an end; and I never had the least obligation to him, and there is another end. This evening I had a message from Mr. Harley, desiring to know whether I was alive, and that I would dine with him to morrow. They dine so late, that since my head has been wrong I have avoided being with them. —Patrick has been out of favour these ten days; I talk dry and cross to him, and have called him friend three or four times. But sirrahs, get you gone.

5. Morning. I am going this morning to see Prior, who dines with me at Mr. Harley's; so I cannot stay fiddling and talking with dear little brats

in

in a morning, and it is still terribly cold.—I wish my cold hand was in the warmest place about you, young women, I would give ten guineas upon that account with all my heart, faith; oh, it starves my thigh; so I will rise, and bid you good morrow. Come stand away, let me rise: Patrick, take away the candle. Is there a good fire?—So—up adazy. —At night. Mr. Harley did not sit down till six, and I staid till eleven: henceforth I will choose to visit him in the evening, and dine with him no more if I can help it. It breaks all my measures, and hurts my health; my head is disorderly, but not ill, and I hope it will mend.

6. Here has been such a hurry with the queen's birth day, so much fine clothes, and the court so crowded that I did not go there. All the frost is gone. It thawed on Sunday, and so continues, yet ice is still on the canal (I did not mean that of Laracor, but St. James's Park) and boys sliding on it. Mr. Ford pressed me to dine with him in his chamber. —Did not I tell you Patrick has got a bird, a linnet to carry over to Dingley? It was very tame at first, and it is now the wildest I ever saw. He keeps it in a closet, where it makes a terrible litter; but I say nothing: I am as tame as a clout. When must we answer our MD's letter? one of these odd-come-shortlies. This is a week old you see, and no farther yet. Mr. Harley desired I would dine with him again to day; but I refused him, for I fell out with him yesterday, and will not see him again till he makes me amends: and so I go to bed.

7. I was this morning early with Mr. Lewis of the secretary's office, and saw a letter Mr. Harley had sent to him, desiring to be reconciled; but I

was deaf to all entreaties, and have desired Lewis to go to him, and let him know I expect farther satisfaction. If we let these great ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them. He promises to make me easy, if I will but come and see him; but I will not, and he shall do it by message, or I will cast him off. I will tell you the cause of our quarrel when I see you, and refer it to yourselves. In that he did something*, which he intended for a favour; and I have taken it quite otherwise, disliking both the thing and the manner, and it has heartily vexed me, and all I have said is truth, though it looks like jest: and I absolutely refused to submit to his intended favour, and expect farther satisfaction. Mr. Ford and I dined with Mr. Lewis. We have a monstrous deal of snow, and it has cost me two shillings a day in chair and coach, and walked till I was dirty besides. I know not what it is now to read or write after I am in bed. The last thing I do up is to write something to our MD, and then get into bed, and put out my candle, and so go sleep as fast as ever I can. But in the mornings I do write sometimes in bed, as you know.

8. Morning. "I have desired Apronia to be always careful, especially about the legs." Pray, do you see any such great wit in that sentence? I must freely own that I do not. But party carries every thing nowadays, and what a splutter have I heard about the wit of that saying, repeated with admiration about a hundred times in half an hour. Pray read it over again this moment, and consider it. I think the word is advised, and not desired. I should

* This alludes to the 50l. bank note, which Swift indignantly returned. See the Journal of March 7, 1710-11. N.

not

not have remembered it if I had not heard it so often. Why—ay—You must know I dreamed it just now, and waked with it in my mouth. Are you bit or are you not, sirrahs? I met Mr. Harley in the Court of Requests, and he asked me how long I had learnt the trick of writing to myself? He had seen your letter through the glass case, at the coffeehouse, and would swear it was my hand; and Mr. Ford, who took and sent it me, was of the same mind. I remember others have formerly said so too. I think I was little MD's writingmaster *.—But come, what is here to do, writing to young women in a morning? I have other fish to fry; so good morrow, my ladies all, good morrow. Perhaps I will answer your letter to night, perhaps I will not; that is as saucy little Presto takes the humour.—At night. I walked in the park to day in spite of the weather, as I do always when it does not actually rain. Do you know what it has gone and done? we had a thaw for three days, then a monstrous dirt and snow, and now it freezes, like a potlid, upon our snow. I dined with lady Betty Germain the first time since I came for England; and there did I sit like a booby, till eight, looking over her and another lady at picquet, when I had other business enough to do. It was the coldest day I felt this year.

9. Morning. After I had been abed an hour last night, I was forced to rise and call to the landlady and maid to have the fire removed in a chimney below stairs, which made my bedchamber smoke though I had no fire in it. I have been twice served so. I never lay so miserable an hour in my life. Is it not

* Stella's hand had a great deal of the air of the Doctor's; but she writ more legibly, and rather better. D. S.

plaguy

plaguy vexatious?—It has snowed all night, and rains this morning.—Come, where is MD's letter? Come, Mrs. letter, make your appearance. Here am I, says she, answer me to my face—O, faith, I am sorry you had my twelfth so soon; I doubt you will stay longer for the rest. I am so afraid you have got my fourteenth while I am writing this; and I would always have one letter from Presto reading, one travelling, and one writing. As for the box, I now believe it lost. It is directed for Mr. Curry at his house in Capel street, &c. I had a letter yesterday from Dr. Raymond in Chester, who says, he sent his man every where, and cannot find it; and God knows whether Mr. Smyth will have better success. Sterne spoke to him, and I writ to him with the bottle of palsy water; that bottle I hope, will not miscarry: I long to hear you have it. O, faith you have too good an opinion of Presto's care. I am negligent enough of every thing but MD, and I should not have trusted Sterne.—But it shall not go so: I will have one more tug for it.—As to what you say of goodman Peasly and Isaac, I answer as I did before. Fy, child, you must not give yourself the way to believe any such thing: and afterward, only for curiosity, you may tell me how those things are approved, and how you like them, and whether they instruct you in the present course of affairs, and whether they are printed in your town, or only sent from hence.—Sir Andrew Fountaine is recovered: so take your sorrow again, but do not keep it, fling it to the dogs. And does little MD walk, indeed?—I am glad of it at heart.—Yes, we have done with the plague here: it was very saucy in you to pretend to have it before your betters. Your intelligence that the story

is

is false about the officers forced to sell, is admirable. You may see them all three every day. No more in the Army than you. Twelve shillings for mending the strong box; that is for putting a farthing's worth of iron on a hinge, and gilding it; give him six shillings, and I will pay it, and never employ him or his again.—No—indeed, I put of preaching as much as I can. I am upon another foot: nobody doubts here whether I can preach, and you are fools.—The account you give of that weekly paper * agrees with us here. Mr. Prior was like to be insulted in the street for being supposed the author of it; but one of the last papers cleared him. Nobody knows who it is, but the few in the secret. I suppose the ministry and the printer.—Poor Stella's eyes, God bless them, and send them better. Pray spare them, and write not above two lines a day in broad day light. How does Stella look, Madam Dingley? Pretty well; a handsome young woman still. Will she pass in a crowd? Will she make a figure in a country church?—Stay a little, fair ladies. I this minute sent Patrick to Sterne: he brings back word that your box is very safe with one Mr. Earl's sister in Chester, and that Colonel Edgworth's widow goes for Ireland on Monday next, and will receive the box at Chester, and deliver it you safe: so there is some hopes now.—Well, let us go on now to your letter.—The warrant is passed for the first fruits. The queen does not send a letter; but a patent will be drawn here, and that will take up time†. Mr. Harley

* The Examiner. D. S.

† The queen's patent for exonerating the Clergy of Ireland from paying the twentieth parts, and a grant to them of the first fruits, payable

Harley of late has said nothing of presenting me to the queen:—I was overseen when I mentioned it to you. He has such a weight of affairs on him, that he cannot mind all; but he talked of it three or four times to me, long before I dropped it to you. What, is not Mrs. Wall's business over yet? I had hopes she was up and well, and the child dead before this time.—You did right, at last, to send me your accounts; but I did not stay for them, I thank you. I hope you have your bill sent in my last, and there will be eight pounds interest soon due from Hawkshaw; pray look at his bond. I hope you are good managers, and that when I say so, Stella will not think I intend she should grudge herself wine. But going to those expensive lodgings requires some fund. I wish you had staid till I came over, for some reasons. That Frenchwoman will be grumbling again in a little time, and if you are invited any where to the country, it will vex you to pay in absence; and the country may be necessary for poor Stella's health: but do as you like, and do not blame Presto.—O, but you are telling your reasons. —Well, I have read them; do as you please.—Yes, Raymond says he must stay longer than he thought, because he cannot settle his affairs. M—— is in the country at some friend's, comes to town in spring, and then goes to settle in Herefordshire. Her husband is a surly ill natured brute, and cares not she should see any body. O Lord, see how I blundered,

payable out of all ecclesiastical benefices, in trust to be for ever applied towards purchasing glebes, and building residentiary houses for poor endowed vicars, both bear date, Feb. 7, 1710-11. The first trustees were primate Marsh, lord chancellor Phipps, archbishop King, and archbishop Vesey. N.

and

and left two lines short; it was that ugly score in the paper* that made me mistake.——I believe you lie about the story of the fire, only to make it more odd. Bernage must go to Spain, and I will see to recommend him to the duke of Argyle, his general, when I see the duke next: but the officers tell me it would be dishonourable in the last degree for him to sell now, and he would never be preferred in the army; so that unless he designs to leave it for good and all, he must go. Tell him so, and that I would write if I knew where to direct to him; which I have said fourscore times already. I had rather any thing almost than that you should strain yourselves, to send a letter when it is inconvenient; we have settled that matter already. I will write when I can, and so shall MD; and upon occasions extraordinary I will write, though it be a line; and when we have not letters soon, we agree that all things are well; and so that is settled for ever, and so hold your tongue.—Well, you shall have your pins, but for the candle ends, I cannot promise, because I burn them to the stumps; besides I remember what Stella told Dingley about them many years ago, and she may think the same thing of me. —And Dingley shall have her hinged spectacles.— Poor dear Stella, how durst you write those two lines by candle light? bang your bones! Faith, this letter shall go to morrow, I think, and that will be in ten days from the last, young women; that is too soon of all conscience: but answering yours has filled it up so quick, and I do not design to use

* A crease in the sheet. D. S.

you

you to three pages in folio, no, nooooh. All this is one morning's work in bed;—and so good morrow, little sirrahs that is for the rhyme *. You want politicks: faith, I cannot think of any; but may be at night I may tell you a passage. Come, sit off the bed, and let me rise will you?—At night. I dined to day with my neighbour Vanhomrigh; it was such dismal weather I could not stir farther. I have had some threatenings with my head, but no fits. I still drink Dr. Radcliffe's bitter, and will continue it.

10. I was this morning to see the secretary of state, and have engaged him to give a memorial from me to the duke of Argyle in behalf of Bernage. The duke is a man that distinguishes people of merit, and I will speak to him myself; but the secretary backing it will be very effectual, and I will take care to have it done to purpose. Pray tell Bernage so, and that I think nothing can be luckier for him, and that I would have him go by all means. I will order it that the duke shall send for him when they are in Spain; or if he fails, that he shall receive him kindly when he goes to wait on him. Can I do more? Is not this a great deal?—I now send away this letter that you may not stay.—I dined with Ford upon his opera day, and am now come home, and am going to study; do not you presume to guess, sirrahs, impudent saucy dear boxes. Toward the end of a letter I could not say saucy boxes without putting dear between, En't that right now?

* In the original it was, *good mollows, little sollahs*. But in these words, and many others, he writes constantly *ll* for *rr*. D. S.

now? Farewell. *This* should *be* longer, *but* that *I* send *it* to *night* *,

O silly, silly loggerhead!

I sent a letter this post to one Mr. Staunton, and I direct it to Mr. Acton's in St. Michael's lane. He formerly lodged there, but he has not told me where to direct. Pray send to that Acton, whether the letter is come there, and whether he has sent it to Staunton.

If Bernage designs to sell his commission and stay at home, pray let him tell me so, that my recommendation to the duke of Argyle may not be in vain.

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## LETTER XVI.

LONDON, FEB. 10, 1710-11.

I HAVE just dispatched my fifteenth to the post: I tell you how things will be, after I have got a letter from MD. I am in furious haste to finish mine, for fear of having two of MD's to answer in one of Presto's, which would be such a disgrace, never saw the like: but before you write to me I write at my leisure, like a gentleman, a little every day, just to let you know how matters go, and so, and so; and I hope before this comes to you, you will have got your box and chocolate, and Presto will take more care another time.

* Those letters which are in italicks in the original are of a monstrous size, which occasioned his calling himself a loggerhead. D. S.

11. Morning. I must rise and go see my lord keeper, which will cost me two shillings in coach-hire. Do not call them two thirteens *?—At night. It has rained all day, and there was no walking. I read prayers to sir Andrew Fountaine in the afternoon, and dined with three Irishmen at one Mr. Cope's † lodgings; the other two were one Morris an archdeacon, and Mr. Ford. When I came home this evening, I expected that little jackanapes Harrison would have come to get help about his Tatler for Tuesday: I have fixed two evenings in the week which I allow him to come. The toad never came, and I expecting him fell a reading, and left off other business.—Come, what are you doing? how do you pass your time this ugly weather? Gaming and drinking I suppose, fine diversions for young ladies, truly. I wish you had some of our Seville oranges, and we some of your wine. We have the finest oranges for two pence a piece, and the basest wine for six shillings a bottle. They tell me wine grows cheap with you. I am resolved to have half a hogshead when I get to Ireland, if it be good and cheap, as it used to be; and I will treat MD at my table in an evening, oh hoa, and laugh at great ministers of state.

12. The days are grown fine and long, —— be thanked. O faith, you forget all our little sayings, and I am angry. I dined to day with Mr. secretary St. John: I went to the Court of Requests at noon, and sent Mr. Harley into the house to call the se-

* A shilling passes for thirteen pence in Ireland. D. S.

† Robert Cope, esq., a gentleman of learning, good fortune, and family; and a correspondent of Dr. Swift's. N.

cretary,

cretary, to let him know I would not dine with him if he dined late. By good luck the duke of Argyle was at the lobby of the house too, and I kept him in talk till the secretary came out, then told them I was glad to meet them together, and that I had a request to the duke which the secretary must second, and his grace must grant. The duke said he was sure it was something insignificant, and wished it was ten times greater. At the secretary's house I writ a memorial, and gave it to the secretary to give the duke, and shall see that he does it. It is, that his Grace will please to take Mr. Bernage into his protection; and if he finds Bernage answers my character, to give him all encouragement. Colonel Masham and Colonel Hill (Mrs. Masham's brother) tell me my request is reasonable, and they will second it heartily to the duke too; so I reckon Bernage is on a very good foot when he goes to Spain. Pray tell him this, though perhaps I will write to him before he goes; yet where shall I direct? for I suppose he has left Conolly's.

13. I have left off lady Kerry's bitter, and got another box of pills. I have no fits of giddiness, but only some little disorders toward it: and I walk as much as I can. Lady Kerry is just as I am, only a great deal worse: I dined to day at lord Shelburn's, where she is, and we con ailments, which makes us very fond of each other. I have taken Mr. Harley into favour again, and called to see him, but he was not within; I will use to visit him after dinner, for he dines too late for my head: then I went to visit poor Congreve, who is just getting out of a severe fit of the gout, and I sat with him till near nine o'clock. He gave me a Tatler he had

written, as blind as he he is, for little Harrison. It is about a scoundrel that was grown rich, and went and bought a *coat of arms* at the Herald's, and a set of ancestors at Fleet ditch; it is well enough, and shall be printed in two or three days, and if you read those kind of things, this will divert you. It is now between ten and eleven, and I am going to bed.

14. This was Mrs. Vanhomrigh's daughter's birth-day, and Mr. Ford and I were invited to dinner to keep it, and we spent the evening there drinking punch. That was our way of beginning Lent; and in the morning lord Shelburn, lady Kerry, Mrs. Pratt and I went to Hyde Park, instead of going to church; for till my head is a little settled, I think it better not go: it would be so silly and troublesome to go out sick. Dr. Duke * died suddenly two or three nights ago; he was one of the wits when we were children, but turned parson, and left it, and never writ farther than a prologue or recommendatory copy of verses. He had a fine living given him by the bishop of Winchester about three months ago; he got his living suddenly, and he got his dying so too.

15. I walked purely to day about the park, the rain being just over, of which we have had a great deal, mixed with little short frosts, I went to the Court of Requests, thinking if Mr. Harley dined

* Dr. Richard Duke, of some celebrity in his day both as a poet and a divine, was rector of Blaby in Leicestershire; and in 1710 was presented, by bishop Trelawny, to the rich rectory of Witney, in Oxfordshire, which he enjoyed but a few months. Feb. 10, 1710-11, having returned from an entertainment, he was found dead next morning. N.

early,

early, to go with him. But meeting Leigh and Sterne, they invited me to dine with them, and away we went. When we got into his room, one H———, a worthless Irish fellow, was there ready to dine with us, so I stepped out and whispered them, "that I would not dine with that fellow." They made excuses and begged me to stay, but away I went to Mr. Harley's and he did not dine at home, and at last I dined at sir John Germain's, and found lady Betty but just recovered of a miscarriage. I am writing an inscription for lord Berkeley's tomb*: you know the young rake his son, the new earl, is married to the duke of Richmond's daughter, at the duke's country house, and are now coming to town. She will be fluxed in two months, and they will be parted in a year. You ladies are brave; bold, ventersome folks, and the chit is but seventeen, and is ill natured, covetous, vicious, and proud in extremes. And so get you gone to Stoyte, to morrow.

16. Faith this letter goes on but slow, it is a week old, and the first side not written. I went to day into the city for a walk, but the person I designed to dine with was not at home; so I came back, and called at Congreve's, and dined with him and Estcourt† and laughed till six, then went to Mr. Harley's, who was not gone to dinner: there I staid till nine, and we made up our quarrel, and he has invited me to dinner to morrow, which is the day

* See it in vol. XVI. p. 97; and the first draft of it in vol. X. p. 166. N.

† Mr. Richard Estcourt; a player and dramatick writer often celebrated in the Spectator, and in the Miscellanies. See Nichols's Hist. vol. III. pp. 86, 87. N.

of

of the week (Saturday) that lord keeper and secretary St. John dine with him privately, and at last they have consented to let me among them on that day. Atterbury and Prior went to bury poor Dr. Duke. Congreve's nasty white wine has given me the heartburn.

17. I took some good walks in the park to day, and then went to Mr. Harley. Lord Rivers was got there before me, and I chid him for presuming to come on a day when only lord keeper and the secretary and I were to be there; but he regarded me not; so we all dined together, and sat down at four; and the secretary has invited me to dine with him to morrow. I told them I had no hopes they could ever keep in, but that I saw they loved one another so well, as indeed they seem to do. They call me nothing but Jonathan; and I said, I believed they would leave me Jonathan as they found me; and that I never knew a ministry do any thing for those whom they make companions of their pleasures: and I believe you will find it so; but I care not. I am upon a project of getting five hundred pounds, without being obliged to any body; but that is a secret, till I see my dearest MD; and so hold your tongue, and do not talk, sirrahs, for I am now about it.

18. My head has no fits, but a little disordered before dinner; yet I walk stoutly, and take pills and hope to mend. Secretary St. John would needs have me dine with him to day, and there I found three persons I never saw, two I had no acquaintance with, and one I did not care for: so I left them early and came home, it being no day to walk, but scurvy rain and wind. The secretary tells me he has

has put a cheat on me; for lord Peterborow sent him twelve dozen flasks of Burgundy, on condition that I should have my share; but he never was quiet till they were all gone, so I reckon he owes me thirty-six pounds. Lord Peterborow is now got to Vienna, and I must write to him to morrow. I begin now to be toward looking for a letter from some certain ladies of Presto's acquaintance, that live at St. Mary's, and are called in a certain language our little MD. No, stay, I do not expect one these six days, that will be just three weeks; an't I a reasonable creature? We are plagued here with an October club *; that is, a set of above a hundred parliamentmen of the country, who drink October beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the parliament, to consult affairs, and drive things on to extremes against the whigs, to call the old ministry to account, and get off five or six heads. The ministry seem not to regard them, yet one of them in confidence told me, that there must be something thought on to settle things better. I will tell you one great state secret; the queen, sensible how much she was governed by the late ministry, runs a little into the other extreme, and is jealous in that point, even of those who got her out of the others hands. The ministry is for gentler measures, and the other tories for more violent. Lord Rivers, talking to me the other day, cursed the paper called the Examiner, for speaking civilly of the duke of Marlborough; this I happened to talk of to the secretary, who blamed the warmth of that lord, and some others, and swore, that if

* See before, Jan. 7, 1710-11. N.

their advice were followed they would be blown up in twenty-four hours. And I have reason to think, that they will endeavour to prevail on the queen to put her affairs more into the hands of a ministry than she does at present; and there are, I believe, two men thought on, one of them you have often met the name of in my letters. But so much for politicks.

19. This proved a terrible rainy day, which prevented my walk into the city, and I was only able to run and dine with my neighbour Vanhomrigh, where sir Andrew Fountaine dined too, who has just began to sally out, and has shipped his mother and sister, who were his nurses, back to the country. This evening was fair, and I walked a little in the Park, till Prior made me go with him to the Smyrna coffeehouse, where I sat a while, and saw four or five Irish persons, who are very handsome genteel fellows, but I know not their names. I came away at seven, and got home. Two days ago I writ to Bernage, and told him what I had done, and directed the letter to Mr. Curry's to be left with Dingley. Brigadiers Hill and Masham, brother and husband to Mrs. Masham, the queen's favourite, colonel Disney and I, have recommended Bernage to the duke of Argyle; and secretary St. John has given the duke my memorial; and besides, Hill tells me, that Bernage's colonel, Fielding, designs to make him his captain lieutenant; but I believe I said this to you before, and in this letter, but I will not look.

20. Morning. It snows terribly again, and it is mistaken, for I now want a little good weather: I bid you good morrow, and if it clear up, get you gone

gone to poor Mrs. Walls, who has had a hard time of it, but it is now pretty well again; I am sorry it is a girl; the poor archdeacon too, see how simply he looked when they told him: what did it cost Stella to be gossip? I will rise, so do you hear, let me see you at night, and do not stay late out, and catch cold, sirrahs.—At night. It grew good weather, and I got a good walk, and dined with Ford upon his opera day: but now all his wine is gone, I shall dine with him no more. I hope to send this letter before I hear from MD: methinks there is—something great in doing so, only I cannot express where it lies; and faith this shall go by Saturday, as sure as you are a rogue. Mrs. Edgworth was to set out but last Monday, so you will not have your box so soon perhaps as this letter; but Sterne told me since, that it is safe at Chester, and that she will take care of it. I would give a guinea you had it.

21. Morning. Faith, I hope it will be fair for me to walk into the city, for I take all occasions of walking.—I should be plaguy busy at Laracor if I were there now, cutting down willows, planting others, scouring my canal, and every kind of thing. If Raymond goes over this summer, you must submit, and make them a visit, that we may have another eel and trout fishing; and that Stella may ride by and see Presto in his morning-gown in the garden, and so go up with Joe to the Hill of Bree, and round by Scurlock's Town; O Lord, how I remember names; faith it gives me short sighs: therefore no more of that if you love me. Good morrow, I will go rise like a gentleman, my pills say I must.—At night. Lady Kerry sent to desire me to engage some lords about an affair she has

in their house here: I called to see her, but found she had already engaged every lord I knew, and that there was no great difficulty in the matter, and it rained like a dog; so I took coach, for want of better exercise, and dined privately with a hang-dog in the city, and walked back in the evening. The days are now long enough to walk in the Park after dinner; and so I do whenever it is fair. This walking is a strange remedy; Mr. Prior walks to make himself fat, and I to bring myself down; he has generally a cough, which he only calls a cold: we often walk round the Park together. So I will go sleep.

22. It snowed all this morning prodigiously, and was some inches thick in three or four hours. I dined with Mr. Lewis of the secretary's office at his lodgings: the chairmen that carried me squeezed a great fellow against the wall, who wisely turned his back, and broke one of the side glasses in a thousand pieces. I fell a scolding, pretended I was like to be cut to pieces, and made them set down the chair in the Park, while they picked out the bits of glasses: and when I paid them, I quarrelled still, so they dare not grumble, and I came off for my fare: but I was plaguy afraid they would have said, "God bless your honour, will not you give us something for our glass?" Lewis and I were forming a project how I might get three or four hundred pounds, which I suppose may come to nothing. I hope Smyth has brought you your palsy drops; how does Stella do? I begin more and more to desire to know. The three weeks since I had your last is over within two days, and I will allow three for accidents.

23. The

23. The snow is gone every bit, except the remainder of some great balls made by the boys. Mr. Sterne was with me this morning about an affair he has before the treasury. That drab Mrs. Edgworth is not yet set out, but will infallibly next Monday, and this is the third infallible Monday, and pox take her! So you will have this letter first; and this shall go to morrow; and if I have one from MD in that time, I will not answer it till my next: only I will say, madam, I received your letter, and so, and so. I dined to day with my Mrs. Butler, who grows very disagreeable.

24. Morning. This letter certainly goes this evening, sure as you are alive, young women, and then you will be so ashamed that I have had none from you; and if I was to reckon like you, I would say, I were six letters before you, for this is N° 16, and I have had your N° 10. But I reckon you have received but fourteen and have sent eleven. I think to go to day a minister of state hunting in the Court of Requests; for I have something to say to Mr. Harley. And it is fine cold sunshiny weather; I wish dear MD would walk this morning in your Stephen's green: it is as good as our Park, but not so large *. Faith this summer we will take a coach for sixpence † to the Green Well, the two walks, and thence all the way to Stoyte's ‡. My hearty service to goody Stoyte and Catherine, and I hope

* It was a measured mile round the outer wall; and far beyond any the finest square in London. D. S.

† The common fare for a set-down in Dublin. D. S.

‡ Mrs. Stoyte lived at Donnybrook, the road to which from Stephen's green ran into the country about a mile from the south-east corner. D. S.

Mrs.

Mrs. Walls had a good time. How inconstant I am? I cannot imagine I was ever in love with her. Well, I am going; what have you to say? *I do not care how I write now* *. I do not design to write on this side, these few lines are but so much more than your due, so I will write *large* or small as I please. O, faith, my hands are starving in bed; I believe it is a hard frost. I must rise, and bid you good bye, for I will seal this letter immediately, and carry it in my pocket, and put it into the postoffice with my own fair hands. Farewell.

This letter is just a fortnight's journal to day. Yes, and so it is, I am sure, says you, with your two eggs a penny.

There, there, there †.

O Lord, I am saying there, there, to myself in all our little keys: and now you talk of *keys*, that dog Patrick broke the key general of the chest of drawers with six locks, and I have been so plagued to get a new one, beside my good two shillings.

## LETTER XVII.

LONDON, FEB. 24, 1710-11.

NOW, young women, I gave in my sixteenth this evening. I dined with Ford, it was his opera day

* Those words in italicks are written in a very large hand, and so is the word in one of the next lines. D. S.

† In his cipher way of writing to Stella, he writes the word *There, Dele.* D. S.

as usual; it is very convenient to me to do so, for coming home early after a walk in the Park, which now the days will allow. I called on the secretary at his office, and he had forgot to give the memorial about Bernage to the duke of Argyle; but two days ago I met the duke, who desired I would give it him myself, which should have more power with him than all the ministry together, as he protested solemnly, repeated it two or three times, and bid me count upon it. So that I verily believe Bernage will be in a very good way to establish himself. I think I can do no more for him at present, and there is an end of that; and so get you gone to bed, for it is late.

25. The three weeks are out yesterday since I had your last, and so now I will be expecting every day a pretty dear letter from my own MD, and hope to hear that Stella has been much better in her head and eyes; my head continues as it was, no fits, but a little disorder every day, which I can easily bear, if it will not grow worse. I dined to day with Mr. secretary St. John, on condition I might choose my company, which were lord Rivers, lord Carteret, sir Thomas Mansel, and Mr. Lewis; I invited Masham, Hill, sir John Stanley, and George Granville, but they were engaged; and I did it in revenge of his having such bad company when I dined with him before: so we laughed, &c. And I ventured to go to church to day, which I have not done this month before. Can you send me such a good account of Stella's health, pray now? Yes, I hope, and better too. We dined (says you) at the dean's and played at cards till twelve, and there came in Mr. French, and Dr. Travors,

and Dr. Wittingham, and Mr. (I forgot his name, that I always tell Mrs. Walls of) the banker's son, a pox on him. And we were so merry; and I vow they are pure good company. But I lost a crown; for you must know I had always hands tempting me to go out, but never took in any thing, and often two black aces without a manilio; was not that hard, Presto? hold your tongue, &c.

26. I was this morning with Mr. secretary about some business, and he tells me, that colonel Fielding is now going to make Bernage his captain lieutenant, that is, a captain by commission, and the perquisites of the company, but not captain's pay, only the first step to it. I suppose he will like it, and the recommendation to the duke of Argyle goes on. And so trouble me no more about your Bernage; the jackanapes understands what fair solicitors he has got, I warrant you. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined by invitation, with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. You say they are of no consequence; why, they keep as good female company as I do male; I see all the drabs of quality at this end of the town with them; I saw two lady Bettys there this afternoon, the beauty of one, the good breeding and nature of the other, and the wit of neither *, would have made a fine woman. Rare walking in the Park now: why do not you walk in the Green of St. Stephen? the walks there are finer gravelled than the Mall. What beasts the Irish women are, never to walk?

27. Dartenenf and I and little Harrison, the new Tatler, and Jervas the painter, dined to day with

* i. e. without the wit of either. D. S.

James,

James, I know not his other name, but it is one of Darteneuf's dining places, who is a true epicure. James is clerk of the kitchen to the queen, and has a little snug house at St. James's, and we had the queen's wine, and such very fine victuals, that I could not eat it *.—Three weeks and three days since my last letter from MD, rare doings! why truly we were so busy with poor Mrs. Walls, that indeed, Presto, we could not write, we were afraid the poor woman would have died: and it pitied us to see the archdeacon, how concerned he was. The dean never came to see her but once; but now she is up again, and we go and sit with her in the evenings. The child died the next day after it was born, and I believe, between friends, she is not very sorry for it. Indeed, Presto, you are plaguy silly to night, and have not guessed one word right; for she and the child are both well, and it is a fine girl, likely to live; and the dean was godfather, and Mrs. Catherine and I were godmothers: I was going to say Stoyte, but I think I have heard they do not put maids and married women together; though I know not why I think so, nor I do not care; what care I? but I must prate, &c.

28. I walked to day into the city for my health, and there dined, which I always do when the weather is fair, and business permits, that I may be under a necessity of taking a good walk, which is the best thing I can do at present for my health.

* There seems to be a false concord in this passage: however, as the word *victuals* is a peculiar sort of noun which is never used in the singular number, but, like food, implies either one or more dishes, the phrase may be excused, whether Swift had any authority to back him or not. D. S.

Some

Some bookseller has raked up every thing I writ, and published it the other day in one volume; but I know nothing of it, it was without my knowledge or consent: it makes a four shilling book, and is called "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse." Tooke pretends he knows nothing of it, but I doubt he is at the bottom. One must have patience with these things; the best of it is, I shall be plagued no more. However, I will bring a couple of them over with me for MD, perhaps you may desire to see them. I hear they sell mightily.

March 1. Morning. I have been calling to Patrick to look in his almanack for the day of the month; I did not know but it might be leap year. The almanack says it is the third after leap year, and I always thought till now, that every third year was leap year. I am glad they come so seldom; but I am sure it was otherwise when I was a young man; I see times are mightily changed since then. —Write to me, sirrahs, be sure do by the time this side is done, and I will keep the other side for the answer: so I will go write to the bishop of Clogher; good morrow, sirrahs.—Night. I dined to day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, being a rainy day, and lady Betty Butler knowing it, sent to let me know she expected my company in the evening, where the *Vans* (so we call them) were to be. The duchess and they do not go over this summer with the duke; so I got to bed.

2. This rainy weather undoes me in coaches and chairs. I was *traipsing* to day with your Mr. Sterne, to go along with them to Moor, and recommend his business to the Treasury. Sterne tells me his dependence is wholly on me; but I have absolutely

solutely refused to recommend it to Mr. Harley, because I troubled him lately so much with other folk's affairs; and besides, to tell the truth, Mr. Harley told me he did not like Sterne's business; however, I will serve him, because I suppose MD would have me. But in saying his dependence lies wholly on me, he lies, and is a fool. I dined with lord Abercorn, whose son Peasley will be married at Easter to ten thousand pounds.

3. I forgot to tell you that yesterday morning I was at Mr. Harley's levee: he swore I came in spite, to see him among a parcel of fools. My business was to desire I might let the duke of Ormond know how the affair stood of the first fruits. He promised to let him know it, and engaged me to dine with him to day. Every Saturday lord keeper, secretary St. John, and I, dine with him, and some times lord Rivers, and they let in none else. Patrick brought me some letters into the Park; among which was one from Walls, and the other, yes faith, the other was from our little MD, N° 11. I read the rest in the Park, and MD's in a chair as I went from St. James's to Mr. Harley, and glad enough I was faith to read it, and see all right: O, but I will not answer it these three or four days, at least, or may be sooner. Am not I silly? faith your letters would make a dog silly, if I had a dog to be silly, but it must be a little dog. I staid with Mr. Harley till past nine, where we had much discourse together after the rest were gone; and I gave him very truly my opinion where he desired it. He complained he was not very well, and has engaged me to dine with him again on Monday.

So

So I came home afoot, like a fine gentleman, to tell you all this.

4. I dined to day with Mr. secretary St. John; and after dinner he had a note from Mr. Harley, that he was much out of order; pray God preserve his health, every thing depends upon it. The parliament at present cannot go a step without him, nor the queen neither. I long to be in Ireland; but the ministry beg me to stay: however, when this parliament hurry is over, I will endeavour to steal away; by which time I hope the first fruit business will be done. This kingdom is certainly ruined, as much as was ever any bankrupt merchant. We must have peace, let it be a bad or a good one, though nobody dares talk of it. The nearer I look upon things the worse I like them. I believe the confederacy will soon break to pieces; and our factions at home increase. The ministry is upon a very narrow bottom, and stand like an isthmus between the whigs on one side, and violent tories * on the other. They are able seamen, but the tempest is too great, the ship too rotten, and the crew all against them. Lord Somers had been twice in the queen's closet, once very lately; and your duchess of Somerset, who now has the key, is a most insinuating woman, and I believe they will endeavour to play the same game that has been played against them. —I have told them of all this, which they know already, but they cannot help it. They have cautioned the queen so much against being governed, that she observes it too much. I could talk till to morrow upon these things, but they make me melancholy.

* The October Club. D. S.

I could

I could not but observe that lately after much conversation with Mr. Harley, though he is the most fearless man alive, and the least apt to despond, he confessed to me, that uttering his mind to me gave him ease.

5. Mr. Harley continues out of order, yet his affairs force him abroad: he is subject to a sore throat and was cupped last night; I sent and called two or three times. I hear he is better this evening. I dined to day in the city with Dr. Freind at a third body's house, where I was to pass for some body else, and there was a plaguy silly jest carried on, that made me sick of it. Our weather grows fine, and I will walk like camomile. And pray walk you to your dean's, or your Stoyte's, or your Manley's, or your Walls'. But your new lodgings make you so proud, you will walk less than ever. Come, let me go to bed, sirrahs.

6. Mr. Harley's going out yesterday has put him a little backward. I called twice, and sent, for I am in pain for him. Ford caught me, and made me dine with him on his opera day; so I brought Mr. Lewis with me, and sat with him till six. I have not seen Mr. Addison these three weeks; all our friendship is over. I go to no coffeehouse. I presented a parson of the bishop of Clogher's, one Richardson *, to the duke of Ormond to day: he is translating prayers and sermons into Irish, and has a project about instructing the Irish in the protestant religion.

7. Morning. Faith, a little would make me, I could find in my heart, if it were not for one thing,

* See Journal of April 1, 1711. N.

have I

I have a good mind, if I had not something else to do, I would answer your dear saucy letter. O Lord, I am going awry with writing in bed. O faith, but I must answer it, or I shall not have room, for it must go on Saturday; and do not think I will fill the third side, I am not come to that yet, young women. Well then as for your Bernage, I have said enough: I writ to him last week.—Turn over that leaf. Now, what says MD to the world to come? I tell you, madam Stella, my head is a great deal better, and I hope will keep so. How came yours to be fifteen days coming, and you had my fifteenth in seven? answer me that rogues. Your being with goody Walls is excuse enough: I find I was mistaken in the sex, it is a boy. Yes, I understand your cypher, and Stella guesses right as she always does. He* gave me *al bsadnuk lboinlpl dfaonr ufainfbtoy dpionufnad*†, which I sent him again by Mr. Lewis, to whom I writ a very complaining letter that was showed him; and so the matter ended. He told me he had a quarrel with me; I said I had another with him; and we returned to our friendship, and I should think he loves me as well as a great minister can love a man in so short a time. Did not I do right? I am glad at heart you have got your palsy water; pray God Almighty it may do my dearest Stella good. I suppose Mrs. Edgworth set out last Monday sennight. Yes, I do read the Examiners, and they are written very finely as

* Mr. Harley. N.

† A bank bill for fifty pounds. See before, Journal of Feb. 6 and 7, 1710-11. N.

you

you judge *. I do not think they are too severe on the duke; they only tax him with avarice, and his avarice has ruined us. You may count upon all things in them to be true. The author has said, it is not Prior; but perhaps it may be Atterbury.—Now, madam Dingley, says she, it is fine weather, says she: yes, says she, and we have got to our new lodgings. I compute you ought to save eight pounds by being in the others five months; and you have no more done it than eight thousand. I am glad you are rid of that squinting blinking Frenchman. I will give you a bill on Parvisol for five pound for the half year. And must I go on at four shillings a week, and neither eat nor drink for it? Who the D—— said Atterbury and your Dean were alike? I never saw your chancellor, nor his chaplain †. The latter has a good deal of learning, and is a well wisher to be an author: your chancellor is an excellent man. As for Patrick's bird, he bought him for his tameness, and is grown the wildest I ever saw. His wings have been quilled thrice, and are now up again: he will be able to fly after us to Ireland, if he be willing.—Yes, Mrs. Stella, Dingley writes more like Presto than you; for all you superscribed the letter, as, who should say, why should not I write like our Presto as well as Dingley? You with your awkward SS; cannot you write them thus, SS? No, but always SSS ‡. Spiteful sluts, to affront

* Even to his beloved Stella he had not acknowledged himself at this time, to be the author of the Examiner. D. S.

† Mr. Trapp. N.

‡ Print cannot do justice to whims of this kind, as they depend wholly upon the awkward shape of the letters. D. S.

Presto's

Presto's writing; as that when you shut your eyes you write most like Presto. I know the time when I did not write to you half so plain as I do now; but I take pity on you both. I am very much concerned for Mrs. Walls's eyes. Walls says nothing of it to me in his letter dated after yours. You say, if she recovers she may lose her sight. I hope she is in no danger of her life. Yes, Ford is as sober, as I please: use him to walk with me as an easy companion, always ready for what I please, when I am weary of business and ministers. I do not go to a coffeehouse twice a month. I am very regular in going to sleep before eleven.—And so you say that Stella's a pretty girl; and so she be, and methinks I see her now as handsome as the day is long. Do you know what? When I am writing in our language * I make up my mouth just as if I was speaking it. I caught myself at it just now. And I suppose Dingley is so fair and so fresh as a lass in May, and has her health, and no spleen.—In your account you sent, do you reckon as usual from the 1st of November was twelvemonth? Poor Stella, will not Dingley leave her a little daylight to write to Presto? Well, well, we will have daylight shortly, spight of her teeth; and *zoo* † must *cly Lele and Hele*, and *Hele aden. Must loo mimitate Pdfr, pay?*

* This refers to that strange spelling, &c. which abounds in these journals; but which could be no entertainment to the reader. D. S.

† This is one specimen of his way of writing to Stella in these journals. The meaning of this pretty language is; and you "must cry There, and Here, and Here again. Must you imi-"tate Presto, pray? Yes, and so you shall. And so there's "for your letter. Good morrow." D. S.

*Iss.*

*Iss, and so la shall. And so leles fol ne rettle. Dood mollow.*—At night. Mrs. Barton sent this morning to invite me to dinner; and there I dined, just in that genteel manner that MD used when they would treat some better sort of body than usual.

8. O dear MD, my heart is almost broken. You will hear the thing before this comes to you. I writ a full account of it this night to the archbishop of Dublin † and the dean may tell you the particulars from the archbishop. I was in a sorry way to write, but thought it might be proper to send a true account of the fact; for you will hear a thousand lying circumstances. It is of Mr. Harley's being stabbed this afternoon at three o'clock at a committee of the council. I was playing lady Catharine Morris's cards, where I dined, when young Arundle came in with the story. I ran away immediately to the secretary, which was in my way: no one was at home. I met Mrs. St. John in her chair; she had heard it imperfectly. I took a chair to Mr. Harley, who was asleep, and they hope in no danger; but he has been out of order, and was so when he came abroad to day, and it may put him in a fever: I am in mortal pain for him. That desperate French villain, Marquis de Guiscard, stabbed Mr. Harley. Guiscard was taken up by Mr. secretary St. John's warrant for high treason, and brought before the lords to be examined; there he stabbed Mr. Harley. I have told all the particulars already to the archbishop. I have now at nine sent

† See this letter, dated March 8, 1710-11, in vol. X. N.

again, and they tell me he is in a fair way. Pray pardon my distraction? I now think of all his kindness to me.—The poor creature now lies stabbed in his bed by a desperate French popish villain. Good night, and God preserve you both, and pity me; I want it.

9. Morning; seven, in bed. Patrick is just come from Mr. Harley's. He slept well till four; the surgeon sat up with him: he is asleep again: he felt a pain in his wound when he awaked: they apprehend him in no danger. This account the surgeon left with the porter, to tell people that send. Pray God preserve him. I am rising and going to Mr. Secretary St. John. They say Guiscard will die with the wounds Mr. St. John and the rest gave him. I shall tell you more at night.—Night. Mr. Harley still continues on the mending hand; but he rested ill last night, and felt pain. I was early with the secretary this morning, and I dined with him, and he told me several particularities of this accident, too long to relate now. Mr. Harley is still mending this evening, but not at all out of danger; and till then I can have no peace. Good night, &c. and pity Presto.

10. Mr. Harley was restless lass night; but he has no fever, and the hopes of mending increases. I had a letter from Mr. Walls, and one from Mr. Bernage. I will answer them here, not having time to write. Mr. Walls writes about three things, First, about a hundred pounds from Dr. Raymond, of which I hear nothing, and it is now too late. Secondly, about Mr. Clements: I can do nothing in it, because I am not to mention Mr. Pratt; and I cannot recommend without knowing Mr. Pratt's objections,

objections, whose relation Clements is, and who brought him into the place. The third is about my being godfather to the child: that is in my power, and (since there is no remedy) will submit. I wish you could hinder it; but if it cannot be helped, pay what you think proper, and get the provost to stand for me, and let his christian name be Harley, in honour to my friend, now lying stabbed and doubtful of his life. As for Bernage, he writes me word, that his colonel has offered to make him captain lieutenant for a hundred pounds. He was such a fool to offer him money without writing to me till it was done, though I have had a dozen letters from him: and then he desires I would say nothing of this, for fear his colonel should be angry. People are mad. What can I do? I engaged colonel Disney, who was one of his soliciters to the secretary, and then told him the story. He assured me, that Fielding (Bernage's colonel) said he might have got that sum; but on account of those great recommendations he had, would give it him for nothing, and I would have Bernage write him a letter of thanks, as of a thing given him for nothing, upon recommendations, &c. Disney tells me he will again speak to Fielding, and clear up this matter: and then I will write to Bernage. A pox on him for promising money till I had it promised to me, and then making it such a ticklish point that one cannot expostulate with the colonel upon it: but let him do as I say, and there is an end. I engaged the secretary of state in it; and am sure it was meant a kindness to me, and that no money should be given, and a hundred pounds is too much in a Smithfield bargain, as a

major general told me, whose opinion I asked. I am now hurried, and can say no more. Farewell, &c. &c.

How shall I superscribe to your new lodgings, pray madams? Tell me but that, impudence and saucy face.

An't you sauceboxes to write *lele* [i. *e. there*] like Presto?

O poor Presto;

Mr. Harley is better to night, that makes me so pert, you saucy Gog and Magog.

## LETTER XVIII.

LONDON, MARCH 10, 1710-11.

PRETTY little MD must expect little from me till Mr. Harley is out of danger. We hope he is so now: but I am subject to fear for my friends. He has a head full of the whole business of the nation, was out of order when the villain stabbed him, and had a cruel contusion by the second blow. But all goes well on yet. Mr. Ford and I dined with Mr. Lewis, and we hope the best.

11. This morning Mr. Secretary and I met at court, where we went to the queen, who is out of order and aguish: I doubt the worst for this accident to Mr. Harley. We went together to his house, and his wound looks well, and he is not feverish at all, and I think it is foolish in me to be so much in pain as I am. I had the penknife in my hand, which is broken within a quarter of an inch of

of the handle. I have a mind to write and publish an account of all the particularities * of this fact: it will be very curious, and I would do it when Mr. Harley is past danger.

12. We have been in terrible pain to day about Mr. Harley, who never slept last night, and has been very feverish. But this evening I called there, and young Mr. Harley (his only son) tells me he is now much better, and was then asleep. They let no body see him, and that is perfectly right. The parliament cannot go on till he is well, and are forced to adjourn their money businesses, which none but he can help them in. Pray God preserve him.

13. Mr. Harley is better to day, slept well all night, and we are a little out of our fears. I send and call three or four times every day. I went into the city for a walk, and dined there with a private man; and coming home this evening broke my shin in the Strand over a tub of sand left just in the way. I got home dirty enough, and went straight to bed, where I have been cooking it with goldbeaters skin, and have been peevish enough with Patrick, who was near an hour bringing a rag from next door. It is my right shin, where never any humour fell when the other used to swell: so I apprehend it less: however I shall not stir till it is well, which I reckon will be in a week. I am very careful in these sort of things: but I wish I had Mrs. Johnson's water: she is out of town, and I must make a shift with alum. I will dine with Mrs. Van-

* [illegible] perform'd. See the "Narrative of Dr. Swift's Last Four Years," in vol. III. p. 333. N.

Lamrigh

homrigh till I am well, who lives but five doors off: and that I may venture.

14. My journals are like to be very diverting, now I cannot stir abroad, between accounts of Mr. Harley's mending, and of my broken shin. I just walked to my neighbour Vanhomrigh at two, and came away at six, when little Harrison the Tatler came to me, and begged me to dictate a paper to him, which I was forced in charity to do. Mr. Harley still mends; and I hope in a day or two to trouble you no more with him, nor with my shin. Go to bed and sleep, sirrahs, that you may rise to morrow and walk to Donnybrook, and lose your money with Stoyte and the dean; do so dear little rogues, and drink Presto's health. O, pray, do not you drink Presto's health sometimes with your deans, and your Stoytes, and your Walls, and your Manleys, and your every bodies, pray now? I drink MD's to myself a hundred thousand times.

15. I was this morning at Mr. secretary St. John's for all my shin, and he has given me for young Harrison, the Tatler, the prettiest employment in Europe; secretary to lord Raby, who is to be ambassador extraordinary at the Hague, where all the great affairs will be concerted; so we shall lose the Tatlers in a fortnight. I will send Harrison to morrow morning to thank the secretary. Poor Biddy Floyd has got the smallpox. I called this morning to see lady Betty Germain; and when she told me so, I fairly took my leave. I have the luck of it *; for about ten days ago I was to see lord Carteret; and my lady was entertaining

* Dr. Swift never had the smallpox. D. S.

m[illegible]

me with telling of a young lady, a cousin, who was then ill in the house of the smallpox, and is since dead: it was near lady Betty's, and I fancy Bibby took the fright by it. I dined with Mr. secretary, and a physician came in just from Guiscard, who tells us he is dying of his wounds, and can hardly live till to morrow. A poor wench that Guiscard kept, sent him a bottle of sack; but the keeper would not let him touch it, for fear it was poison. He had two quarts of old clotted blood come out of his side to day, and is delirious. I am sorry he is dying; for they have found out a way to hang him. He certainly had an intention to murder the queen.

16. I have made but little progress in this letter for so many days, thanks to Guiscard and Mr. Harley; and it would be endless to tell you all the particulars of that odious fact. I do not yet hear that Guiscard is dead, but they say it is impossible he should recover. I walked too much yesterday for a man with a broken shin; to day I rested, and went no farther than Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where I dined; and lady Betty Butler coming in about six, I was forced in good manners to sit with her till nine; then I came home, and Mr. Ford came in to visit my shin, and sat with me till eleven: so I have been very idle and naughty. It vexes me to the pluck that I should lose walking this delicious day. Have you seen the Spectator yet, a paper that comes out every day? It is written by Mr. Steele, who seems to have gathered new life, and have a new fund of wit; it is in the same nature as his Tatlers, and they have all of them had something pretty. I believe Addison and he club. I never see them; and

and I plainly told Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John, ten days ago, before my lord keeper and lord Rivers, I had been foolish enough to spend my credit with them in favour of Addison and Steele; but that I would engage and promise never to say one word in their behalf, having been used so ill for what I had already done.—So, now I have got into the way of prating again, there will be no quiet for me. When Presto begins to prate, Give him a rap upon the pate.—O Lord, how I blot; it is time to leave off, &c.

17. Guiscard died this morning at two, and the coroner's inquest have found that he was killed by bruises received from a messenger, so to clear the cabinet counsellors from whom he received his wounds. I had a letter from Raymond, who cannot hear of your box; but I hope you have it before this comes to your hands. I dined to day with Mr. Lewis of the secretary's office. Mr. Harley has abundance of extravasated blood comes from his breast out of his wound, and will not be well so soon as we expected. I have something to say, but cannot call it to mind (what was it?)

18. I was to day at court to look for the duke of Argyle, and give him the memorial about Bernage. The duke goes with the first fair wind: I could not find him, but I have given the memorial to another to give him; and, however, it shall be sent after him. Bernage has made a blunder in offering money to his colonel without my advice; however he is made captain lieutenant, only he must recruit his company, which will cost him forty pounds, and that is cheaper than a hundred. I dined to day with Mr. secretary St. John, and staid till

till seven, but would not drink his champaign and burgundy, for fear of the gout. My shin mends, but is not well. I hope it will by the time I send this letter, next Saturday.

19. I went to day into the city, but in a coach; tossed up my leg on the seat; and as I came home I went to see poor *Charles Bernard's* * books, which are to be sold by auction, and I itch to lay out nine or ten pounds for some fine editions of fine authors †. But it is too far, and I shall let it slip, as I usually do all such opportunities. I dined in a coffeehouse with Stratford upon chops, and some of his wine. Where did MD dine? Why, poor MD dined at home to day, because of the archbishop, and they could not go abroad, and had a breast of mutton and a pint of wine. I hope Mrs. Walls mends; and pray give me an account what sort of godfather I made, and whether I behaved myself handsomely. The duke of Argyle is gone; and whether he has my memorial, I know not, till I see Dr. Arbuthnot ‡, to whom I gave it. That hard name belongs to a Scotch doctor, an acquaintance

* Serjeant surgeon to queen Anne. His library, containing a curious collection of the best authors in Physick, History, Philology, Antiquities, &c. with several MSS. ancient and modern, were sold by auction, on the 22d of March, at the Black-boy coffeehouse, in Ave Maria Lane. N.

† Many of the books produced an extremely high price. The "Praccio della Bestia Trionfante" of Jordano Bruno, in particular, was sold for near 30*l*. N.

‡ It is reasonable to suppose that Swift's acquaintance with Arbuthnot commenced just about this time; for in the original letter Swift misspells his name, and writes *Arebuthnot*, in a clear large hand, that MD might not mistake any of the letters. S.

of

of the duke's and me; Stella cannot pronounce it. O, that we were at Laracor this fine day! the willows begin to peep, and the quicks to bud. My dream is out: I was dreaming last night that I eat ripe cherries.—And now they begin to catch the pikes, and will shortly the trouts (pox on these ministers), and I would fain know whether the floods were ever so high as to get over the holly bank or the river walk; if so, then all my pike are gone; but I hope not. Why do not you ask Parvisol these things, sirrahs? And then my canal, and trouts, and whether the bottom be fine and clear? But harkee, ought not Parvisol to pay in my last year's rents and arrears out of his hands? I am thinking, if either of you have heads to take his accounts, it should be paid in to you; otherwise to Mr. Walls. I will write an order on the other side; and do as you will. Here is a world of business; but I must go sleep, I am drowsy: and so good night, &c.

20. This sore shin ruins me in coach-hire; no less than two shillings to day going and coming from the city, where I dined with one you never heard of, and passed an insipid day. I writ this post to Bernage, with the account I told you above. I hope he will like it; it is his own fault, or it would have been better. I reckon your next letter will be full of Mr. Harley's stabbing. He still mends, but abundance of extravasated blood has come out of the wound: he keeps his bed, and sees nobody. The speaker's eldest son * is just dead of the smallpox, and the

* Clobery Bromley, esq., son of the hon. William Bromley, by a former wife (heiress of Clobery), and M. P. for Coventry. N.

house

house is adjourned a week, to give him time to wipe off his tears. I think it very handsomely done; but I believe one reason is, that they want Mr. Harley so much. Biddy Floyd is like to do well: and so go to your dean's, and roast his oranges, and lose your money, do so, you saucy sluts. Stella, you lost three shillings and four pence the other night at Stoyte's, yes, you did, and Presto stood in a corner, and saw you all the while, and then stole away. I dream very often I am in Ireland, and that I have left my clothes and things behind me, and have not taken leave of any body; and that the ministry expect me to morrow, and such nonsense.

21. I would not for a guinea have a letter from you till this goes; and go it shall on Saturday, faith. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, to save my shin, and then went on some business to the secretary, and he was not at home.

22. Yesterday was a short day's journal: but what care I? what cares saucy Presto? Darteneuf* invited me to dinner to day. Do not you know Darteneuf? That is the man that knows every thing, and that every body knows; and that knows where a knot of rabble are going on a holiday, and when they were there last: and then I went to the coffee-house. My shin mends, but is not quite healed: I ought to keep it up but I do not: I e'en let it go as it comes. Pox take Parvisol and his watch. If I do not receive the ten pound bill I am to get toward it, I will neither receive watch nor chain; so let Parvisol know.

* A great punster; see Journal, Oct. 1, 1710. He was paymaster of the board of works, and died Oct. 19, 1737. N.

23. I

23. I this day appointed the duke of Ormond to meet him at Ned Southwell's, about an affair of printing Irish prayer books, &c. but the duke never came. There Southwell had letters that two packets are taken; so if MD writ then, the letters are gone; for they were packets coming here. Mr. Harley is not yet well, but his extravasated blood continues, and I doubt he will not be quite well in a good while: I find you have heard of the fact, by Southwell's letters from Ireland: What do you think of it? I dined with sir John Perceval *, and saw his lady sitting in the bed, in the forms of a lying in woman; and coming home my sore shin itched, and I forgot what it was, and rubbed off the scab, and blood came; but I am now got into bed, and have put on alum curd, and it is almost well. Lord Rivers told me yesterday a piece of bad news, as a secret, that the pretender is going to be married to the duke of Savoy's daughter. It is very bad, if it be true. We were walking in the Mall with some Scotch lords, and he could not tell it until they were gone, and he bade me tell it to none but the secretary of state and MD. This goes to morrow, and I have no room but to bid my dearest little MD good night.

24. I will now seal up this letter, and send it; for I reckon to have none from you (it is morning now) between this and night; and I will put it in the

* Created baron Perceval, April 21, 1715. viscount Perceval, Feb. 25, 1722, and earl of Egmont, Nov. 6, 1733, all Irish titles. John, his only son, who was born Feb. 24, 1710-11, and succeeded him in honours and estate, was created an English peer, by the titles of baron Lovell and Holland, in 1762. N.

post

post with my own hands. I am going out in great haste; so farewell, &c.

## LETTER XIX.

LONDON, MARCH 24, 1710-11.

IT was a little cross in Presto not to send to day to the coffeehouse to see whether there was a letter from MD before I sent away mine; but faith I did it on purpose, because I would scorn to answer two letters of yours successively. This way of journal is the worst in the world for writing of news, unless one does it the last day; and so I will observe henceforward, if there be any politicks or stuff worth sending. My shin mends in spite of the scratching last night. I dined to day at Ned Southwell's with the bishop of Ossory and a parcel of Irish gentlemen. Have you yet seen any of the *Spectators* *? Just three weeks to day since I had your last, N°. 11. I am afraid I have lost one by the packet that was taken; that will vex me, considering the pains MD take to write, especially poor Stella, and her weak eyes, God bless them and the owner, and send them well, and little me together, I hope ere long. This illness of Mr. Harley puts every thing backward, and he is still down, and like to be so, by that extravasated blood which comes from his breast to the wound: it was by the second blow Guiscard gave him after the penknife was broken. I am shocked at that villany when-

* The first Spectator was published March 1, 1710-11. N.

ever

ever I think of it. Biddy Floyd is past danger, but will lose all her beauty: she had them mighty thick, especially about her nose.

25. Morning. I wish you a merry new year: this is the first day of the year, you know, with us, and 'tis Lady-day. I must rise and go to my lord keeper: it is not shaving day to day, so I shall be early. I am to dine with Mr. secretary St. John. Good morrow, my mistresses both, good morrow. Stella will be peeping out of her room at Mrs. de Caudres' down upon the folks as they come from church *; and there comes Mrs. Proby, and that's my lady Southwell, and there's lady Betty Rochford. I long to hear how you are settled in your new lodgings. I wish I were rid of my old ones, and that Mrs. Brent could contrive to put up my books in boxes, and lodge them in some safe place, and you keep my papers of importance. But I must rise, I tell you. —At night. So I visited and dined as I told you, and what of that? We have let Guiscard be buried at last, after showing him pickled in a trough this fortnight for twopence a piece; and the fellow that showed would point to his body, and, "See, gentlemen, this is the wound, that was given him by his grace the duke of Ormond;" and, "this is the wound," &c. and then the show was over, and another set of rabble came in. 'Tis hard that our laws would not suffer us to hang his body in chains, because he was not tried; and in the eye of our law every man is innocent till then.—Mr. Harley is still very weak, and never out of bed.

* MD's lodgings were exactly opposite to St. Mary's church. D. S.

26. This was a most delicious day; and my shin being past danger, I walked like lightning above two hours in the park. We have generally one fair day, and then a great deal of rain for three or four days together. All things are at a stop in parliament for want of Mr. Harley; they cannot stir an inch without him in their most material affairs: and we fear by the caprice of Radcliffe, who will admit none but his own surgeon, he has not been well looked after. I dined at an alehouse with Mr. Lewis, but had his wine. Don't you begin to see the flowers and blossoms of the field? How busy should I now be at Laracor! No news of your box? I hope you have it, and are this minute drinking the chocolate, and that the smell of the Brazil tobacco has not affected it. I would be glad to know whether you like it, because I would send you more by people that are now every day thinking of going to Ireland; therefore pray tell me, and tell me soon: and I will have the strong box.

27. A rainy wretched scurvy day from morning till night: and my neighbour Vanhomrigh invited me to dine with them: and this evening I passed at Mr. Prior's with Dr. Freind; and it is now past twelve, so I must go sleep.

28. Morning. O faith, you're an impudent saucy couple of sluttekins for presuming to write so soon. Said I to myself this morning: "Who knows but there may be a letter from MD at the coffeehouse? Well, you must know, and so, I just now sent Patrick, and he brought me three letters, but not one from MD, no indeed, for I read all the superscriptions: and not one from MD. One I opened, it was from the archbishop; t'other I opened, it was from Staunton;

Staunton; the third I took, and looked at the hand. "Whose hand is this?" says I. Yes, says I, "whose hand is this?" then there was wax between the folds; then I began to suspect; then I peeped: faith, it was Wall's hand after all: then I opened it in a rage, and then it was little MD's hand, dear, little, pretty, charming MD's sweet hand again. O Lord, en't here a clutter and a stir, and a bustle? never saw the like. Faith, I believe yours lay some days at the postoffice, and that it came before my eighteenth went, but that I did not expect it, and I hardly ever go there. Well, and so you think I'll answer this letter now? No faith, and so I won't. I'll make you wait, young women; but I'll inquire immediately about poor Dingley's exchequer *trangum**. What is that Vedel again a soldier? Was he broke? I'll put it in Ben Tooke's hand. I hope Vedel could not sell it.—At night. Vedel, Vedel, poh, pox, I think it is Vedeau, ay Vedeau, now I have it; let me see, do you name him in yours? Yes, Mr. John Vedeau, is the brother; but where does this brother live? I'll inquire. This was a fast day for the publick; so I dined late with sir Matthew Dudley, whom I have not been with a great while. He is one of those that must lose his employment whenever that great shake comes; and I can't contribute to keep him in, though I have dropped words in his favour to the ministry; but he has been too violent a whig, and friend to the lord treasurer†, to stay in. 'Tis odd to think, how long they let those people keep their places; but the reason is, they have not

* He must mean an exchequer tally. D. S.

† Earl of Godolphin. D. S.

enough

enough to satisfy all expecters, and so they keep them all in hopes, that they may be good boys in the mean time; and thus the old ones hold in still. The comptroller told me, that there are eight people expect his staff. I walked after dinner to day round the park. What, do I write politicks to little young women? Hold your tongue, and go to your dean's.

29. Morning. If this be a fine day I will walk into the city, and see Charles Bernard's* library. What care I for your letter, your saucy N° 12? I will say nothing to it yet: faith, I believe this will be full before its time, and then go it must. I will always write once a fortnight; and if it goes sooner by filling sooner, why then there is so much clear gain. Morrow, morrow, rogues and lasses both, I can't lie scribbling here in bed for your play: I must rise, and so morrow again.—At Night. Your friend Montgomery and his sister are here, as I am told by Patrick: I have seen him often, but take no notice of him: he is grown very ugly and pimpled. They tell me he is a gamester, and wins money.—How could I help it, pray? Patrick snuffed the candle too short, and the grease ran down upon the paper†. It an't my fault, 'tis Patrick's fault: pray now don't blame Presto. I walked to day into the city and dined at a private house, and went to see the auction of poor Charles Bernard's books; they were in the middle of the physick books; so I bought none; and they are so dear, I believe I shall buy none, and there's an end; and go to Stoyte's, and I'll go sleep.

* See before, p. 409. N.

† It caused a violent daub on the paper, which still continues much discoloured in the original. D. S.

30. Morning. This is Good Friday, you must know, and I must rise and go to Mr. secretary about some business; and Mrs. Vanhomrigh desires me to breakfast with her, because she is to intercede for Patrick, who is so often drunk and quarrelsome in the house, that I was resolved to send him over; but he knows all the places where I send, and is so used to my ways, that it would be inconvenient to *me*; but when I come to Ireland, I will discharge him*.— Sir Thomas Mansel, one of the lords of the treasury, setting me down at my door to day, saw Patrick, and swore he was a Teaguelander. I am so used to his face, I never observed it, but thought him a pretty fellow. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I supped this fast day with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. We were afraid Mr. Harley's wound would turn to a fistula; but we think the danger is now past. He rises every day, and walks about his room, and we hope he'll be out in a fortnight. Prior showed me a handsome paper of verses he has writ on Mr. Harley's accident: they are not out; I will send them to you, if he will give me a copy†.

31. Morning. What shall we do to make April Fools this year, now it happens on Sunday? Patrick brings word that Mr. Harley still mends, and is up every day. I design to see him in a few days: brings me word too that he has found out Vedeau's brother's shop: I shall call there in a day or two. It seems the wife lodges next door to the brother. I doubt the scoundrel was broke, and got a com-

* He forgot here to say, "At night." See what goes before. D. S.

† See them in the Narrative of Guiscard's Examination, in vol. III. p. 345. N.

mission

mission, or perhaps is a volunteer gentleman, and expects to get one by his valour. Morrow, sirrahs, let me rise.—At night. I dined to day with sir Thomas Mansel. We were walking in the park, and Mr. Lewis came to us. Mansel asked "where we dined?" We said, "together." He said, "we should dine with him, only his wife desired him to bring nobody, because she had only a leg of mutton." I said, "I would dine with him to choose;" but he would send a servant to order a plate or two: yet this man has ten thousand pounds a year in land, and is a lord of the treasury, and is not covetous neither, but runs out merely by slattering and negligence. The worst dinner I ever saw at the dean's was better: but so it is with abundance of people here. I called at night at Mr. Harley's, who begins to walk in his room with a stick, but is mighty weak. —See how much I have lost with that ugly grease*. 'Tis your fault, pray; and I'll go to bed.

April 1. The duke of Buckingham's house fell down last night with an earthquake, and is half swallowed up;—Won't you go and see it?—An April fool, an April fool, O ho, young women. Well, don't be angry, I'll make you an April fool no more till the next time: we had no sport here, because it is Sunday, and Easter Sunday. I dined with the secretary, who seemed terribly down and melancholy, which Mr. Prior and Lewis observed as well as I: perhaps something is gone wrong; perhaps there is nothing in it. God bless my own dearest MD, and all is well.

* The candle grease mentioned before, which soaked through and deformed this part of the paper on the second page. D. S.

2. We have such windy weather, 'tis troublesome walking, yet all the rabble have got into our park these holidays. I am plagued with one Richardson, an Irish parson, and his projects of printing Irish Bibles, &c. to make you Christians in that country: I befriend him what I can on account of the archbishop and bishop of Clogher.—But what business have I to meddle, &c? Don't you remember that, sirrah Stella? what was that about, when you thought I was meddling with something that was not my business? O faith, you are an impudent slut, I remember your doings, I'll never forget you as long as I live. Lewis and I dined together at his lodgings. But where's the answer to this letter of MD's. O faith, Presto, you must think of that. Time enough, says saucy Presto.

3. I was this morning to see Mrs. Barton: I love her better than any one here, and see her seldomer. Why really now, so it often happens in the world, that where one loves a body best—pshah, pshah, you are so silly with your moral observations. Well, but she told me a very good story. An old gentlewoman died here two months ago, and left in her will, to have eight men and eight maids bearers, who should have two guineas apiece, ten guineas to the parson for a sermon, and two guineas to the clerk. But bearers, parson, and clerk, must be all true virgins; and not be admitted till they took their oaths of virginity: so the poor woman lies still unburied, and so must do till the general resurrection. —I called at Mr. secretary's, to see what the D— ailed him on Sunday. I made him a very proper speech; told him "I observed he was much out of temper; that I did not expect he would tell me the

cause, but would be glad to see he was in better;" and one thing I warned him of, "never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a schoolboy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already (meaning sir William Temple); that I expected every great minister, who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw any thing to my disadvantage, would let me know in plain words, and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour; for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and I thought no subject's favour was worth it; and that I designed to let my lord keeper and Mr. Harley know the same thing, that they might use me accordingly." He took all right; said, "I had reason;" vowed "nothing ailed him but sitting up whole nights at business, and one night at drinking;" would have had me dined with him and Mrs. Masham's brother, to make up matters; but I would not. I don't know, but I would not. But indeed I was engaged with my old friend Rollinson*. You never heard of him before.

4. I sometimes look a line or two back, and see plaguy mistakes of the pen; how do you get over them? you are puzzled sometimes. Why, I think what I said to Mr. secretary was right. Don't you remember how I used to be in pain when sir William Temple would look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons? I have plucked up my spirit since then, faith;

* William Rollinson, esq., formerly a wine merchant, settled afterward in Oxfordshire, where he died at a great age; a genteel agreeable man, an old acquaintance of lord Bolingbroke, and a favourite of Mr. Pope's, who left him five pounds for a ring. N.

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he spoiled a fine gentleman. I dined with my neighbour Vanhomrigh, and MD, poor MD, at home on a loin of mutton and half a pint of wine, and the mutton was raw, poor Stella could not eat, poor dear rogue, and Dingly was so vexed: but we'll dine at Stoyte's to morrow. Mr. Harley promised to see me in a day or two, so I called this evening; but his son and others were abroad, and he asleep, so I came away, and found out Mrs. Vedeau. She drew out a letter from Dingley, and said "she would get a friend to receive the money." I told her, "I would employ Mr. Tooke in it henceforward." Her husband bought a lieutenancy of foot, and is gone to Portugal. He sold his share of the shop to his brother, and put out the money to maintain her, all but what bought the commission. She lodges within two doors of her brother. She told me, "it made her very melancholy to change her manner of life thus, but trade was dead," &c. She says, she will write to you soon. I design to engage Ben Tooke, and then receive the parchment from her.—I gave Mr. Dopping a copy of Prior's verses on Mr. Harley, he sent them yesterday to Ireland, so go look for them, for I won't be at the trouble to transcribe them here. They will be printed in a day or two. Give my hearty service to Stoyte and Catherine; upon my word I love them dearly, and desire you will tell them so: pray desire goody Stoyte not to let Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Johnson cheat her of her money at ombre, but assure her from me, that she is a bungler. Dine with her to day, and tell her so. and drink my health, and good voyage, and speedy return, and so you're a rogue.

5. Morning. Now let us proceed to examine a

saucy letter from one madam MD.—God Almighty bless poor dear Stella, and send her a great many birthdays, all happy and healthy, and wealthy, and with me ever together, and never asunder again, unless by chance. When I find you are happy or merry there, it makes me so here, and I can hardly imagine you absent when I am reading your letter, or writing to you. No, faith, you are just here upon this little paper, and therefore I see and talk with you every evening constantly, and sometimes in the morning, but not always in the morning, because that is not so modest to young ladies.—What, you would fain palm a letter upon me more than you have sent; and I, like a fool, must look over all yours, to see whether this was really N° 12, or more. Patrick has this moment brought me letters from the bishop of Clogher and Parvisol; my heart was at my mouth for fear of one from MD; what a disgrace would it be to have two of yours to answer together? but faith this shall go to night, for fear, and then come when it will, I defy it. No, you are not naughty at all, write when you are disposed. And so the dean told you the story of Mr. Harley from the archbishop; I warrant it never spoiled your supper, or broke off your game. Nor yet, have not you the box? I wish Mr. Edgworth had the ———. But you have it now, I suppose: and is the chocolate good, or has the tobacco spoiled it? Leigh stays till Sterne has done his business, no longer; and when that will be, God knows: I befriend him as much as I can, but Mr. Harley's accident stops that as well as all things else. You guess, madam Dingley, that I shall stay a round twelvemonth: as hope saved, I would come over, if I could, this minute; but we will talk of that by and

and by.—Your affair of Vedeau I have told you of already; now to the next, turn over the leaf. Mrs. Dobbins lies; I have no more provision here or in Ireland than I had. I am pleased that Stella the conjuror approves what I did with Mr. Harley*; but your generosity makes me mad. I know you repine inwardly at Presto's absence; you think he has broken his word of coming in three months, and that this is always his trick: and now Stella says, she does not see possibly how I can come away in haste, and that MD is satisfied, &c. An't you a rogue to overpower me thus? I did not expect to find such friends as I have done. They may indeed deceive me too. But there are important reasons [Pox on this grease, this candle tallow!] why they should not†. I have been used barbarously by the late ministry; I am a little piqued in honour to let people see I am not to be despised. The assurances they give me, without any scruple or provocation, are such as are usually believed in the world; they may come to nothing, but the first opportunity that offers, and is neglected, I shall depend no more, but come away‡. I could say a thousand things on this head, if I were with you. I am thinking why Stella should not go to the Bath, if she be told it will do her good; I will make Parvisol get up fifty pounds, and pay it you; and you may be good housewives and live cheap there some months, and return in Autumn, or visit London, as you please: pray think of it. I writ to Bernage, directed to Curry's; I wish

* In relation to the bank-bill; see p. 398. D. S.

† Swift was, at this time, their great support and champion. N.

‡ And so at last he threatened; or perhaps he never would have got that trifling deanery of St. Patrick's. D. S.

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he had the letter. I will send the bohea tea, if I can. The bishop of Kilmore, I don't keep such company; an old dying fool whom I was never with in my life. So I am no godfather; all the better. Pray, Stella, explain those two words of yours to me, what you mean by *Villian* and *Dainger**, and you, madam Dingley, what is *Christianing ?*—Lay your letters *this way*, *this way*, and the devil a bit of difference between this way and t'other way. No; I'll show you, lay them *this way*, *this way*, and not *that way*, *that way*†.——You shall have your aprons; and I'll put all your commissions as they come, in a paper together, and don't think I'll forget MD's orders, because they are friends; I'll be as careful as if they were strangers. I know not what to do about this Clements. Walls will not let me say any thing, as if Mr. Pratt was against him; and now the bishop of Clogher has written to me in his behalf. This thing does not rightly fall in my way, and that people never consider: I always give my good offices where they are proper, and that I am judge of; however, I will do what I can. But if he has the name of a whig, it will be hard, considering my lord Anglesea and Hyde are very much otherwise, and you know they have the employment of deputy treasurer. If the frolick should take you of going to the Bath, I here send you a note on Parvisol; if not, you may tear it, and there's an end. Farewell.

* It may be somewhat amazing to declare; but Stella, with all her wit and good sense, spelled very ill. And Dr. Swift insisted greatly upon women's spelling well. D. S.

† The slope of the letters in the words *this way*, *this way*, is to the left hand, but the slope of the words *that way*, *that way*, is to the right hand. D. S.

If

If you have an imagination that the Bath will do you good, I say again, I would have you go; if not, or it be inconvenient, burn this note. Or, if you would go, and not take so much money, take thirty pounds, and I will return you twenty from hence. Do as you please, sirrahs. I suppose it will not be too late for the first season; if it be, I would have you resolve however to go the second season, if the doctors say it will do you good, and you fancy so.

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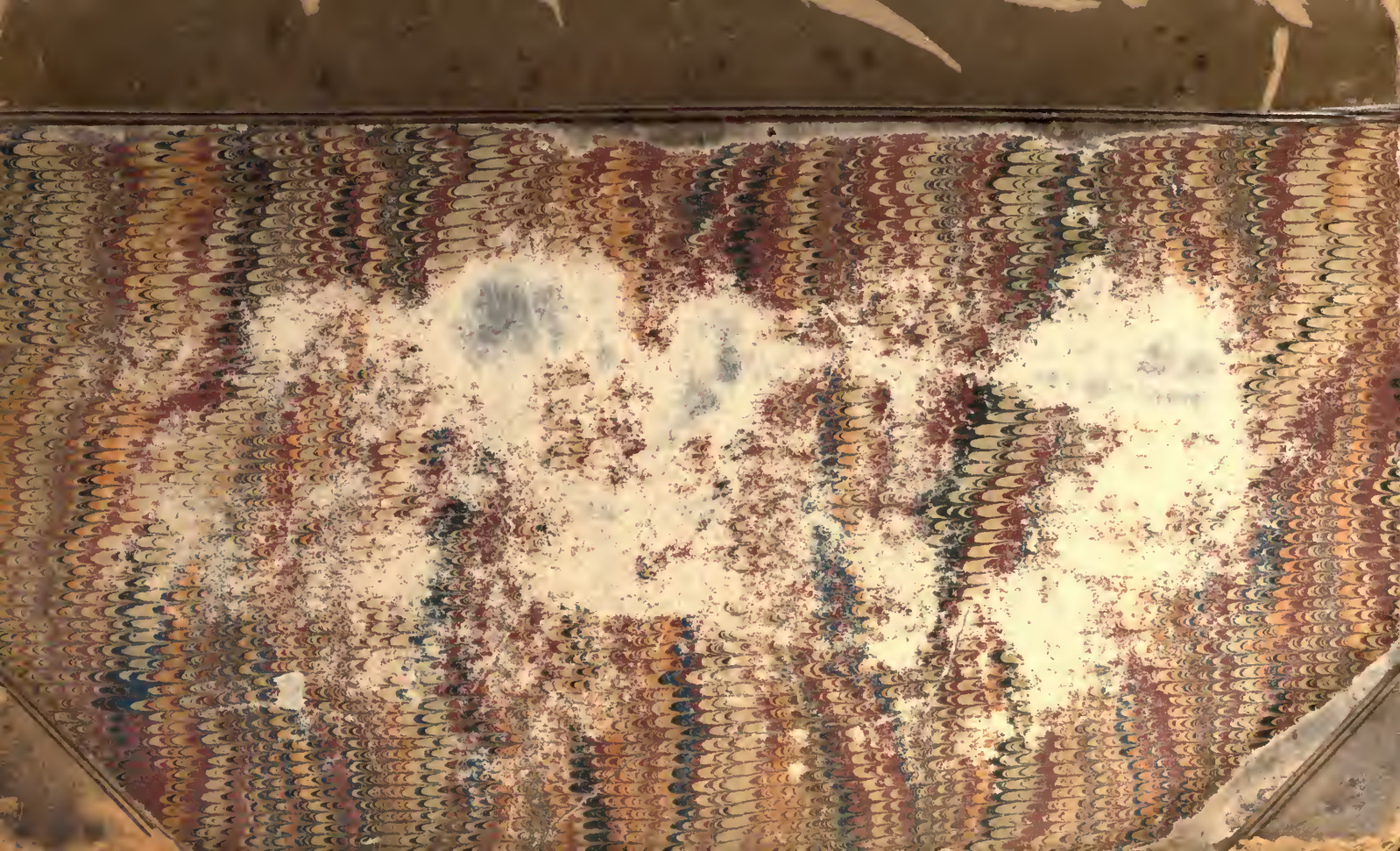
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